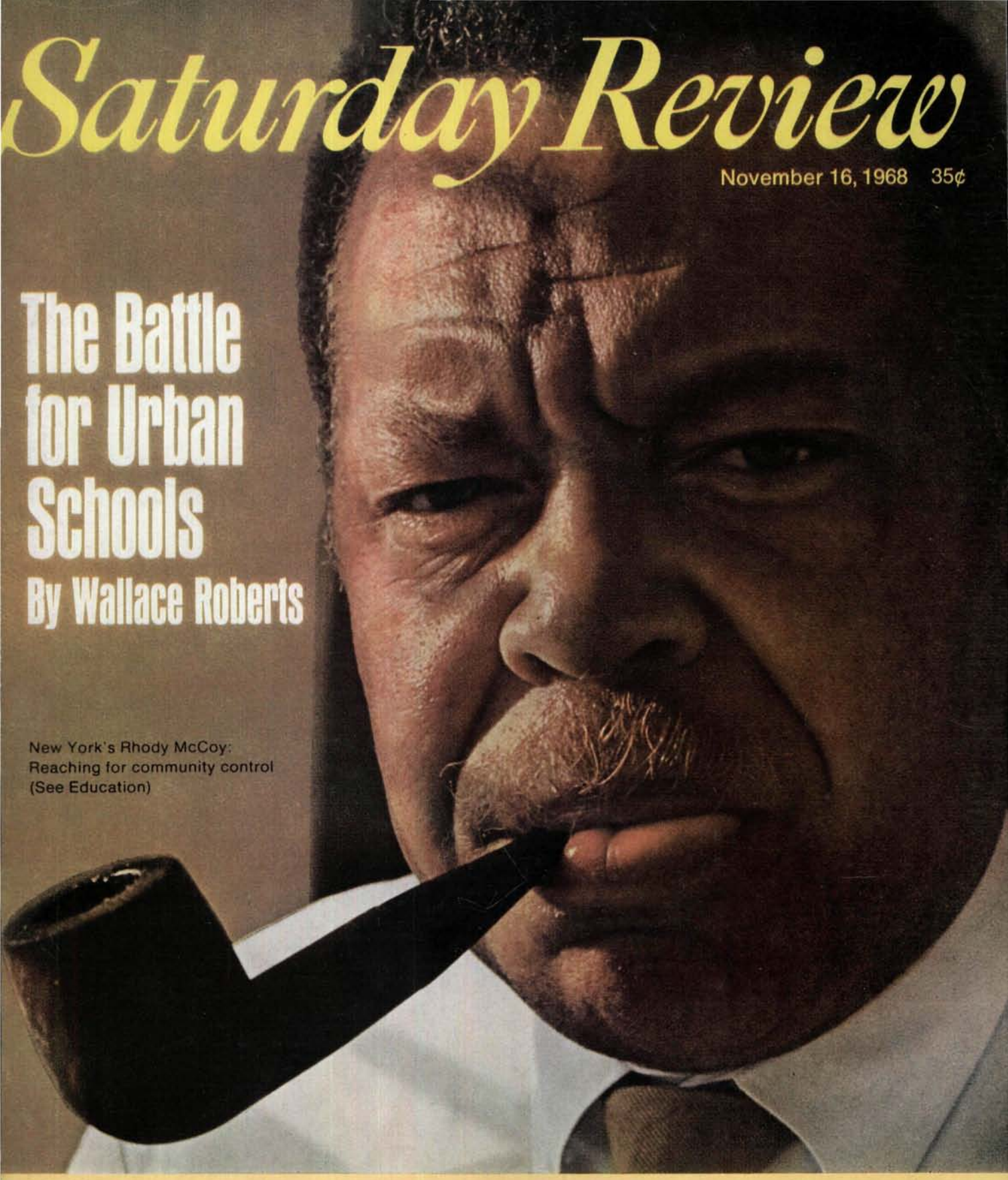
Saturday Review

November 16, 1968 35¢

The Battle for Urban Schools

By Wallace Roberts



New York's Rhody McCoy: Reaching for community control (See Education)

THE MUSIC OF PROTEST

By Burt Korall

SR's SEMI-ANNUAL REFERENCE BOOK ROUNDUP

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Can we afford to spend the money for good schools?

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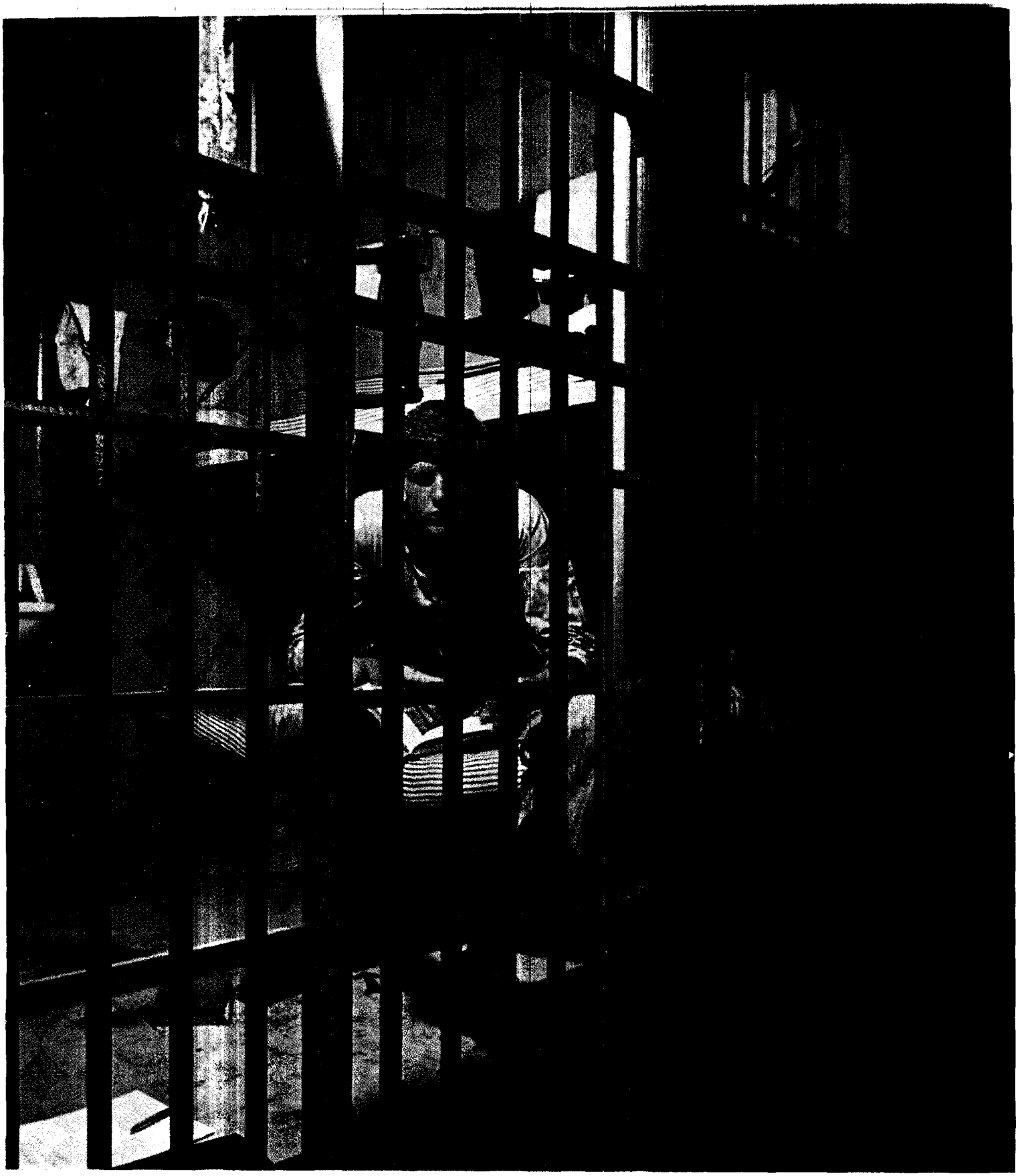

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Saturday Review

November 16, 1968

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L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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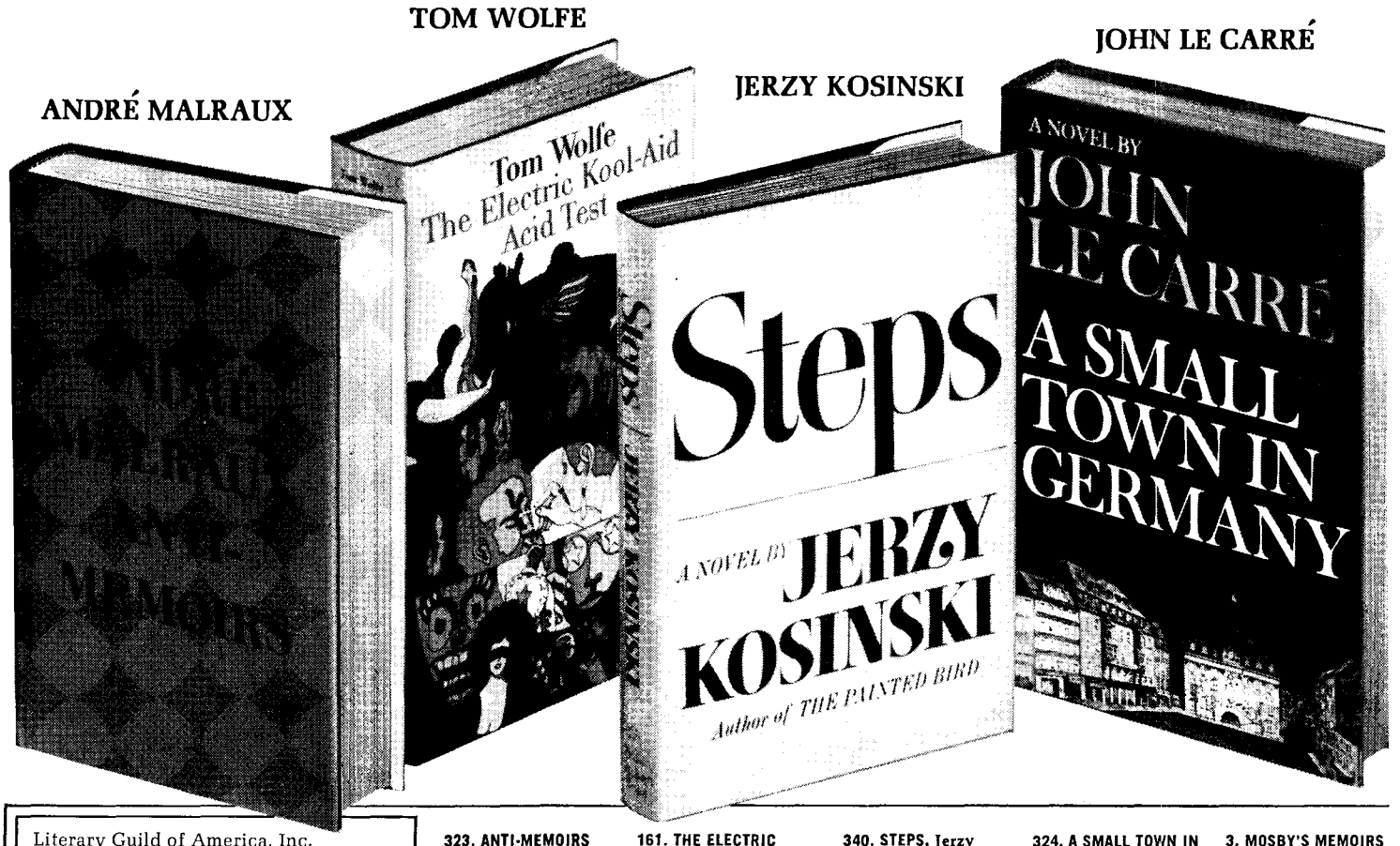

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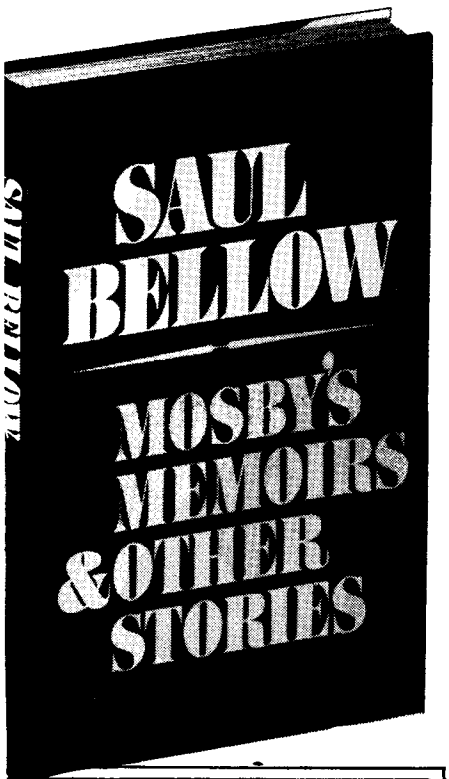

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Critical Generations

1) YOUNG ACADEMIC AUTHORITY: In the canon of Shelby Wardle's fourteen slim, inescapable volumes, *Quest* ranks somewhere between *Perfidy* and *Rebirth*. Rarely has Mr. Wardle, or anyone else, handled the anapaest with such relevance to the interior life of an aging hieratic figure, a protagonist recalling such diverse antecedents as Nestor, Gatsby, and, in certain curious respects, Daddy Warbucks. At forty, beneath his mirrored veneer (in which we all see ourselves), this laminated Plastic Man has come completely unglued, though he still pathetically goes to the office. It is Wardle's achievement to dramatize, almost inadvertently, the decay beneath his victim's Micawberish hope that something will turn up to give direction to his played-out emotions or, more ambivalently, to jolt his bovine acceptance of those passé values which he — and the poet — would probably be the first to deny.

2) MIDDLE-AGED REVIEWER: Somehow, in a doubtless misspent youth, I have escaped any knowledge of the other thirteen titles listed on the flyleaf of Wardle's *Quest*. However, on the basis of this quietly moving volume alone, he would deserve a small but secure niche in that literature of possibility which has distinguished our time. His poetry, if such it be, may have little to recommend it in the usual sense. But it does not take an analysis of this book as literature to feel a cautious, half-guilty, though far from grudging respect for Wardle's youngish hero. He is no less than one of those unfashionable solid citizens who, despite the uncertainties of contemporary striving, possess the tested resources for a preventive war against the death of hope.

3) ELDER STATESMAN: I never met Wardle. But in his latest and, one suspects, final effort, there are signs of that surely vulnerable boy whose hidden qualities I failed to notice even though he lived right down the hall during both his sophomore years. It must have been my fault as much as his; for in later life I encountered a fairly successful classmate who remembered "The Warbler," as he called him, and assured me he bore no ill will toward those of us who had "made it," so to speak, at the university. At any rate, though we might have tagged *Quest* as jejune doggerel even then, the apparently unconscious irony in its tale of premature retirement makes me almost wish that Wardle had looked me up when he had the chance.

—RODERICK NORDELL.

Headlights

THERE ARE puzzles everywhere. Take haloes for instance, one of the great obsessions of my life for as long as I can remember.

Where I went to school, the walls were covered with pictures of men and women with glowing rings around their heads. They were elsewhere, too; in some of my books, standing on pedestals at the ends of long hallways, shining down on me in my church pew from stained-glass windows.

In the beginning it wasn't only the haloes that intrigued me, it was the many different forms they took under different circumstances. In some pictures representing Old Testament figures, haloes were not circular, but sharp beams of light radiating like horns from the foreheads of the ancient prophets. On a line of statues that ran in bas-relief along the church walls, the haloes looked a little like gold-plated soup plates inverted over their heads. On other statues they were brightly painted rings of metal affixed to the back of a statue's head with a short length of wire. Most dazzling of all was one of those metal rings with an array of light bulbs, added to impart extra luster to the wearer.

When I became old enough to use a dictionary, one of the first things I looked up was halo. The definition that seemed most applicable was: *halo: the aura of glory, veneration, or sentiment surrounding an idealized person or thing.* All this leads to one day a few months ago, when I was leafing through old issues of The London *Observer*, and happened on the following item dated 13 October 1816:

"Some of the Spanish monks are constantly in the habit of wearing flannel next to the skin. In winter they have stockings of the same material, so that they communicate with the atmosphere only by the head. This circumstance

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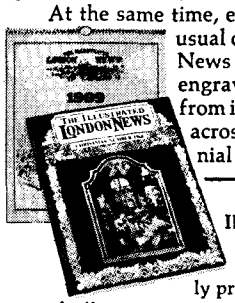

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sometimes serves to acquire for them great veneration. The continual friction of the body with flannel produces an extrication of electric fluid, to which the head alone serves as conductor; hence, when in cold or dry weather the monks before daybreak quit their cells to repair to the church, their heads appear to be surrounded by a luminous circle, which inspires in ignorant spectators the idea of something supernatural."

That's how some rational type tried to take all the mystery out of something that has been fascinating me for years. He may be right, I suppose, and on the first cool, dry day that comes along, I may check him out with an experiment of my own. For one thing, my head certainly communicates with the atmosphere, much in the manner of the Spanish monks of old. Dressing myself in flannel from head to toe in these days of the synthetic revolution is not as easy as it used to be; but still, it's not impossible.

Then when the right morning comes, perhaps just before the sun rises, I'll don my halo-making suit, shuffle along the sidewalk under the pin oaks, generating as much friction as suburbia allows that early in the morning.

Perhaps, a dim glow will develop in the vicinity of my head, and that faith-breaker of a century and a half back will have been proven right. But maybe not. How do I know that that faint circle of light, growing brighter in the chilly morn, *is* electricity. Maybe it's only venerable me.

Ignorant spectators, where are you?

—JOHN F. HENAHAN.

A Kind of Prayer

By Hollis Summers

AFTER the bridge falls,
The river moves haunted;
Ferries cover the water
Trembling.

Name the victims,
A cast from B and C movies.
Once the bridge soared
Silver.

Allow what has happened
And kill yourself;
Name what has happened,
Stay alive.

Bless the elements,
The investigators,
The cornices of buildings
Waiting to tumble

On a woman entering a shop
A child learning to skip
A man and another man.
Bless the cast.

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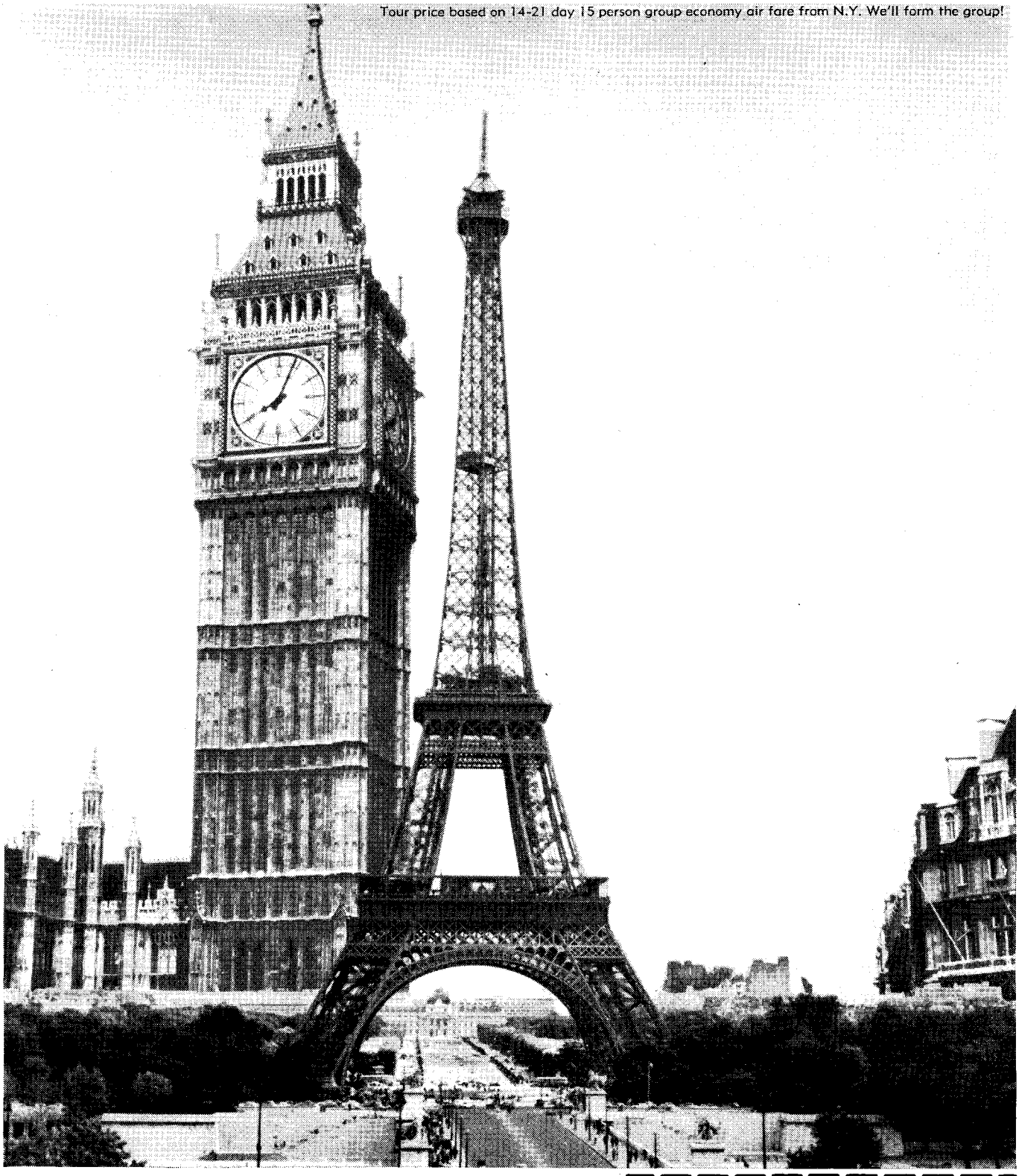

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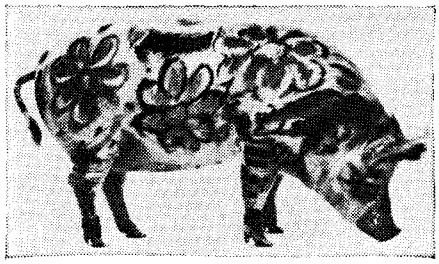

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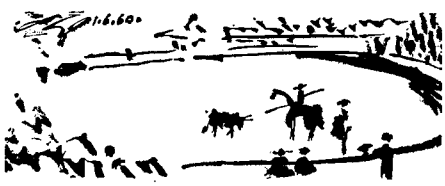

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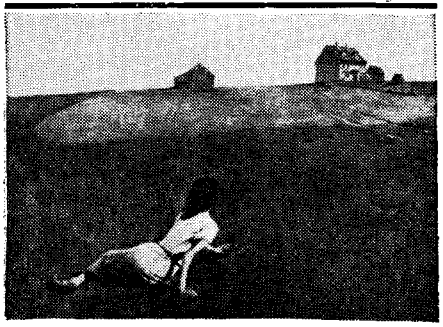

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

A Writer Who Makes House Calls

PROFESSIONAL WRITING has a built-in occupational hazzard. Hardly a week goes by that some non-writer doesn't call to ask me to write a routine he fancies he can deliver at a wedding, or a birthday, or a coming-out, or a going-into-retirement party.

"Only about a ten or a fifteen minute monologue," they say. "You can write that in five minutes."

Little does the caller know that on my portable I couldn't possibly. I was euchred into buying this puny typewriter by a man who kept saying: "Lift it. It's lighter than air." And it is. But he didn't mention it was so light that every time I push the carriage over for the next line, the thing flies off the desk, and I'm constantly on my toes to get to the bathroom before it does.

One such request came recently from my doctor after two horrendous days in his antiseptic office, during which I had my annual check-up, the whole bit—cardiogram, blood pressure, X-rays, encephalogram, and all those messy things that delight the doctor, so he can fill that mad array of little tubes and bottles and flasks he has lying around.

After he had run out of things for me to do, and I had run out of things with which to do them, I was invited into his office for consultation. He suggested I was working too hard. "Maybe you ought to take it easier," he said.

I had suggested this very proposition to the principal beneficiary of my life insurance policies and she had said, "You can't do that. There's an old saying: 'If you rest you rust.'"

So I said to the doctor, "I can't do that. There's an old saying 'If you rest you rust.'"

"Who said that?" the doctor asked.

"I don't know. I think it was Damocles."

"No," said the doctor, "he was the one with the sword. You're thinking of Democritus."

"Oh no. I remember him. He was that laughing Greek philosopher. How about Diogenes?"

"The old man with the lamp? No, no. You must mean Demosthenes, the fellow who put the pebbles in his mouth."

"That's the one who said it. The fellow with rocks in his mouth."

"Back to business," said this disciple of Hippocrates (or was it Hippomenes?). "I think I'll start a new card on you."

After some twenty years, he had compiled a huge dossier of yellowed and frayed cards on my various declining case histories. Now he pulled a spanking white piece of cardboard out of his desk. I was quick to notice that the new card was about two inches longer than the old ones. It was the only hopeful sign I had detected during the entire check-up.

Two weeks later, I received his astronomical bill, along with a short note in his own handwriting.

"You are fit as a fiddle," the note began. If he had in mind Jack Benny's fiddle, I was in big trouble. It probably accounted for the buzzing I had been constantly trying to brush away from my ears.

The note went on: "By the way, I have to attend a PTA meeting next Thursday night. In your spare time, would you mind knocking off a ten-minute monologue I can deliver there? Make it funny because my daughter expects me to be quite amusing. It'll only take you a few minutes. Have lunch with me so we can discuss this."

After cooling down, I accepted the luncheon invitation. He ordered two drinks, a cheeseburger with French fries and pickles—all the things he had cautioned me not to eat. While we waited for the lunch to be served, I made my first pitch.

"Doctor," I said, "would you mind feeling my pulse? It's unusually rapid today."

He felt it. And without looking at his watch he announced: "It feels all right to me."

"You sure?" I asked. "I know my heart is pounding. Would you put your stethoscope to my chest and give it a listen?"

"Stethoscope? Who's got a stethoscope? It's in my bag in the car."

"Didn't you bring anything with you—your cardiograph machine—oxygen tent—how about an aspirin?"

"Come to my office if you want to be examined."

"Well, I thought as long as we're waiting for—"

"One doesn't practice medicine in his spare time. How unprofessional can you get? This is a social visit. Now about this monologue you're going to write for me. . . ."

Just as the check came he remembered a house call he had to make. What it was was he had to call *his* house. His wife worries that he forgets to eat lunch. Another thing the good doctor forgets is that writing can also be a profession.

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

Renewed Mistrust

EVER SINCE the Soviet Union turned its anti-imperialist rear into a neo-imperialist front, the U.S. Government has been deeply disturbed by the new hard line in the Kremlin. The invasion of Czechoslovakia and the disciplining of her leadership has unleashed a controversy among Sovietologists and within the intelligence community; they are still debating what it all means for the future and whether the United States needs to adjust her own policy.

There are those who are convinced that Czechoslovakia was a very special case because it has a common border with the West and because the shock waves of the internal liberalization movement were bound to have their repercussions inside the Soviet Union. The Russians have not forgotten that Prague at one time was a center of the Ukranian irredentist movement; and there were indications that the Czech "winds of change" were stimulating old and new dreams among Ukranian intellectuals. Those who take this line are convinced that the Kremlin will not extend the same treatment to Rumania or Yugoslavia and that nothing so serious has occurred as requiring a reassessment of American policy. On the contrary, they feel that talk of countermoves only gives the Russians an excuse to attack the West Germans and stir up fears among them.

But there are also those who are profoundly worried by the new trend, and Dean Rusk is one of them. What has disturbed him most is the new doctrine, first enunciated in *Pravda*, and later reiterated by Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko at the United Nations General Assembly. This doctrine commands that every Communist government is responsible not only to its own people, but to the entire socialist community or "commonwealth," and that at the same time the commonwealth is duty-bound to intervene should a Communist state appear to be departing from the true path of socialism. The implications are far-reaching and Mr. Rusk, during his meetings with Mr. Gromyko, reportedly tried to question him as to the limits of this new formula, but without success.

It has been an axiom with American Secretaries of State for some years to make American intentions as clear as is reasonably possible in order to avoid miscalculations on the part of her adversaries, in particular the Soviet Union. The fact that the Kremlin is refusing to reciprocate now has created new tensions and more uncertainties. The Kremlinologists have never been able to develop their "science" into an exact one, and currently they are more confused than they have been for a long time.

There are those who attribute the hard line to a rising military influence, yet *Red Star*, the mouthpiece of the military, sounded more conciliatory before the invasion of Czechoslovakia than *Pravda*.

Others believe the new policy reflects an ascendency of the "young Turks" who have been more hawkish than the Brezhnev-Kosygin-Podgorny trio. Still others simply conclude that events in Czechoslovakia gave all of them such jitters that they heeded Walter Ulbricht's warning when he put them on notice that he may not be able to maintain control over East Germany if Czechoslovakia were allowed to proceed with her radical reforms.

Mr. Khrushchev once said that Russia's Eastern allies "had become too big to be spanked." Obviously the present leadership does not share this sophisticated view, or, at least, does not want to take any risks. In addition to the repercussions in the wake of the repression of Czechoslovakia, there are also further uncertainties about Soviet intentions in the Middle East. Obviously the Kremlin wants to extend its power position in that area and obviously it does not want war; but the tension there is rising and so are the risks.

Most of the hope for a policy of mutual restraint was based on the assumption that economic factors, imposing themselves both on the Soviet Union and the United States, would make it imperative for both sides to slow down the arms race, and that some sort of a standstill agreement in the strategic arms race was a necessity. This hope is still alive, though the current psychological atmos-

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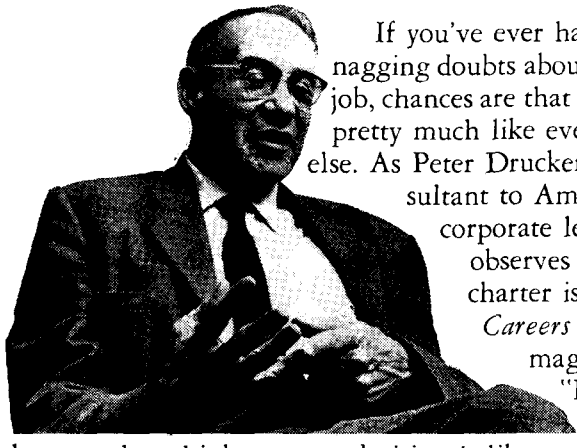
—PETER F. DRUCKER, in the charter issue of *Careers Today* magazine.



If you've ever had any nagging doubts about your job, chances are that you're pretty much like everyone else. As Peter Drucker, consultant to America's corporate leaders, observes in the charter issue of *Careers Today* magazine: "People worry because they think a career decision is like marriage, to be broken only by failure or death. This just isn't so. You have to accept your uncertainties as normal. Only musicians and mathematicians and a few early-maturing people—the number is very small—know from adolescence onward what they want to be.... A job is only a way to find out who you are. Be ruthless. One can always quit."

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phere has already caused a postponement of the summit meeting that President Johnson had been seeking with Premier Kosygin. It is likely to suffer further delay until the next President is installed and ready to enter into negotiations.

Meanwhile an old controversy was revived during the election campaign. Should the United States aim at military superiority or at maintaining a stable military balance? There is little doubt that the argument in favor of parity is highly sophisticated and goes against the ingrained American sense of competition. It also goes against the Russian attitude which is basically more competitive than collaborative. And yet it is a fact that nuclear superiority in this advanced stage of the arms race cannot be turned to political or diplomatic advantage.

Still in the present phase of renewed mutual mistrust, the drive for superiority —which, anyway, the United States continues to maintain—has gained new momentum. Before the Czechoslovak crisis, American efforts to reduce the strains in the superpower relationship seemed to have a certain priority over reasserting the Western alliance. But even though the events in Czechoslovakia have not basically changed the military balance in Europe, they have jarred the psychological balance, and this will remain an obstacle to the so-called "détente policy" until it becomes clearer to what extent the balance of forces in the Kremlin—and Soviet policy—have changed. The longer Americans are left in doubt, the longer it will take to create an atmosphere in which serious negotiations become possible.

Cul de Sac

By Jeannette Nichols

SAY we all
wanted to get out
but sat smoking
and only *thinking* about
getting out

took another drink
and someone spoke of Proust tc
someone who hadn't read
Proust but lied

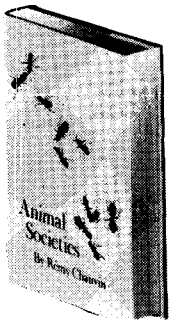
and their conversation
ate itself up
and nobody got out

till much later
when it was time
and all they could go to

was home.

From bees to gorillas

ANIMAL SOCIETIES



By Rémy Chauvin. A distinguished French biologist contrasts insect societies with those of primates and men and arrives at some striking conclusions: insect nests resemble not so much societies as they do organisms, and they function rather like computers; thus organized, insects provide for food, warfare, and slavery; the individual bee or ant is only an abstraction, a cell that dies in isolation. In this informal and very personal book, based on broad scientific knowledge, Chauvin also explores social organization in mammals and birds, disclosing some unexpected—and often amusing or alarming parallels in man. *60 photographs, 60 line drawings. $6.50 at bookstores or write:*

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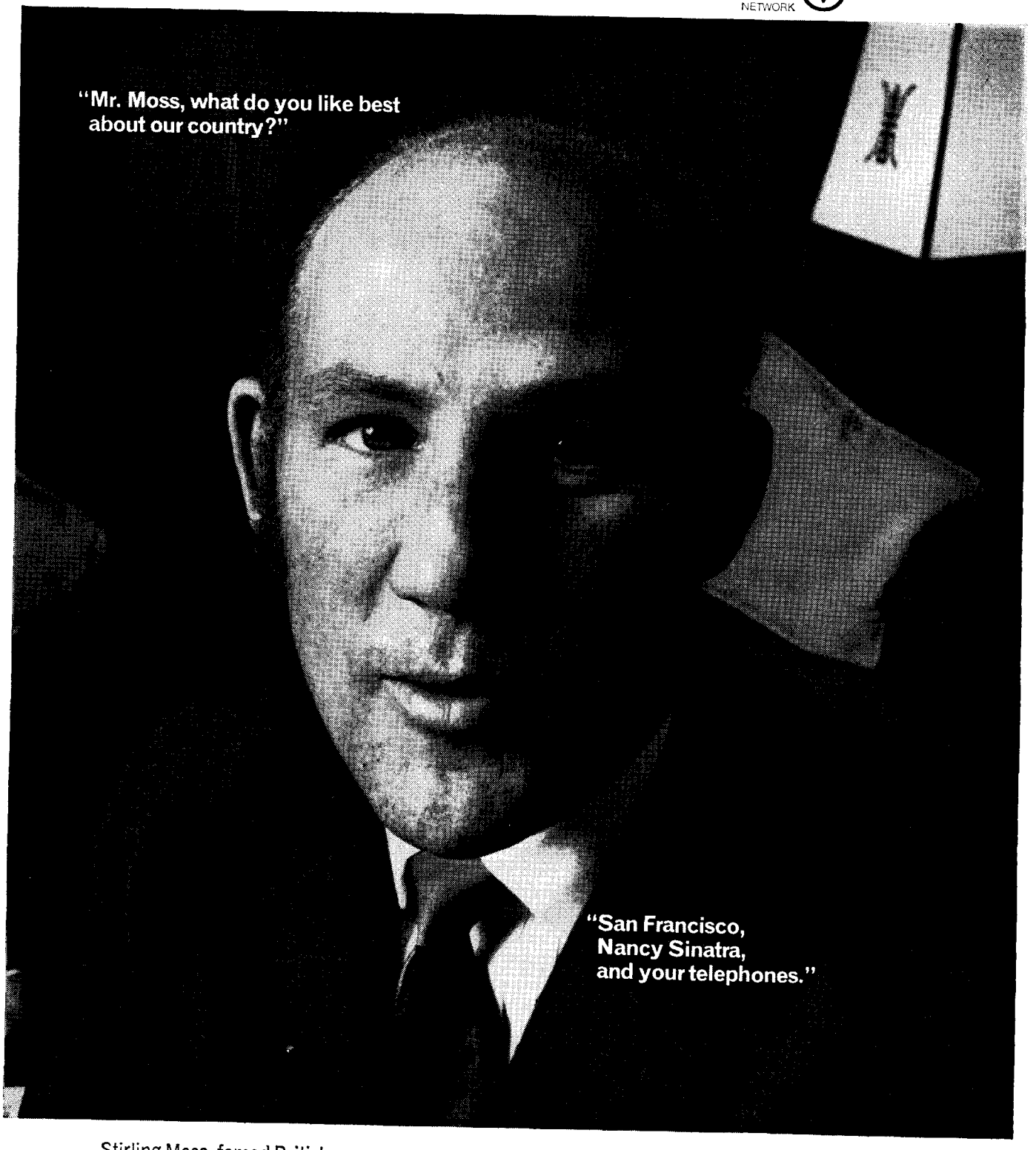

Stirling Moss, famed British racer:

"I reckon the first thing I noticed about your phones is the way you can carry them around while you're talking... the little pocket in the back, I mean, in your standard model. And no matter how many numbers you've got to dial, your system rarely fouls up. You get the number at the first go.

"From my point of view, that's pretty unusual. You've got to use somebody else's phone system before you realize how lucky you Yanks are."

Our nationwide network has some other things going for it too, Mr. Moss. In most countries, they use a phone just to get their voice from one place to another. Over the American telephone network, people talk, machines talk, pictures go back and forth. Anything goes—instantly—anytime, anywhere.

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Mailbag: Dear Ladies: Don't Be Ninnies: I am an idealist. I will do anything for money. Anything, that is, but work for it. Work is too good a thing to do for money. Work, in categorist's jargon, is autotelic, which is to say the doing is itself the goal. Sex, it occurs to me, should fall into the same category unless . . . but no, perish the thought. In any case, work must never be confused with employment. Employment may be more or less enjoyable, but until employees start to refuse paychecks and vacations, it is fair to assume that employment is exotic, which is to say it is undertaken for such reasons outside itself as pay, medical benefits, and whatever pensions may accrue.

Work, to be sure, may produce pay, checks. I cannot doubt that T. S. Eliot, though he incidentally died a millionaire, wrote autotelically, accepting the bonuses as pleasurable happenstances. A man writing advertising copy may become joyously absorbed in his work (poor oaf, to waste a psyche so!), but his difference from the poet is clear. The poet is at work: the ad man is employed. "Never," as Hemingway once told Dietrich, "confuse motion and action."

Any man who has made the original blunder of choosing low-income parents is likely to be driven to some employment. If he is lucky enough, or wise enough, or both together, his employment will be work: he will find a way to earn his living doing exactly what he would like to do if he had no living to earn. A passionate golfer who has made himself good enough to win on the tournament circuit might be such a man. He earns his living doing what another man might give his eyeteeth to be able to do.

If that man will serve as the example of some sort of felicity, it would follow down-scale from him, that a man is happy, or at least lucky, to the degree that he manages to keep his work up and his employment down.

What I work at is my desk. Unfortunately, that work also leaves me in need of some employment. In less fruitful days I was employed for nine months of each year as an English professor waiting for the three summer months in which I could get back to work. Then I discovered the lecture circuit. As an underpaid professor, my employment-to-work stint was 9 to 3. I resigned my job seven years ago and instantly found myself so joyously overpaid on the lecture circuit that I could reverse the ratio of work to employment and still have seven or eight times more money.

That I am in fact overpaid is not a brag but a gladness. It is also a statement of fact. No man is worth what I get paid (before agent's commissions and travel expenses) for an hour's talk. The world is mad to pay such fees, but I would be madder yet to argue with the insane. The fact is that the higher the fees go, the less lecture-circuit employment I need take on, and the sooner I can get back to work. I don't want it all: I just want what I want fast enough to stop needing more soonest.

As a perhaps incidental aside to my experience of the lecture circuit, I have found myself wondering why the Senate got so riled up because Abe Fortas got $15,000 last summer for a tough series of lectures. For his series, Fortas had to sweat a meticulous lot of legal learning into written form (or at least into worked-out notes). Someone should enter into the *Congressional Record* that a poet who speaks only off the top of his head would have turned down such a fee for a comparable series of lectures, and that he would have done so on the grounds that the fee does not meet going market rates.

As a perhaps more relevant aside on the lecture circuit, I began jotting notes on one of too many planes I rode last spring, and came up with four columns recently published here as "Confessions of a Circuit Rider."

That, ladies—I am happy to say the gentlemen were not moved to join in—is when the mailbag began to bulge with indignation: In these capitalist United States I had openly confessed that I rode the lecture circuit for money, preferably for a lot of money, and American womanhood seems to have been offended by so low a thought, though I took pains to point out that I was Robin Hooding the circuit in order to give to my 10-cents-an-hour desk.

Still my indignant ladies feel I have put them on. "I had the feeling you were speaking directly to me, somehow phrasing my own truest thoughts," writes one dear lady. "Now you tell me it was all for money. Does it give you pleasure to make me feel so defrauded, so entirely a ninny?"

Let me leave the lady's ninnyhood to her own second thoughts. She imagined a public lecture as a personal encounter. Without meaning to, she has flattered

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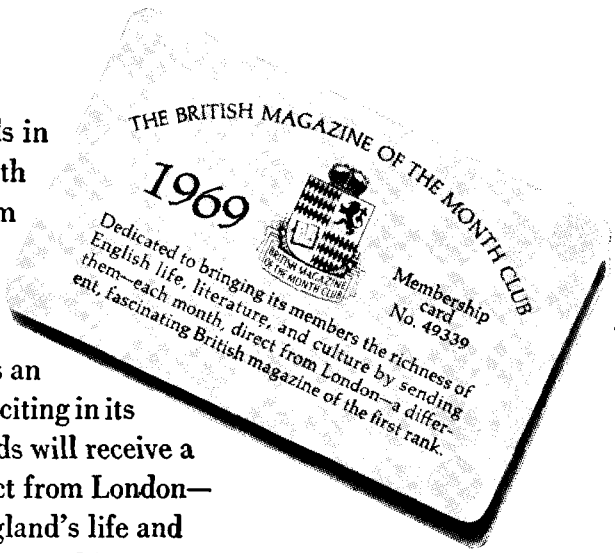
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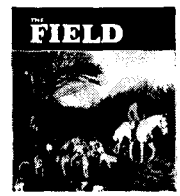

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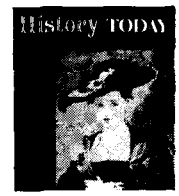

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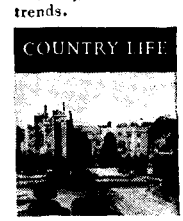

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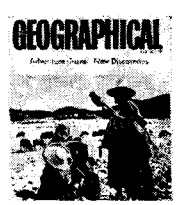

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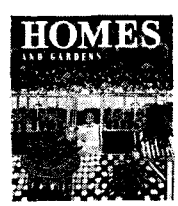

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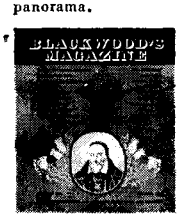

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me, and I send her my thanks. The fact remains that an audience is not a person, and that a large audience is not even notably rational. An audience is a mood to be manipulated by an illusion. Knowing these facts about his audience is the trade of the professional speaker. The refusal to use his professionalism as a way of cheating his audience is the speaker's honesty. Illusion remains his trade, and why should the idea of illusion be scorned? All good art, in this sense, is illusion, as certainly all mass communication is. It is a way of entrapping idea into experience.

Is the process dishonest? Another of my indignant ladies insists that it is. "I felt so surely that I knew you. I had touched an honest mind. It hurts to be told I was swindled!"

What shall a man say to self-wounded souls? I know of no world that wears the faces they live by. I went to the lecture she attended in the hope of saying useful things about mind and poetry. She came because she wanted to know me—*really* to know me. Let me suggest that she came to the wrong place. I do not bare my soul on platforms. The ideas I discuss existed before me and will exist after me and would have existed had I never been born. I am at best their fallible and temporary vessel. My choice of them has something to do certainly with whatever I am. Anyone who is irrationally moved to know more about me would do well to read my poems, if he can stand them. They may not be exact yet, but they are as close as I have been able to come to whatever I am, in case anyone should care.

But I have never come on a poem while on the lecture platform, nor on any significant part of my identity. What I have come to there is my professionalism. It is an employable professionalism and, for me, an enjoyable one. Professionalism, nevertheless, remains what one does for hire, and honorably I shall hope, but it is employment, and not to be confused with work. Work—like "identity" (whatever that may be)—is what waits on my desk while I go riding the circuit.

Perhaps it will make my money-scorning daughters of indignation happy to know I shall be spending a long stint at my desk. I have a bad back (from sitting too long at the desk, my doctor tells me) and he has put me in the hospital to re-carve my tail bones. That means the fall tour is canceled. It also means my agent will have to beef up the spring tour—for money: That doctor says he sees no reason to fix me up for love but that he'll do it for money, and I told him it was a deal.

Like him, ladies, I can't exactly sign this with love, but let me say

Yours toward some part of reality,

JOHN CIARDI

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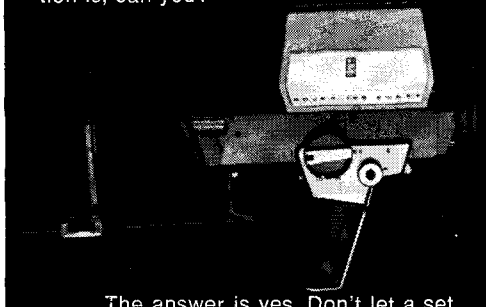

The answer is yes. Don't let a set of crackly knees discourage you. Some of the best things in life don't come to life until you get close to them. Like bubbles. Dew drops. Baby fingers. Blades of grass. Chocolate covered children's faces. Etcetera. And after you've been close, you may want to pull back and photograph faraway things. Like mountains or Suzy on the other side of the birthday candles.

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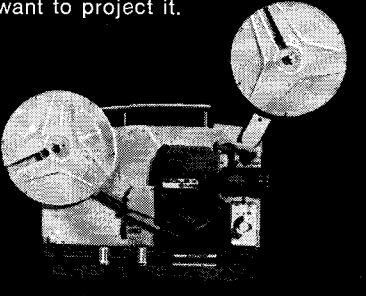

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Trade Winds

James F. Fixx

When the New York Public Library announced the other day that for ten years it had secretly been holding T. S. Eliot's original manuscript of *The Waste Land*, it seemed reasonable to ask library officials whether anything else was being kept out of sight in the vaults. After all, if the famous poem (not to mention thirty or more other unpublished Eliot poems) could be secreted in the massive building at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, wasn't it possible that other things might be, too?

That suspicion, it seems, was at least partly right. One spokesman, a curator named Robert Hill, said that certain material in the library had indeed been accepted under what he described as restrictive agreements. "A good example is the H. L. Mencken correspondence," he explained. "It consists of a goodly amount of mail Mencken received from his contemporaries, and it is absolutely not accessible to anyone until 1971. Then, and only then, will it be opened to scholarly research." (As for eventual publication of the letters, Mr. Hill said: "We can't very well cross that bridge until we come to it.")

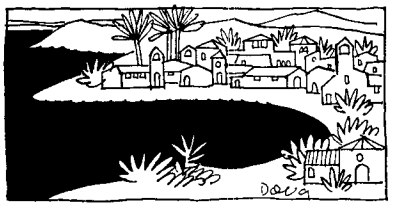
James W. Henderson, who heads the institution's research libraries, said that, in addition, the library occasionally accepts material under seal. "In some cases," he explained, with a tantalizing note of mystery in his voice, "we don't even know what the manuscripts are or who wrote them."

It doesn't look as if anyone is going to find out very soon, either. Much of it, according to agreement, must remain unread until the year 2000.

At a PTA meeting recently, I was handed a mimeographed sheet bearing the title, "What Is a Second Grader?" Among the characteristics of seven- and eight-year-olds listed were these: "Likes to please. . . . Responds to praise and approval. . . . Immediate goals still most important. Makes plans beyond ability to execute."

We don't change much, do we?

Was Richard Henry Dana, Jr., secretly in the employ of the Santa Barbara, California, Chamber of Commerce when he wrote *Two Years Before the Mast* in 1841? From his description of the town, such a conclusion wouldn't seem totally unreasonable. In his book he tells of anchoring off Santa Barbara's crescent-like bay after a 150-day voyage from Boston: "In the middle of this crescent, directly opposite the anchoring ground, lie the mission and town of Santa Barbara, on a low plain, but little above the level of the sea, covered with grass, though entirely without trees, and surrounded on three sides by an amphitheater of mountains, which slant off to



the distance of fifteen or twenty miles. The mission stands a little back of the town, and is a large building, or rather collection of buildings, in the center of which is a high tower, with a belfry of five bells. The whole, being plastered, makes quite a show at a distance, and is the mark by which vessels come to anchor. . . . The town is finely situated."

Dana didn't, of course, work for the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce or any other (he was, at the time, employed as a seaman aboard the brig, *Pilgrim*). But his words constitute a testimonial Santa Barbarans might well put to good use, especially since a century and a quarter later, it is still entirely accurate—town, bay, mission, and all.

I've discovered an almost sure way to give pause to people who brag about being good spellers. It's a list of five absolutely ordinary words that for some reason astonishingly few people can spell. The words: *inoculate, rarefy, kimono, iridescent,* and *naphtha.* Try them on your friends. I predict you'll be amazed, as I have been. Even among professional writers and editors of my acquaintance very few have been able to score as many as three out of five.

I hope by this time everyone has heard about the Library of Congress's series of records, "Twentieth Century Poetry in English." It's an impressive and often moving experience to hear poets such as T. S. Eliot, e. e. cummings, Robert Lowell, Stephen Vincent Benét, I. A. Richards, Archibald MacLeish, and SR's John Ciardi reading their own works. Prices range from $4.95 for single 33⅓ rpm records to $14.05 for *An Album of Modern Poetry,* a three-record anthology of forty-six poets reading a total of seventy-eight poems. A free list of the records in the series is available from

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the Music Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540.

Are limp, overcooked beans sleepy legumes?

Like it or not, the United States is going to get a candid look at itself early next month, when some eighty intellectuals from all over the world meet in Princeton, New Jersey, for what is billed as a five-day seminar on "The United States: Its Problems, Impact, and Image in the World." Among the Americans who plan to be on hand are McGeorge Bundy, now president of the Ford Foundation and a former advisor to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson; George W. Ball, former United States ambassador to the United Nations; John Kenneth Galbraith, former ambassador to India; and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the historian. Coming from abroad are, among others, Milovan Djilas, a former Vice President of Yugoslavia, and Anatoly A. Gromyko, the son of Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko. It ought to be quite a gathering. The fireworks start on December 1.

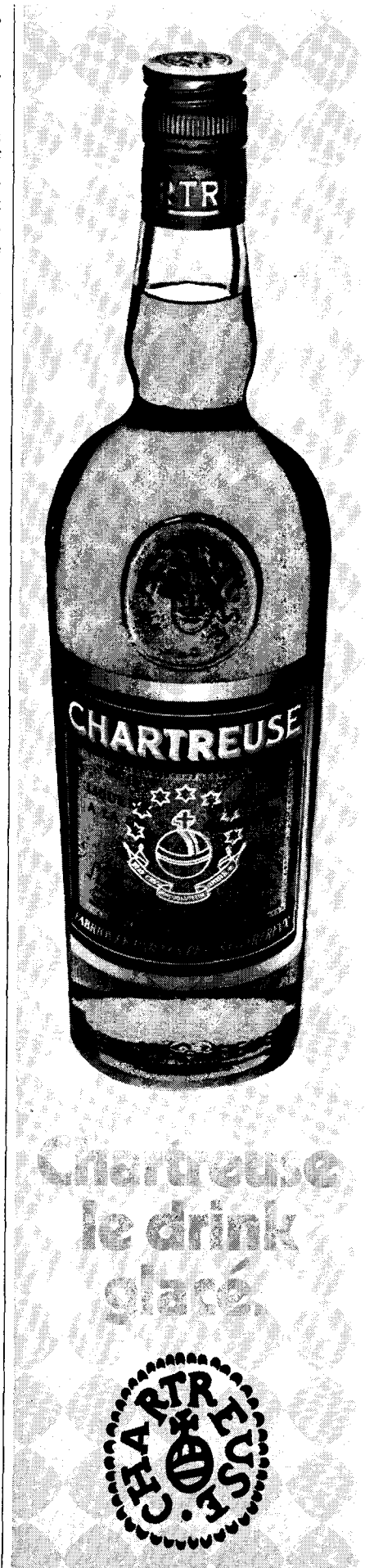
Department of Serendipity: Back in June, the Meredith Press, little suspecting what was to happen before long, released in routine fashion a biography entitled, simply enough, *Onassis.* The author was Willi Frischauer, and Meredith thought enough of the book to print 12,500 copies—not exactly a small printing, but certainly not of best-selling dimensions. Well, it sold some 4,700 copies and was, in the words of Meredith's Ralph Woodward, "quite a disappointment to us." Then—whammo!—out of the blue came Jacqueline Kennedy's announcement that she planned to marry Onassis, and every last one of the remaining copies was promptly snapped up. Meredith moved into action at once, dispatching the author to Onassis territory with instructions to update the book.

At last report, Meredith was anxiously watching the mail for Mr. Frischauer's manuscript, happily counting its money, reviewing fat offers from book clubs and newspaper syndicates, and trying to figure out how to produce the same kind of luck with some other book.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1805)

FRED ALLEN:
MUCH ADO ABOUT ME

There is the old joke about the policeman who found the dead horse on Kosciusko Street. He took out a notebook to write his report. The policeman couldn't spell Kosciusko Street. He had to drag the horse over to Third Avenue.



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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Americana

DAUGHTERS OF THE COUNTRY: The Women of the Fur Traders and Mountain Men. By Walter O'Meara. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

MILITARY POSTS IN THE POWDER RIVER COUNTRY OF WYOMING, 1865-1894. By Robert A. Murray. Nebraska. $5.50.

NEW ECHOTA LETTERS: Contributions of Samuel A. Worcester to the *Cherokee Phoenix*. Edited by Jack Frederick Kilpatrick and Anna Gritts Kilpatrick. Southern Methodist. $5.

SATAN'S FERRYMAN: A True Tale of the Old Frontier. By W. D. Snively, Jr., and Louanna Furbee. Ungar. $6.50.

Crime, Suspense

NONE OF US CARED FOR KATE. By John Haythorne. Dutton. $3.95.

A SINGULAR FURY. By Howard Oleck. World. $4.95.

WITH MALICE TOWARD ALL. Edited by Robert L. Fish. Putnam. $4.95.

Current Affairs

THE RAPE OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA. By Colin Chapman. Lippincott. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.45.

REGIS DEBRAY AND THE LATIN AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Edited by Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy. Monthly Review. $5.

Drugs

MARIJUANA. By E.R. Bloomquist, M.D. Glencoe. Paperback, $1.25.

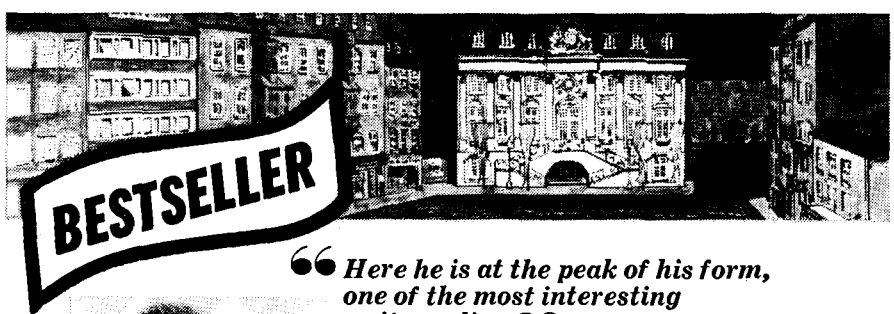
THE POLITICS OF ECSTASY. By Timothy Leary. Putnam. $6.95.

Economics

THE HISTORY OF UNILEVER. Vols. I & II: A Study in Economic Growth and Social Change. Vol. III: Challenge and Response in the Post-War Industrial Revolution, 1945-1965. By Charles Wilson. Praeger. Vols. I & II, $12. Vol. III, $8.

IN OUR TIME. By Paul H. Douglas. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

A PRIMER ON THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF EUROPE. By Paul Hohenberg. Random House. $4.95.



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Essays

MEN IN DARK TIMES. By Hannah Arendt. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

THE NON-JEWISH JEW AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Isaac Deutscher. Selected by Tamara Deutscher. Oxford. $5.25.

Fiction

GOOD TIMES/BAD TIMES. By James Kirkwood. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THE NUMBER TWO MAN. By Jack H. Bailey. McKay. $5.95.

ONE BEFORE BEDTIME. By Richard Linkroum. Lippincott. $4.50.

PROPOSITION 31. By Robert H. Rimmer. New American Library. $5.95.

THE THIEVES OF TUMBUTU. By Harris Greene. Doubleday. $5.95.

History

ALLIED INTERVENTION IN RUSSIA. By John Bradley. Basic Books. $6.50.

ASIA: A Natural History. By Pierre Pfeffer. Random House. $15.95.

THE BURDEN OF SOUTHERN HISTORY. By C. Vann Woodward. Louisiana State. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95. (Revised edition.)

MANY ROADS TO MOSCOW: Three Historic Invasions. By Leonard Cooper. Coward-McCann. $5.95.

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1918: Year of Crisis, Year of Change. By Joseph Carter. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

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THE ORIGINS AND LEGACIES OF WORLD WAR I. By D.F. Fleming. Doubleday. $6.95.

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THE POLITICS OF THE UNIVERSE: Edward Beecher, Abolition, and Orthodoxy. By Robert Merideth. Vanderbilt. $5.95.

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SEA ROUTES TO POLYNESIA. By Thor Heyerdahl. Rand McNally. $5.95.

SHOAL OF TIME: A History of the Hawaiian Islands. By Gavan Daws. Macmillan. $9.95.

SILENCE ON MONTE SOLE. By Jack Olsen. Putnam. $6.95.

WAR FOR AN AFTERNOON. By Jens Kruuse. Pantheon. $4.95.

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HEMINGWAY: The Inward Terrain. By Richard B. Hovey. Washington. $6.95.

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER AND THE ETERNAL PAST. By Irving Buchen. New York Univ. Hardbound, $6.95. Paperback, $2.25.

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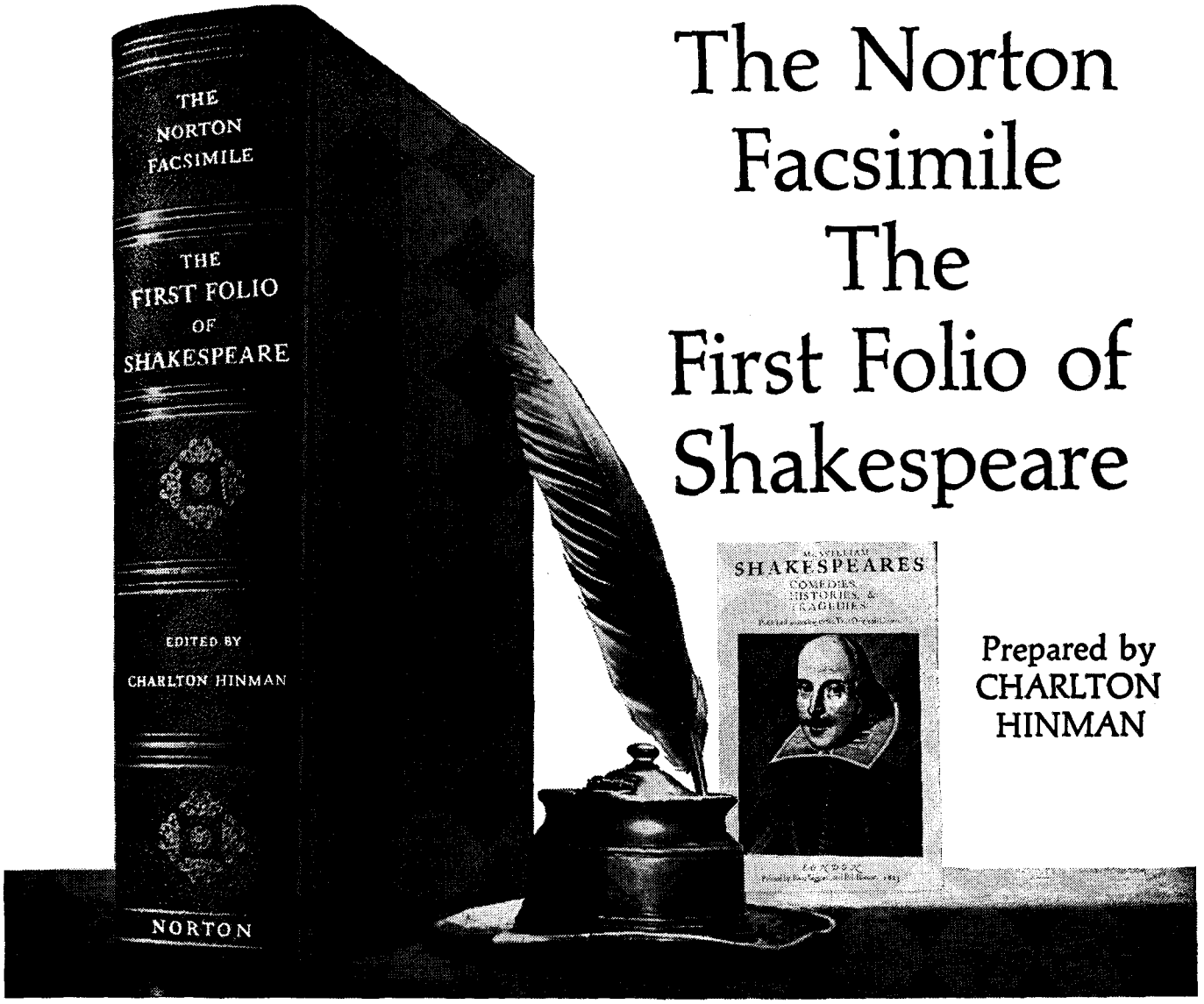

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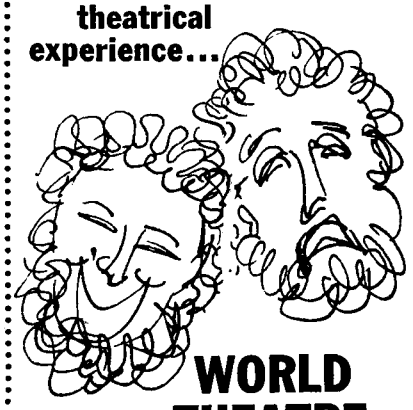

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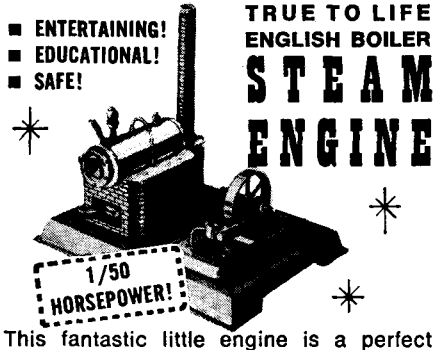

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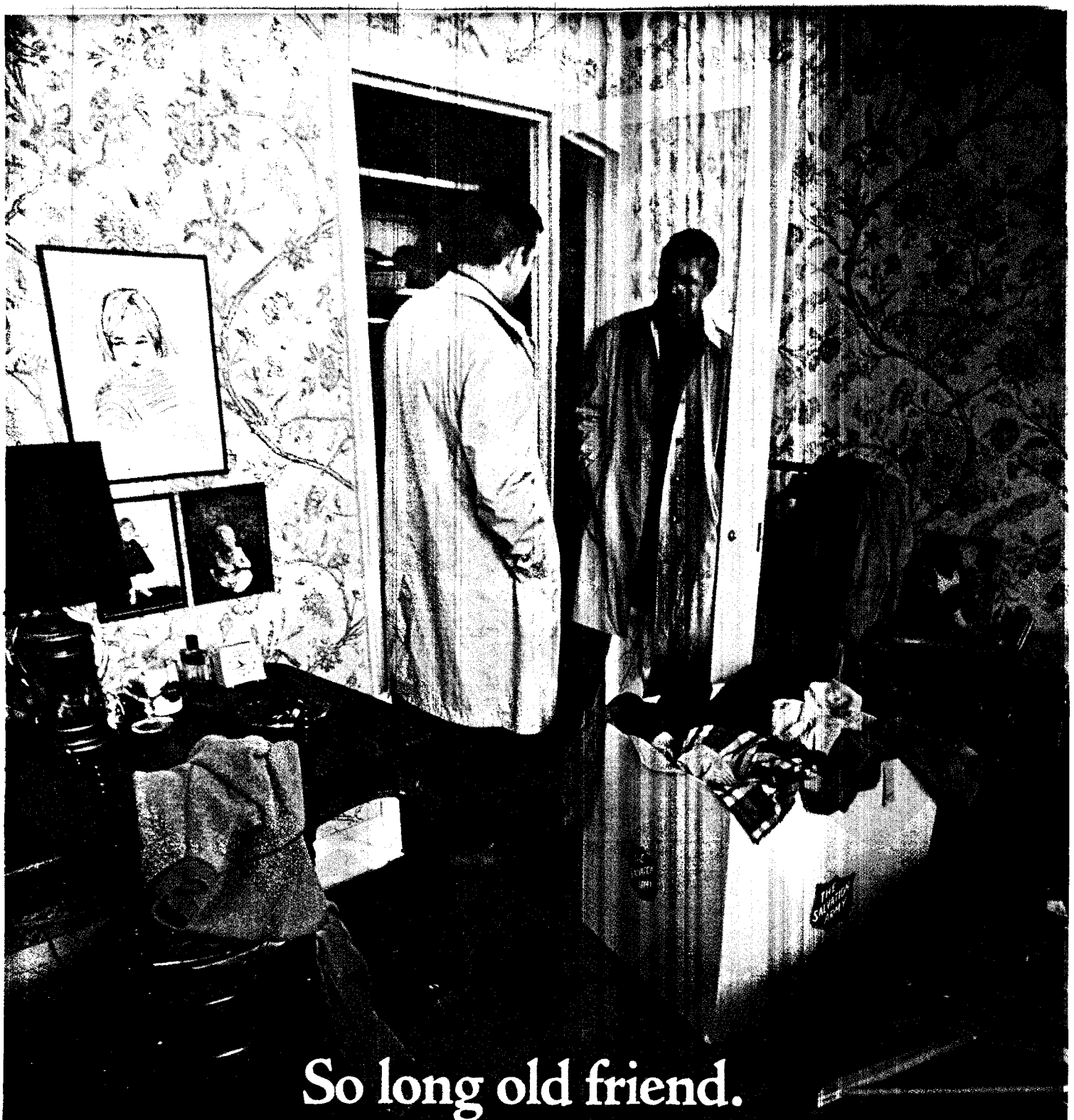

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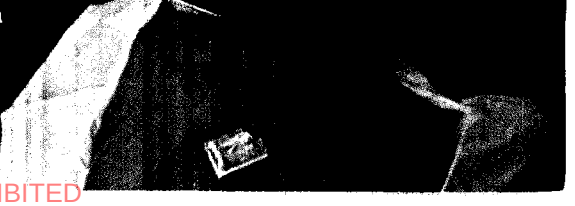
His London Fog was even with him the night he met his wife. And the day he took his first-born home from the hospital.

At this melancholy time, there is one comforting thought.

Somewhere out there is a new London Fog, ready to be with him through his next big chunk of life.

London Fog
BALTIMORE, MD.



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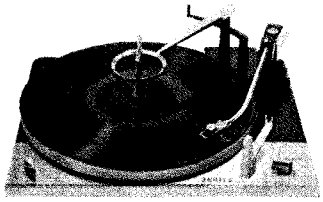
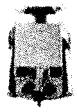
To reproduce great stereo music in your home, you need quality components, balanced and blended for maximum fidelity. Zenith console stereo brings you such components—built into luxurious, fine-furniture cabinetry.



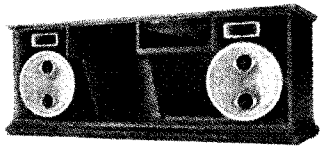
The Stereo Professional Record Changer is the finest. Massive. Heavy. And fully automated to play all record speeds with virtually no fluctuations.

Zenith's Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm is extra long and critically balanced for maximum tracking and stereo separation. Its 2 gram weight and free-floating cartridge protect your records against wear and damage—even if the arm is accidentally dropped. The unbreakable Flex-Guard needle shaft is designed to keep the diamond stylus precisely aligned at all times.

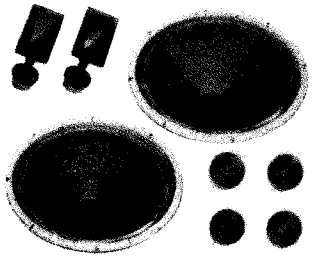


The solid-state, advanced design tuner brings you exciting stereo FM radio as well as standard FM and AM.

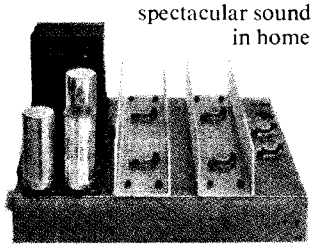
You can also enjoy stereo tapes. Zenith options* include 8-track stereo cartridge or stereo cassette tape players.

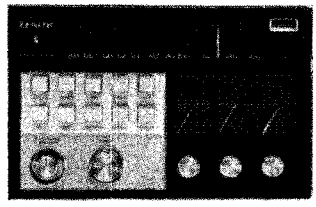


The Ultraphonic Speaker System is a masterpiece of acoustical engineering. Eight speakers sealed in a full-width sound chamber create a true air-suspension system with breathtaking fidelity and range. You hear rich, resonant lows from two 15-inch woofers; pure middle tones from two exponential horns; sharp, clear highs from four hard-cone tweeters.



The solid-state, 14-transistor amplifier produces 320 watts of peak music power for the most spectacular sound in home stereo. You get exceptional tonal fidelity with virtually no distortion.

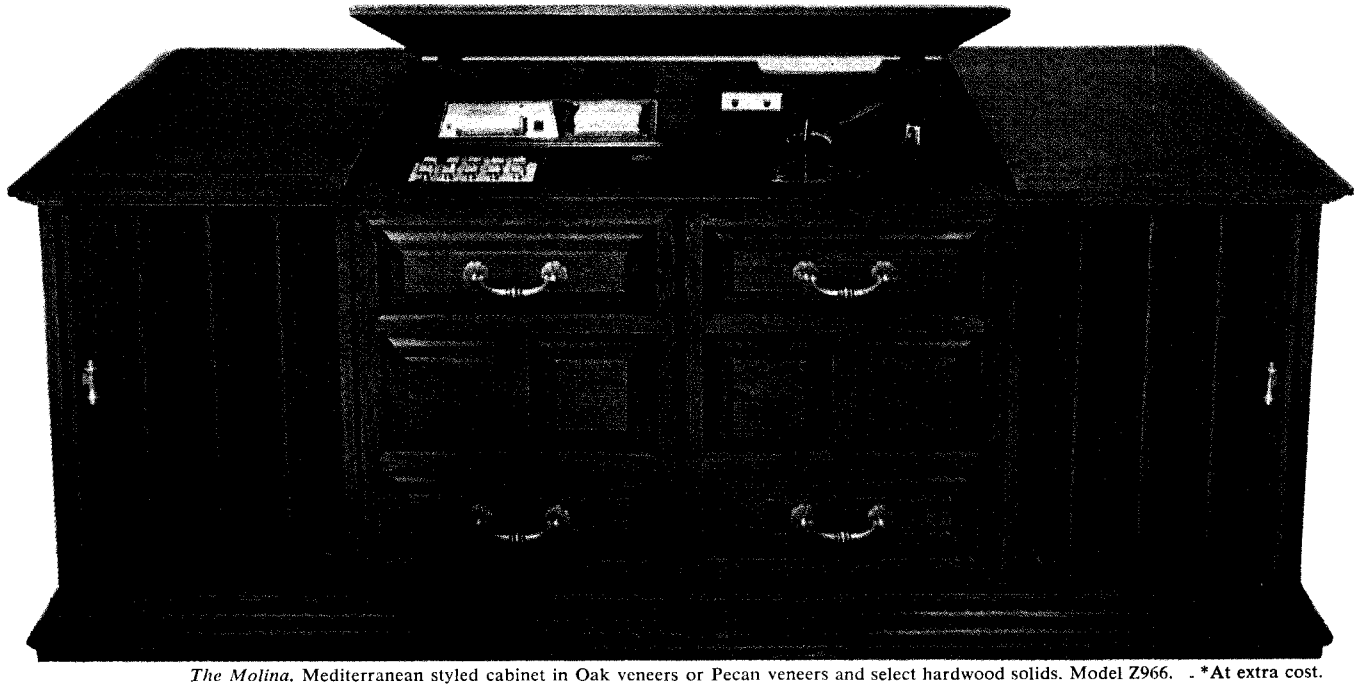




The Studio Control Panel commands the entire instrument. Pushbuttons select the playing mode. Treble and bass can also be separately adjusted. And you can change the musical "mood" from background level to brilliant, at the twist of a dial.

These high fidelity stereo components come to you built into a magnificent, all-wood cabinet of authentic period design . . . finished in the grand tradition of bench-made furniture.

When you buy stereo, don't settle for less than Zenith.



The Molina. Mediterranean styled cabinet in Oak veneers or Pecan veneers and select hardwood solids. Model Z966. - *At extra cost.

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Saturday Review
November 16, 1968

Richard A. Cloward and Frances Fox Piven

Migration, Politics, and Welfare

As Negroes move from the South, where public aid policies are restrictive, to the North, where they tend to be more "liberal:" and as the political influence of the poor grows, so do the lists of those considered eligible for assistance.

THE question has become insistent: Why are the public welfare rolls rising at unprecedented rates? Why, it is asked, are so many people in need of public assistance in a period of unprecedented prosperity? In New York City, for example, the rolls have been rising at a rate of about 20,000 each month and will reach 1,000,000 by January 1. A state legislative committee is already conducting hearings, and now both the City Council and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare have announced full-scale probes.

The current investigations—like a host of others in the past—will undoubtedly yield up some evidence of malingering and chiseling, and that will reaffirm the prevalent belief that the welfare rolls harbor those who are scabbing on the tax dollars of others. Underpinning this belief are the twin tenets of American social ideology: the economic system is open, and economic success is a matter of individual merit (and sometimes luck). Those who fail—the very poor—are therefore in some way defective as individuals, and if failure persists through generations, it is because the poor are reared in defective families.

The issue of defective families will probably be prominent in the investigations of New York's escalating rolls. The main increases are in the category known as "Aid to Families with Dependent Children." Many of these families are black; most are without a stable male wage-earner. The public will draw the quick conclusion, therefore, that the rising AFDC rolls reflect a serious deterioration of the black family in the urban community.

In fact, the family was made the scapegoat several years ago with the publication of Daniel Patrick Moynihan's report, *The Negro Family*. The report concluded:

> The harsh fact is that as a group, at the present time, in terms of ability to win out in the competitions of American life, [Negroes] are not equal to most of those groups with which they will be competing. . . . The fundamental problem . . . is that of family structure. The evidence—not final, but powerfully persuasive—is that the Negro family in the urban ghettos is crumbling. So long as this situation persists, the cycle of poverty and disadvantage will continue to repeat itself.

The report aroused a storm of controversy. Militant civil rights leaders vehemently denied that the Negro family was crumbling, and liberal intellectuals wrote numerous critiques questioning Moynihan's use and interpretation of data on divorce, separation, illegitimacy, and other kindred indices of family disorganization. But his chief evidence of family breakdown has remained unchallenged, namely, the steadily escalating AFDC rolls. Having shown that the rolls trebled between 1940 and 1963, and that a disproportionate share of the increase was attributable to black families, he asserted that "the steady expansion of this welfare program . . . can be taken as a measure of the steady disintegration of the Negro family structure over the past generation in the United States." (In fact, only about half of all AFDC recipients are black.)

MORE alarming, the black family has finally become so disorganized that "the present tangle of pathology is capable of perpetuating itself without assistance from the white world." To support this assertion, Moynihan compared the trends in black male unemployment rates with trends in the number of new AFDC cases opened. From 1953 to 1958, the black male unemployment rate rose from 4 to 14 per cent; and the number of new AFDC cases also rose, as if caused by the rising trend in unemployment. After 1958, the unemployment level moved downward, falling to 9 per cent by 1964; however, the number of AFDC cases opened continued to climb. It was this presumed failure to respond to improved economic conditions which led Moynihan to conclude that the pathology of the black family had become so serious that it "may indeed have begun to feed on itself."

If the deterioration of the black family is not the main cause of the rising AFDC rolls, what is? The answer is migration—the vast redistribution of black people from rural to urban areas and from South to North. Had the economically obsolete black poor remained in the rural areas, the welfare rolls would not have

Richard A. Cloward and Frances Fox Piven are members of the faculty at the Columbia University School of Social Work and write frequently on contemporary social problems.

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shown nearly so dramatic a rise over the past two decades. In other words, as long as unemployment was also rising, both trends appeared to move together, and unemployment seemed to be determining AFDC levels; but even when unemployment turned downward, the impact of migration continued to push AFDC rates upward.

MASS migration has led to an increase in the welfare rolls in two distinct ways. First, it has altered the geography of welfare eligibility because people have moved from a region where it is relatively difficult to obtain benefits to regions where it is relatively easy. Second, the growing political power of black people in the cities has had its impact on public policies, leading many more families to go on the rolls. It is well known that millions of poor blacks have migrated from the Southern to the Western, North Central, and Northeastern sections of the nation. In June 1951, the average grant per person in the Southern region was only $14 per month. All of the other regions had payment levels almost twice as high: $27 per person per month in the West, $25 in the North Central region, and $27 in the Northeast. At the extremes, a person in Mississippi got $5 per month, a person in California $36. (All figures refer to Aid to Families with Dependent Children, unless otherwise indicated.) Once a family left the South, it did not need to be nearly so poor in order to qualify for assistance.

Between 1951 and 1966, payment levels rose, the largest increase taking place in the Southern region, which had been lowest to begin with. But even at that, payment levels in 1966 still averaged at least 50 per cent higher outside of the South. And at the extremes, Mississippi still paid less than $8 per person per month, while New York paid $48.

As to restrictions which disqualify people even though they have no money at all, the Southern region is by far the most stringent (although states in all regions employ similar restrictions). Until it was struck down by a recent Supreme Court decision, one policy denied a mother and children aid if she was alleged to have a conjugal relationship with a male, even though he did not live in her home and was neither her husband nor the father of her children. Since it is impossible to disprove such an allegation, the male in question was declared a "substitute parent" of the woman's children and he was assumed to be contributing to the support of the children—whether or not he had any income. Some states have another rule which specifies that if a woman's children are above the age of three, benefits may be withheld on the grounds that she is an "employable mother" (although employment may not be available at all). Still another ground for disqualification is the presence of illegitimate children—the mother is said to be maintaining an "unsuitable home."

Southern states, particularly those in the Deep South, are also given to periodic campaigns to purge the welfare rolls of sinners, or the products of sin—illegitimate children. A few years ago, Louisiana discharged more than 20,000 children from the rolls on the ground that they were being maintained in "unsuitable homes." And only recently, the Supreme Court compelled Alabama to restore 30,000 children who had been denied assistance on the ground that they had "substitute parents." (Similar efforts to reduce the rolls are made from time to time in other regions of the country, but they are not nearly so likely to result in masses of people being cut off the rolls.)

Discriminatory racial practices have been exposed in one governmental program after another—from health care to the distribution of agricultural subsidies—and Southern welfare departments are no exception, as the U.S. Civil Rights Commission has shown. If field hands are needed, a poor black woman is far more likely to be declared an "employable mother" than a poor white woman. Welfare officials simply feel that chopping cotton is unsuitable employment for white females.

The withholding of benefits is used in many rural areas to force blacks to leave. They can starve or migrate. Many white Southerners prefer that they migrate, particularly in areas where black voters are now feared at the polls. It is for this reason that many Southern rural counties have steadfastly resisted any liberalization of welfare practices—indeed, some county political leaders will not even permit local welfare directors to distribute free federal surplus foods or to sell bonus food stamps to those with money to buy them.

The result of regional variations in rules and prejudices when people migrate is obvious. A woman with illegitimate children over the age of three who is alleged to maintain a relationship with a male could be disqualified in most Southern states under any one of several rules: either she maintains an "unsuitable home," or her children have a "substitute parent," or she is an "employable mother." But if she moves to a state outside of the South, she is likely to qualify for benefits. In 1960, the Southern region granted assistance to 48 per cent of those who applied. Elsewhere, the rates were appreciably higher: 57 per cent in the Western and North Central regions; 63 per cent in the Northeast. At the extremes, Texas admitted only 34 per cent, while Massachusetts admitted 80 per cent. Stated another

"There must be more to life than one crisis after another."

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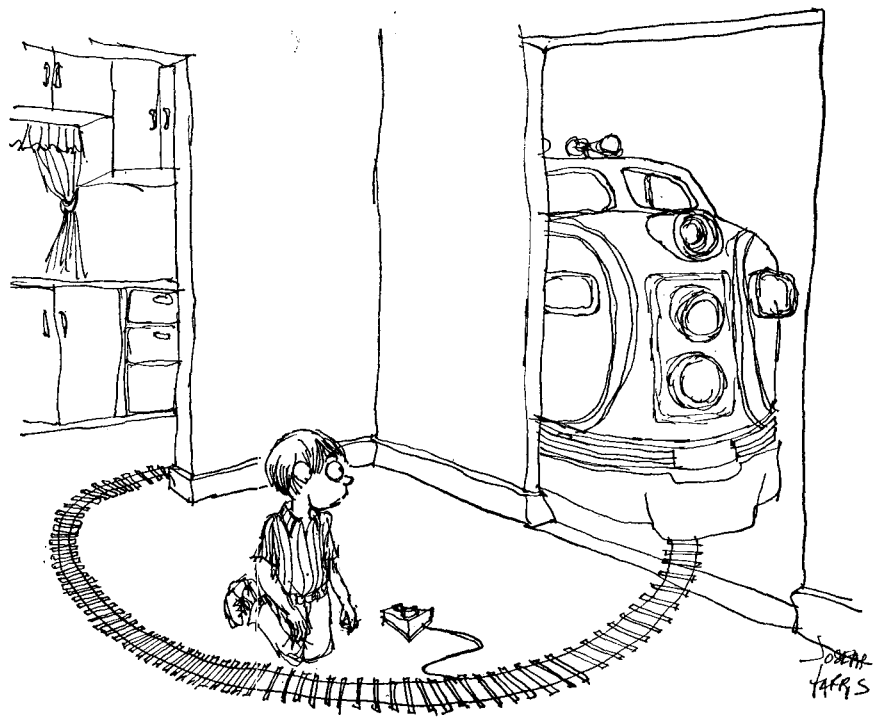
way, a family migrating from Texas to Massachusetts improved its chances of getting on welfare almost threefold.

If mass migration altered the geography of black welfare eligibility, it also altered the geography of electoral power. Black people who were disenfranchised in the South became voters in the North. Their growing electoral power, especially in the big cities, is reflected in a number of changes in public policies, some of which have had the consequence—if often unintended—of enlarging the welfare rolls. The failure to consider these changes is a striking omission in the Moynihan report.

THE relationship between migration, electoral power, and the welfare rolls is not as direct and simple as many people assume. Most migrants do *not* go on the welfare rolls when they arrive, popular views notwithstanding. Studies conducted on national samples, as well as on samples in Maryland, New York, California, and the state of Washington, reveal that the vast majority of new black applicants were *not* new arrivals, having lived in Northern areas for at least two or three years. Just how they survive during these years is not altogether clear. Many, of course, find jobs; others either do not or they find only irregular employment. They may live by doubling up with friends or relatives, spreading the income of one or two among many. Some may "hustle," turning to the ghetto underworld for income. One way or another, most survive without public aid.

Eventually, however, many are driven by economic necessity to the welfare department, and so the rolls rise, although not necessarily in direct proportion to the increases in the volume of applications. Generally speaking, welfare functionnaires are under pressure to keep costs down—and that means giving as few people as possible as little as possible. One technique is to employ procedures which make people ashamed and indignant—for example, by requiring people to submit to routine invasions of privacy. Another is to make the process of establishing eligibility a bureaucratic obstacle course, thereby discouraging many people from completing the process. Of those who do wait out the system many are rejected, often illegally. These practices also keep down the number who apply in the first place, for word of bad experiences with welfare spreads, and people decide there is no point in applying. Welfare departments, of course, carry on no program of public information about entitlements. The fewer who know their rights, the fewer who will apply—all of which keeps costs down.

Periodic attacks on the welfare system by groups hostile to the poor also help to keep the volume of applications down.



In 1961, for example, Senator Harry F. Byrd, who headed a key Congressional committee, launched a much-publicized and sensational attack on the welfare system in the District of Columbia. In the years immediately before the attack, about 6,500 families had applied annually; after the attack, the figure dropped to 4,400, *and it has never recovered.* Anticipating rejection and harassment, eligible people just do not apply. Furthermore, Senator Byrd compelled the department to institute even harsher eligibility tests and to augment the staff of its fraud squads (whose record of illegal invasions of recipients' homes is unparalleled in the annals of public welfare). The result was that acceptance rates dropped from 39 to 28 per cent between 1962 and 1963. At the same time, the number of people cut off the rolls doubled: 25 per cent were terminated in 1961, 46 per cent in 1962, and 53 per cent in 1963. With applications and acceptances down, and terminations up, the rolls were soon reduced by almost half.

AS a result of such conditions, according to data we assembled and reported several years ago, half of the eligible poor were *not* on the rolls in 1960. In the years since 1960, the situation has changed. If migration created a vast reservoir of the eligible poor in the cities, it also created a new political force in the cities—the mass of black voters. It was inevitable that this new political force would eventually be reflected both in the behavior of the black poor and in the policies of the public agencies. These changes apparently began to occur in the late 1950s, and the rolls in the cities have been rising precipitously ever since. Between 1960 and and 1968, the national AFDC rolls rose by more than 1,600,000 persons, with almost half of that increase taking place in just sixteen urban areas; indeed, almost half of the increase took place in just two urbanized states—New York and California. Large numbers of eligible families have been abandoning their marginal modes of survival, turning instead to welfare departments. And welfare departments have been more receptive to them.

Black political influence on local welfare departments is sometimes rather circuitous. It may, for example, be mediated by other public agencies and by other levels of government. By the late 1940s, the ghettos were pressing outward, arousing fierce hostility from the residents of white working-class neighborhoods and accelerating the flight of middle-class whites and businesses to the suburbs. Urban renewal was designed to solve this problem by reclaiming land taken by the expanding ghettos and restoring it to "higher economic uses" (i.e., to bring back suburban whites and businesses). Most big cities undertook renewal projects which dislocated large numbers of ghetto residents (70 per cent of those dislocated were black). But the problem was not so simply solved, for blacks began to protest; given the growing black masses in the cities, political leaders feared electoral repercussions. To conciliate blacks while still pushing forward with renewal pro-

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"We no sooner build the first street in America than you radicals take to it!"

grams, elaborate relocation services were conceded toward the end of the 1950s. And the inadvertent consequence of relocation services was that thousands of people were unearthed and referred to public welfare departments for financial assistance.

A study made in Baltimore provides a dramatic illustration of this process. The rolls in Baltimore trebled between 1960 and 1966 (the largest rate of increase in the nation), accounting for about 75 per cent of the increase in the entire state of Maryland. Urban renewal, it turns out, was an important cause. Some 14,000 units of low-rental housing were destroyed over a ten-year period, and equivalent numbers of poor families (with a median income of $2,600) were forced to relocate. Once their living patterns were disrupted, many of these families could no longer manage on their marginal incomes. Extended families (such as a mother with children living with and being supported by her parents) were broken up because the new residence had less space; but often their incomes were insufficient to maintain two residences. Some—such as the mothers and children—had to turn to public welfare. For other families, adequate housing at rentals they could afford could not be found, and supplemental financial aid was required.

Thousands of referrals were made by the Housing Agency to the Department of Welfare. The urban renewal effort during these years resulted in a substantial amount of "case finding" for the welfare department. Nor is Baltimore an isolated instance; relocation agencies in other cities have turned to public welfare agencies in the same way. Considering the magnitude of urban renewal in the past decade, it is likely that many tens of thousands of eligible families in the cities have been led to apply for public assistance who would not otherwise have done so. In other words, electoral power did not enable blacks to protect their neighborhoods from being ravaged, but it did at least force some subsidy for those driven out.

ANOTHER example of the "indirect" effects of black electoral power upon public welfare is provided by the programs of the federal Office of Economic Opportunity. By 1960, the urban black vote had become extremely important in national elections. It was decisive in the election of John Kennedy in 1960. Not accidently, a series of Congressional measures followed which were designed to placate urban blacks, among them reforms in public welfare itself. Federal pressure was also exerted on the states and localities to reorient existing service programs toward the urban ghettos. As a result, various services were initiated, especially by the antipoverty program, which produced greatly increased applications for welfare in the cities. All over the country antipoverty agencies have informed people of their entitlements to welfare and encouraged them to apply, and have even gone so far as to bring suit (or threaten to bring suit) against welfare departments which reject applicants illegally.

Recent national health programs have led hospitals into welfare "case finding" activities. When the poor appear, hospital personnel now routinely refer them to welfare agencies to establish their eligibility. The hospitals are disinterested in welfare as such; they merely want to ensure that they are reimbursed for the medical care rendered. Nevertheless, they are inducing thousands of eligible people to join the welfare rolls.

AFTER carefully examining data relevant to a series of hypotheses regarding the rapidly rising rolls—including the hypothesis that the family is deteriorating—the Baltimore study reached a striking conclusion: the rolls had risen primarily because families with long-standing eligibility had been led to apply for public aid, largely as a result of the activities of various federally sponsored programs in the cities.

Municipal government itself has also been growing more responsive to the black masses—and that includes public welfare agencies. In New York City, for example, the election of John Lindsay in 1965—a Republican who succeeded in capturing 42 per cent of the ordinarily Democratic black vote—was followed by a sharply increased volume of applications. Applications for all forms of assistance rose from 53,000 to 62,000 between 1965 and 1966; 74,000 applications were submitted in 1967; and the figure will be much higher by the end of 1968. Much the same occurred in Chicago when a Republican county organization appointed a black commissioner of welfare in Cook County in 1967; applications for AFDC, which had been virtually unchanged for the preceding five years, jumped from 19,000 to 23,000 in one year.

Sensing its new possibilities for influence, the black community has also been organizing to exert pressure on the welfare system. The huge increase in New York City's overall rolls in the past three years (up from 500,000 in 1965 to nearly 1,000,000 at this writing) reflects more than the tolerance of a political administration indebted to black votes. It is partly the result of the efforts of the newly formed National Welfare Rights Movement. In New York, as in scores of other cities, local groups of recipients undertake law suits and organize mass demonstrations in order to get eligible people on the rolls. When

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ACLU attorneys, working with the welfare rights movement, recently overturned Alabama's "substitute parent" rule, tens of thousands of the poor became eligible. Within a year, applications in Mobile rose from 1,171 to 1,905: The front-page publicity over this case alerted people to their rights, and victory in court emboldened them to claim those rights. The Welfare Rights Movement is winning similar changes in policy in other parts of the country.

The best indicator of the cumulative impact of these forces is the trend in acceptance rates. Between 1960 and 1967, the acceptance rate in the Southern region moved from 48 to 60 per cent; from 57 to 67 per cent in the West and North Central regions and from 63 to 78 per cent in the Northeast.

The most spectacular changes within the regions occurred in the cities where the black poor have come to be concentrated. In many places, the acceptance rate rose by more than a half. Between 1960 and 1967, Chicago moved from 36 to 71 per cent; Cleveland jumped from 60 to over 80 per cent. In the South, a similar pattern could be observed: Houston from 24 to 30 per cent; Birmingham from 35 to 49 per cent; Atlanta from 30 to 53 per cent; Mobile from 41 to 71 per cent; and Washington, D.C., from 35 to 51 per cent. New York City is an especially interesting case. Between 1960 and 1965, the acceptance rates had been creeping upward, moving from 51 to 60 per cent. Then Mayor Lindsay took office, thanks to the black vote. The result was spectacular: within two years, the acceptance rate leaped from 60 to 74 per cent, and it is still rising. These increasing acceptance rates not only reveal the persisting poverty of the black masses, but their enlarging political power as well.

THIS had little to do with the unemployment rate (or with family structure). That the unemployment rate has been falling over the past decade may well have slowed the rise in the welfare rolls, but it could hardly have been expected to reverse the impact of migration. The rise in the welfare rolls is chiefly a political phenomenon, not an economic one. Welfare officials possess enormous latitude in interpreting statutes and in formulating policies; shifts in the political climate therefore engender dramatic shifts in acceptance and termination rates without any changes in formal laws and regulations. These shifts in political climate also modify the expectations of acceptance which people hold, thus altering the volume of applications.

What the poor get is mainly a political matter. Through most of their history, blacks were disenfranchised, subject to the feudal control of other groups in the South. Now blacks are massing in the cities, where they confront other entrenched and antagonistic groups. But they are also acquiring some influence through their growing numbers. That influence is not yet great enough to yield the major concessions which they need in housing, employment, education, and direct income redistribution. But there have been some advances. One is the liberalization of the welfare system—not an unimportant gain.

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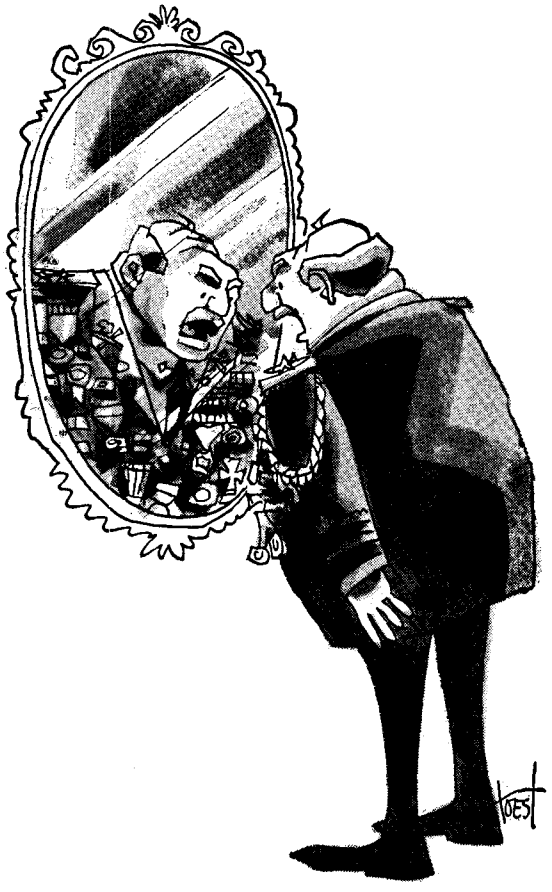
The pending attacks on public welfare threaten this gain. The view will be put forward that the rolls are rising because of malingering or deteriorating family relations. It will be said that other groups managed to rise on their own, that solidary family relations made it possible, and the experience of such groups as the Italian and Irish will be invoked as proof. But what did the stability of Italian and Irish families have to do with their subsequent economic success? It could be argued that these groups have advanced very little; they still remain near the bottom of the economic order. What little they got took generations to achieve and was, in any case, less the result of individual mobility than of collective influence exercised through the urban political machine, the labor union, and the Catholic Church.

Comparable structures are emerging among black people in the cities. Over the long term, it is this development that will make the difference in the economic fortunes of the black poor. In the meantime, however, the black community needs to mobilize to protect the women and children, the aged and disabled, who, but for public welfare, would starve.



"Martha, where is my good conduct medal?"

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THE MUSIC OF PROTEST

The cry is for action and answers that will allow us to get out of this century alive.

By BURT KORALL

YOUTH damns the past, defines the diseased present, and demands change. Their outrage and defiance takes various forms – from direct confrontation and protest, satire, love in the face of hate, to drugs and dropping out. What remains constant is a flood of commentary—youth taking the world's pulse and their own, using music to purge themselves, while increasingly irritating and provoking the forces of reaction. In essence, they function as an alarm clock for the country and march to the tune of their aspirations, hoping to attain sanity, reason, physical and mental mobility, love and, most important, realistic appraisal on a mass level.

Having overrun popular music and realized its power as a tool, they are cementing a link with an increasingly large audience through the country and the world. It is a matter of record that music representative of the tidal wave of youth sells more heavily than any other kind—and not only to youngsters. Cultural lag doesn't seem a problem in this era of multiple communication, even in more provincial areas.

The music of youth, like their clothes and hair styles, simultaneously singularizes and isolates them, while lending tribal strength. Nothing new; swing music of the 1930s and be-bop ten years later spawned analogous figures which, for simplicity's sake, we will call hipsters. They, too, had their own folkways, manner of dressing, language, and lived on the periphery of the establishment.

One major difference, however, separates today's rag-tagger from the hipster of old. Living away from the illness of the establishment is primary to today's young—at least until they can motivate some radical changes. The old-time hipster, on the other hand, put down the world as unbearably square but still was part of it. Politics and the expression of the need for radical metamorphosis were not his bag. Comfortable in his own orbit, where everything was familiar and relaxed, the hipster dismissed the square as funny and unfeeling. They couldn't dig him; they didn't know how. Proudly, but with a hint of finger-popping hostility, he ambled down Main Street in big town and small, flaunting his difference and his cool.

The rag-tag generation finds no humor in the mistakes and cop-outs of the conforming armies. Sleeping, easily fooled, bigoted people are a travesty, they say, and are responsible for the relative chaos in which we live. Anything but cool, youth senses what is wrong and how things should be. They find muscle in their growing numbers and the possibilities implicit in grouping for attack on the status quo, and in the attack itself. As for a sharply definitive sense of identity—that's another matter. The search continues. For the moment, the method, culminating in revelation, has not been found. The young of earlier generations fostered the idea that they knew who they were. "Today's youth have no such delusion," critic Albert Goldman declares. "But lacking any clear-cut sense of identity has only made them more keenly aware of everyone else's."

—*Vanguard.*

Joan Baez—leading "the voices of nonviolence and peace."

—*Electra Records.*

The Doors—"a saturation bombardment in words, lights, and amplified sound."

CROSS-ventilation of ideas and techniques combined with the inner and outer ferment in the country have produced a radical change in popular music – now a fascinating, if sometimes troubled mixture of elements, which truly reflects our present position. What Goldman has deemed the "Rock Age"—the period in which we live—indeed has been a time of assimilation. Musically it has "assimilated everything in sight, commencing with the whole of American music: urban and country blues, gospel, hillbilly, Western, 'good-time' (the ricky-tick of the Twenties), and Tin Pan Alley. It has reached across the oceans for the sounds and rhythms of Africa, the Middle East, and India. It has reached back in time for the baroque trumpet, the madrigal, and the Gregorian Chant; and forward into the future for electronic music and the noise collages of *musique concrète*. By virtue of its cul-

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tural alliances, the Beat has also become the pulse of pop culture."

It remains to be determined whether music-song is a powerful, provocative instrument, which aids the cause of change. Does our contemporary musical amalgam, itself implicit protest against the limited popular music of the past, make its point?

There is widespread disparity of opinion concerning the cogency of musical protest. Critic John Cohen states that "topical songs are like newspapers; pertinent to the latest developments, bearing the latest ideas, and ending up in the garbage can." It is his contention that "for young people in the cities, the topical songs have become abstract emotional substitutes for what is going on in the world; and although this can be a good factor when it stimulates people to action, more often it is a delusion." By making such connections, he explains, "topical songs blind young people into believing they are accomplishing something in their own protest, when, in fact, they are doing nothing but going to concerts, record stores, and parties at home."

Admittedly, protest music diminishes in impact once the crisis in question is past. It does, however, serve as a source of strength, unification, and expression when the battle is raging. Music's depth of importance within the civil rights movement earlier in this decade is a matter of history. It converted many to the cause in a manner that signs, demonstrations, and other means did not. Even more important, the songs solidified the chain of commitment among the followers. Northern writers, including the ever present Pete Seegar, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, and Len Chandler, among others, personalized the struggle, giving their own reactions to various situations. They spoke of injustices and what had to be done. The Southern freedom singers and writers, working within the Afro-American tradition, using gospel and rhythm and blues forms and songs, with lyrics to fit each occasion, also cut deeply and made their point, leaving an enduring mark. One has only to refer back to the tremendous effect of "We Shall Overcome."

At the base of today's musical protest, casting a giant shadow that sometimes goes unnoticed by current practitioners, are generations of black blues singers and players – disenfranchised, alienated, and imprisoned, who had their say, if sometimes obliquely, and broke through, using the only medium at their disposal, music. Equally influential in casting the current shapes and forms for contemporary comment were individuals of conscience and compassion who sang of injustice and helped people find answers to pressing questions in their songs.

The prototypical figure in the latter category is the late Woody Guthrie, a truth-teller about whom Tom Paxton had said: "The most important thing Woody gave us was courage to stand up and say the things we believe." A ramblin' man who wandered through his beloved land, he was devoted to causes—some deemed radical; however, with time on our side, it is plain to see that all Guthrie wanted to do was make us aware of the country's good points and bad, while bringing us closer to it. His thoughts, generally couched in simple, human terms, are accessible to all. Through more than 1,000 songs, he strung the history of the America he knew—from the deprivations of the Depression through the first post-World War II years, until his illness began to take hold of him and prove prohibitive on his talent.

—*Liaison Agency.*

Paul McCartney and Grapefruit—"a crazy-quilt of images."

Those who register complaint and desperation today are not far removed in spirit from Guthrie and other bards of yesterday, like black artists Big Bill Broonzy and Leadbelly, who spoke out of their experience and tried to bring mass focus to inequality and the number of sicknesses in the land. Today, however, the voices of dissent are louder, for cause; we cannot wait any longer for the rapport to develop whereby we can live with one another. It is either pass down an inheritance of absurd reality or change direction.

AMIDST the hurt, disappointment, and hopelessness, there seems reason for limited optimism. The 1960s have been crucial years in the journey to a new reality. An extended period of silence, repression, and resultant welling up of feeling came to an end. A revolution broke out in music—and the other arts as well—paralleling the turmoil throughout the national and international structure. Folk artists in America again began speaking openly, following years of black lists and red channels. With the coming of Ornette Coleman and the emergence and development of John Coltrane, jazz again became a maverick. On the heels of an era concerned with consolidation and progressive rediscovery of roots, after the death of Charlie Parker in 1955, the ground breakers reached out, touching new bases. They provoked the young to look to their feelings. The music, though unfinished in many of its aspects and chaotic to the uninitiated, motivated a complete re-examination of existing guidelines, and challenges us to think about our lives and what the future will offer.

Some sage, for lack of a more ornate description, deemed it "The New Thing." An oversimplification, but appropriate for a sudden turning in the road. Bringing into play a variety of techniques from diverse musical and extra-musical sources, the practitioners mutate and revamp the jazz we know playing havoc on its identity. Exactly what will emerge remains to be heard; it's certain that jazz, by nature an evolving form, can never be the same. The revolution continues. To accept it wholly, completely discarding yesterdays, seems out of the question. To open one's self to its positive aspects and prospects is a necessity. A highly contemporary manifestation, it certainly has been instrumental in shaking jazz loose from a progressive case of nostalgia, a malaise which could envelop and incapacitate the music and its players.

It comes clear that it is no longer

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possible to separate music and life as it really is. Politics, sexuality, racial pride, deep and true feelings have entered popular music to stay. Our youth is central to this metamorphosis.

Bob Dylan has been *the* standard-bearer of the 1960s. A stylistic son of Woody Guthrie at the beginning of his career, he stepped forward in 1961 and initiated a stream of comment that continues to this day. Particularly at the outset he noted in no uncertain terms the hypocrisy of this country and the need for vigorous change. Using the narrative form, in the tradition of Guthrie, his

—*Maurice Leyman (General Artists Corp.).*

Nina Simone—"casting a skewering glance at bedridden society."

first records echoed with the meaninglessness of life, the impossibility of racial inequality, the imminence of death, as man moved further and further from himself. It was time to take hold, NOW.

Deemed a poet by some, a prophet by others, a self-propelled mediocrity by still others, Dylan caught the tenor of the times in his songs. Innocence was a thing of the past. No longer was it possible to live with soda shoppe morality and answers which had nothing to do with pressing questions. He realized that isolation from true reality was as unbearable as the reality itself. Yet this did not prohibit him from immersing himself in surrealistic pessimism. After clearly indicting the world in his "Blowin' in the Wind," he turned to an inverted mode of writing, couching his point of view within a rush of words and images, oblique and abstract, often approaching hallucination: dreams more frightening than reality. This is the subterranean Dylan, living in song in a demimonde of "haunted, frightened trees"; dwarfs; clowns who seem blind; intransigent policemen. On occasion he surfaced to sing of love relationships (often unfulfilling) and to express youth's alienation from the older, reactionary generation who simply won't understand what it's all about, as on "It's Alright, Ma, I'm Only Bleeding." Dylan, the observer, would make things right if he could, but the governing forces block renewal of effort.

With the release early this year of *John Wesley Harding* (Columbia CS 9604), his first album after a silence of a year and a half, he gives evidence of having thrown aside the recent past in favor of rebirth and a new maturity. The electrified accompaniment that served his purposes prior to his near-fatal accident has been unplugged. His songs are concise rather than sprawling. The imagery, if still opaque, is not as dreamlike, nor just for him alone. His morality, accessible at every turn and almost religious in aspect, guides him in sharply defining good as opposed to that which is intrinsically evil. The nature of his songs and delivery are devoid of obvious artifice and the false "cool" and stances of the public person. Placing a heavy emphasis on country simplicity in vocally and instrumentally projecting his feelings, the songwriter-singer again acoustic-guitarist is back in the world. A new Dylan? Hardly. He's just a bit more direct, relaxed, open. His means and manner may change but he retains a unity of image. He is the questioning and needling voice of the 1960s.

Dylan's colleagues in the pop realm, like him, are the products of many influences and pressures. With few exceptions, their comment and mode of vocal and instrumental performances bear the marks of the black man—his inflections, mannerisms, and accents. But taken as a whole, popular music, 1968, reflects urban and provincial attitudes, sounds, and rhythms native to black and white, a spillover of techniques from traditional and contemporary classical music and foreign cultures. It is a democracy in sound—as free and flexible as the world we yearn for. It logically follows that the lyrics for this universal popular music would be as emancipated, outspoken, and diverse as the music itself.

This is very much the case. We have moved into wide-ranging application of words since swinging around the corner into the 1960s, with contexts running from the decisively concrete to abstraction. This is a considerable distance from the nonsense syllables and one-dimensional lyrics which characterized much of the song produce of the Fifties. The songsmiths aspire to be equal to the times.

Whatever the degree of accessibility of the wordage, the creator's need to link up with his audience is strongly sensed. Often, however, he will make the listeners work to achieve communion, benevolently allowing multiple interpretations of his message or lack of one, intimating that in life everyone doesn't see everything the same way. At their ultimate in surrealism and ambiguity, Dylan, the Beatles, and the acid rock groups—i.e., Jefferson Airplane—might initially cloud the mind with a crazy quilt of images. But they do draw you to them within the maelstrom and engage your capacities in a search that frequently is as exciting and fulfilling as the revelation that sometimes lies at the end of the trip. Observers have paralleled the experience with the drug turn on—an analogue not without basis in fact. The drug phenomenon *is* very much with us and figures in the music of youth. The maze and confusion out of which we try to make sense also structures the music and is part of its structure. Therefore, the music is singularly relevant, because it contains in its own form what's happening in and around us. If anything is true of contemporary popular music, it is the intent of its makers to set life to music.

Surprisingly, the prime movers are white—surprising only in that their black brethren have far more reason to build bandwagons. But there is reason for this. White people are freer and have less to lose. The black man generally remains repressed and is less inclined to show his true face—musically, anyway. Make no mistake, however, his protest is there for all who will take time to reach and find his soul. One has only to pay special heed to the sound and words of the blues. And sometimes the mask slips, as on this old-time entry:

> Well, I drink to keep from worrying
> and I laugh to keep from crying,
> (twice)
> I keep a smile on my face so the public
> won't know my mind.
> Some people think I am happy but they
> sho' don't know my mind, (twice)
> They see this smile on my face, but
> my heart is bleeding all the time.

"Bleeding Heart Blues," by Amos Castor. Used by permission of Northern Music Co., a division of MCA Entertainment, Inc. All rights reserved.

Admittedly, the turn of events in this decade has motivated the black man to speak more directly in his music, and to abandon to some extent the protective code and inside terminology of the past. Race pride and anger is felt in some of his songs, as well as the need to throw off strictured yesterdays. Lou Rawls, a modern black singer, with roots in gospel and the blues, gives urgent voice to these feelings in "They Don't Give Medals (to Yesterday's Heroes)"—a song by two white writers, Burt Bachrach and Hal David, which serves black aspiration well.

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—Liaison Agency.

Lou Rawls—"Race pride, and anger . . ."

They don't give medals to yesterday's heroes,
Yesterday's over and I got to live for today,
I'm goin' places and nothing can stand in my way.

They Don't Give Medals" (to Yesterday's Heroes), by Burt Bachrach and Hal David. © Copyright 1966 Blue Seas Music, Inc. /Jac Music Co., Inc. Permission granted by Publisher.

Songs of burning inquiry, confrontation, and accusation are now written and performed by black people . . . and heard more and more often. Billy Taylor's "I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel to Be Free" has extraordinary currency and is increasingly performed and recorded. The musing, black folk artist-songwriter Richie Havens screams out the query, "Why must we wait until morning to wake up and BE?" in his scalding song, "No Opportunity Necessary, No Experience Needed." Otis Redding bemoans the lack of change in his hit, "Dock of Bay." James Brown, Soul Brother Number 1, raises his voice in the cause of black pride on his "Say It Loud—I'm Black and I'm Proud." Julius Lester, the literate and deeply expressive black songsmith and artist, takes a militant stance, espousing a strong front against the oppressor and the death of stereotypes: "Gonna get me a gun and shoot Aunt Jemima dead." Nina Simone often casts a skewering glance at bedridden society. Her record of Martha Holmes's "Turning Point," an eye-opening comment on the existing distance between the races, is a recommended experience. Perhaps the most touching song, rendering with rare clarity the situation in the black ghetto, is the relatively unheralded "Crackerbox Livin'," by Howlett Smith, as interpreted by singer Ernie Andrews in his Dot album, *Soul Proprietor.*

Crackerbox livin'—ain't no kind of livin',
What is this hole you charge for?
What is this hole we're much too large for?
Lord of the land, won't you understand,
We'll trade you places just for the day,
Maybe your kids can chase the rats away,
Maybe your kids don't need some place to play.

"Crackerbox Livin'," by Howlett Smith, Hilkert Music.

Inhibition on a really major scale, however, has not been broken. Black song, drenched in blues, with the throb and sob of the church at its core, remains a reflection of ephemeral Saturday night freedom—an act of love and despair, a flash of energy in a long darkness. Centering on black people's major source of strength—the love relationship, physically solidified – it soothes hurt and repairs dwindling dignity. "Baby, baby, baby," cries prototypical Aretha Franklin, echoing black men and women through their painful past in America. "Don't send me no doctor fillin' me up with all those pills/Got me a man named Dr. Feelgood/That man takes care of all my pains and ills."

Dr. Feelgood," by Aretha Franklin and Ted White Publishers: Fourteenth Hour Music, 1721 Field Street, Detroit, Michigan.

The young, rebellious white, unlike his black counterpart, is unfettered. For him, however, this freedom is but part of an overall delusion. He feels trapped by the traditions and legacies of the past.

CONFUSION reigns. Truth and honesty are at a premium. A valid way of life is sought. To this end, the young explorer rolls across a wide spectrum of subject matter and musical means and mannerisms. He experiments with ideology and sounds, often shaping answers in the process. But they always are open to change; flexibility is part of the concept. Though his protest and comment is less centralized than his soul brother's, his objective is essentially the same. Hope is implicit in the negation of past and present mistakes—the hope for an apocalypse, which will make the blind see, the intractable feel, the world's fearful face change.

FEAR is the underlying feeling motivating the young. It's everywhere, openly shared. "What's becoming of the children?" people ask in a Simon and Garfunkel song. "What has become of the world?" would be a more pertinent question. Moreover, if things go on the way they have, will it be here at all? Turmoil and violence, at every turn. A heavily theatrical and ritualistic rock group called The Doors, featuring lead singer Jim Morrison, is archtypical in its bold statement of the existing situation. Mounting a saturation bombardment attack in words, lights, and amplified sound, leveling listeners into submissiveness, the unit projects the fear embedded in the young, and all of us for that matter. Listen to "When the Music's Over."

. . . For the music is your special friend,
Dance on fire as it intends,
Music is your only friend,
Until the end,
Until the end,
Until
THE END!

"When The Music's Over," words and music by The Doors. © Copyright 1967 by Nipper Music Company, Inc.

Threading one's way through the

(*Continued on page* 126)

—Liaison Agency.

Jefferson Airplane—"frequently as exciting as the revelation . . . at the end of the trip."

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The Politics of Alienation

ONE of the major by-products of any national election is the view the nation can get of itself. What can be learned is often as significant as the returns and may, indeed, be more revealing than the tally of votes or the list of winners. The campaign just concluded is no exception. It may, indeed, provide a piece of prime evidence of the fundamental social and political shifts now taking place in America.

For many Americans, the figures of prime interest in this election were not the major contenders, Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon, but those who challenged the direction of the major parties—Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy within the Democratic party—and George Wallace, who would, in other years, be regarded as a "minor" candidate. Any challenger is, by definition, a symbol of some form of disaffection with existing political institutions and arrangements. What was revealing about these candidates, however, was not the existence of disaffection, which is hardly new to American politics, but its nature.

We learned, in the first place, that there is as much alienation on what might be called "the Right" as there is on the Left, that the disaffected "young" might just as easily be a twenty-five-year-old auto worker in Detroit supporting Wallace as a "liberal" or New Left student working for Eugene McCarthy. But what these two have in common is not merely their antipathy to the established parties, but their very sense of alienation from a culture and technology of which they are suspicious and in which they feel they have little place. It is not, for example, a long leap from the image of the Dr. Strangelove scientist (or the establishment of the military-industrial complex) to that of the "pinheaded intellectuals" that Wallace loved to castigate. Nor was it, apparently, a long leap for some followers of Kennedy who switched to Wallace after the assassination: Both seemed to be appealing to "the forgotten man," the individual who was doing all the right things—holding a job, paying his taxes, obeying the law—but who, nevertheless, sensed that the attention, if not the rewards, was going to others.

A SECOND piece of evidence: the debate about economic issues in this campaign was relatively muted. McCarthy seemed hardly interested at all; Wallace added economic arguments to his campaign almost as an afterthought; Nixon and Humphrey were both more involved with Vietnam and "law and order" than with the delineation of new "Great Society" or "New Frontier" proposals. Understandably, Vietnam and the arms race were, and are, major issues, yet there also exists a strong possibility that in the domestic arena we are undergoing a profound shift from what might be called "economic interest politics" to "psychic interest politics." The solid labor support for Humphrey began to disintegrate; young union members were not voting as workers but as whites resisting concessions to Negroes or simply as "decent citizens" fearful of crime and riots. Students did not enter the arena on behalf of "workers" or in search for better jobs, but in search of a place, a voice in "the system." Nixon, to be certain, had the lion's share of big business support, but by no means a monopoly (and chances are that if Humphrey had looked stronger in September he might have had more). We heard almost nothing about the farm vote, only about people in little towns (who had never seen either a criminal or a Negro) worrying about law and order. The groups we heard about were defined in terms of age, race, education, and degree of alienation, not on the basis of economic interest.

It is, of course, too early to elevate these clues into a hypothesis for American politics and society. Yet it may not be premature to say that as major problems of production are solved, and when we begin to approach the point where a majority of the population can begin to take for granted certain standards of economic well-being, the search begins for new forms of political and personal identity, new issues and interests emerge, and new kinds of candidates will arise to deal with them. When Madison wrote about political factions in *The Federalist*, he regarded economic differences—the uneven distribution of property—as their paramount source. Since then, we have had parties and politicians representing every type of coalition and almost every sort of social demand from prohibition to free silver. If reversion to other groupings, therefore, is not new, the nature of these groups is. For the first time, the main concern of the new "interests" may not be to get a piece of the economic action or services from politicians, but a sense that the culture and technology can be controlled and understood, and that they have a legitimate place within them. As regional and local differences disappear, and as the population becomes more mobile, the affinities of place evaporate and the associations and institutions that helped a man to place and identify himself become more obscure.

The old issues still matter, but the most imaginative programs in the world will no longer serve if those who propound them don't make connections with the frequently ineffable anxieties and aspirations of those for whom they are designed. This seemed to be the lesson of the urban riots that took place even in the cities with the most ambitious programs for renewal; this seems to be the lesson of the Wallace campaign, the McCarthy appeal, and of the many inexplicable developments of the last two months. The new politics is not the politics of the dinner pail, but the politics of loneliness, alienation, fear, and identity. However we interpret the results of November 5, the winner of the next election may well be the man who can deal with the subtle and complex problems that make men feel ever more estranged from their tools, their culture, and their institutions. —P. S.

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Letters to the Editor

Dark Heart

I WAS DEEPLY impressed with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s, article, "The Dark Heart of American History" [*SR*, Oct. 19]. I saw in it a fine example of parochial history garnished with a dash of masochism.

It is in the field of political morality that, according to Professor Schlesinger, the United States has developed an evil national trait, a "black heart," in comparison with Europe. Such reasoning says that we are dealing with an emotional trauma rather than with objective history.

On balance with the three political murders in the United States and the Chicago spectacle, the ghetto riots, and all the disturbances in the United States, one can cite the Nazi slaughter of Jew and non-Jew, the genocide of the Soviets, the bloodletting of the Hungarian revolution, the invasion of Czechoslovakia, the Red purges in China, the violence in Africa, and a thousand other atrocities of Western and Eastern civilization. The murders in the United States were more dramatic. Also, it was the powerful who were killed in comparison to the millions of ordinary men, women, and children. . . . But that does not make the heart of U.S. history any the blacker.

The answer to most our problems will be found only when we learn to see them as human problems. Our political leaders still see only national boundaries. Most of our sociologists study even smaller units. It is time for the historians to begin to look beyond parochial history to humanity.

RABBI ISAIAH RACKOVSKY,
Bridgeport, Conn.

PROFESSOR SCHLESINGER has treated rather cavalierly the hypothesis that capitalism may bear a causal relationship to violence. He refutes this on the large grounds that "every form of society is in some sense institutionalized violence." But he also draws historical comparisons, arguing that "the greatest violence of man against man in this century" occurred in "noncapitalist societies—in Nazi Germany, in Stalinist Russia, in precapitalist Indonesia."

It requires, I think, a tortured definition of Nazism to argue that Hitler's Germany was anything but a capitalist society. The German industrialists were masters of an economic system that was the leading example of monopoly capitalism in the world.

In any case, one day analysts of violence in the twentieth century will probably agree that the American adventure in Vietnam must be added to Schlesinger's list of the era's most notorious outrages. It appears premature at best, and probably misguided in the light of German history, to dismiss so lightly the question of capitalism as a basic source of at least one type of organized violence.

HARRY N. SCHEIBER,
Center for the Study of Social Change,
Dartmouth College,
Hanover, N.H.

PROFESSOR SCHLESINGER notes that assaults with guns increased 77 per cent in the four years from 1964 through 1967. But it would have been more helpful if he had pointed out the socio-economic background of all those people committing these assaults.

Perhaps after such an examination, the conditions of the argument would change, for it could thus be possible to attribute such assaults to social injustices rather than blame *Gunsmoke*. Murder and violence have always been a part of our entertainment, be it written by Shakespeare or by a Hollywood hack. In fact, take away television, our chief source of escape (remember what Machiavelli said about the purpose of religion), and we might just have more lower-class crime and violence.

MILTON TREXLER,
Brooklyn Hgts, N.Y.

Wyeth

IN HER ARTICLE, "Why Wyeth?" [*SR*, Oct. 26], Katharine Kuh gives us an apology for the current superstition that art, if it is to soar above mere illustration, must concern itself with "fevered conflict."

Those of us who have lived long and vigorously know what it means to be battered in conflict. We know something of Van Gogh's agony; we leap to the challenge of color in Matisse; we are intoxicated by the beauty of a Renoir; and we have been quiet and lonely with Andrew Wyeth.

Whatever an artist does best he should do. It is the grand purpose of art's totality to speak to us of the whole of life.

EDWARD H. DARE,
Glenbrook, Conn.

KATHARINE KUH'S APPRAISAL of Andrew Wyeth as a painter was very welcome. He has become our leading nuisance talent. One wishes to dismiss him for his appallingly insensitive surfaces, but hesitates because there seems to be a residue of genuinely poetic qualities. The forthcoming books Mrs. Kuh mentions may well serve to put Wyeth in his place as a skillful illustrator deceived—like his public—by quite unwarranted solemnity.

WILLIAM JUSTEMA,
New York, N.Y.

TOO BAD Mrs. Kuh sees little more than "finicky pigment" and grudgingly admitted "competency" of craftsmanship in the works of Wyeth. From the throngs of lay people at the Chicago showing of his works, I recall such terms as "dignity," "something beyond reality," "compassion," "universal," and even that term so sadly missing in art these days, "beauty."

CLIFFORD A. SPERRY, D.D.S.,
Normal, Ill.

I AGREE with Mrs. Kuh that Wyeth's popularity does stem directly from "what he knows." But what Wyeth knows is not merely nineteenth-century America. It is a quality of human strength which "people" need today more than ever before. Indeed, one of the functions of art is the constantly renewed revelation of the possible greatness of the human spirit. This Wyeth gives and the "people" recognize it, even when sophisticated art critics do not.

JOHN H. DAVIDSON, JR.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

IN WYETH'S middle-aged admirers one can suspect a sort of nostalgia; but his being in vogue with the young is puzzling. Is it possible that the appeal is not of greatness, as in Eakins, or of mood, as in Hopper, but a manifesto enunciating the right to be *ordinary*. The twenty-year-olds have never been permitted to be merely competent and, of course, eschew ambition by the droves. Wyeth extolls the non-ambitious, uses a

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"Sorry, I'm not allowed to talk to strangers."

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CLASSICS REVISITED—LXXV

The Journal of John Woolman

By KENNETH REXROTH

THE first volume of the Harvard Classics, the immensely popular "Hundred Best Books" of a previous generation, contains William Penn's *Fruits of Solitude*, Woolman's *Journal*, and Ben Franklin's *Autobiography*. The implication was that an ethic derived from Quakerism was a fundamental or primary component of American culture. True, it was one form of the business ethic, but it was devoid of covetousness and luxury. Even in Franklin, the main emphasis was on social responsibility; and in Penn and Woolman, the source of responsibility was found in contemplation, the highest form of prayer.

It has been said that a life of prayer presents an exterior, best called unlimited liability, the outward manifestation of its interior gaze at the absolute, or the ultimate, or the ground of being, or God, or even Nirvana. Nirvana originally seems to have meant unruffled, as the surface of a pool, and those whose minds have achieved that vision of peace are unable to violate it by violence or the exploitation of other living creatures. Conversely, the way to contemplative calm is by the path of kindness and love and respect for the integrity of other creatures.

John Woolman was a simple clerk in a small store and yet his acting upon his "concern," as Quakers call it, was historically as significant as anything done by either Penn or Franklin—each of whom in his own way is considered a very important historical figure indeed. Woolman's assumption of social responsibility in himself for the deeds of other men was most specifically a "fruit of solitude," of a profound interior life. It was an act which was an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. So the Anglican catechism defines a sacrament, and the meaning of John Woolman's Quaker ethic was, and still is, that all the significant acts of man's life can be made sacramental in nature. Standing on the corner of 42nd and Broadway on a Saturday evening, or walking down the streets of Las Vegas, it is hard to believe that such a philosophy of life, by no means a monopoly of Quakerism, was once considered the very essence of what meretricious editorial and advertising writers call "The American Way of Life."

Yet insofar as The United States of America, at this summit of historically unparalleled power and wealth, does not disintegrate into chaos within the hour, it is this vision that holds it together—however debauched its language may be by dishonest rhetoric.

Until Woolman's day many members of the Society of Friends had owned slaves and considered their responsibility discharged by their comparative kindness in their treatment of them. George Fox, the founder of the Society, had seen slavery on his visit to the Barbados in 1671 and had realized that slave holding and the principles of Quakerism were incompatible. An antislavery movement began within the Society of Friends itself, but it did not result either in many Quakers freeing their slaves or in agitation by Quakers outside the Society.

One day in 1742, the young merchant John Woolman, recently admitted to the Quaker ministry, was making out a bill of sale for a Negro woman for his employer who was selling her to another Quaker. Woolman, already a man advanced in the contemplative life, had an "opening"—an illumination of that Inner Light which Friends looked to for guidance. From then on he traveled up and down the thirteen colonies and eventually over to England, rising in First Day Meetings and voicing his concern. That is all. Meditative prayer and endless travel, a simple speech in Meeting, conversations with many hosts in their homes, work betimes to make a living, and, not to be forgotten, along with this simple activity, a physical witness in life and person.

Eventually Woolman ceased to eat sugar, wear cotton or indigo-dyed woolens, because these were products of slave labor. Out of modesty and a disdain of luxury, Friends dressed plain and looked outlandish to their satin-breeched contemporaries, yet in the long run their witness told. Woolman looked outlandish to Friends. Within his own lifetime, cut short far away in England by the rigor of his travels, Woolman's witness told on Friends. The Society not only renounced slavery in Meeting after Meeting, but became the earliest, most powerful single force in the antislavery movement.

Woolman's *Journal* is the simplest possible record of his ever widening travels and his ever deepening interior life, two aspects of one reality. He came, he spoke, he conquered, solely by the power of an achieved spiritual peace, a perfectly clear personality through which that Quaker Inner Light shone unimpeded from Friend to Friend. It is this moral quality, once called humility in days before our terminology of the virtues became hopelessly confused, that elevates Woolman's writing to the level of great prose. It is a greatness that can never be analyzed or taught in a course in English prose composition, but it can still be communicated to those willing to meditate on Woolman's words and who try to share his experience—not of storm-bound roads and Indians and contentious slaveholders; but his experience of an interior reality, a focus, one amongst many millions, of a universe of meaning.

All that Woolman needed to achieve greatness of style in language and life was perfect candor. That of course is not easy to come by at 42nd and Broadway, or Las Vegas, or on Madison Avenue—but it wasn't easy to come by in eighteenth-century England either, in gambling halls or courts or literary coffee shops.

Is Woolman's *Journal* taught in school? Is it one of the hundred best books? It certainly should be. Social action and a resurrection of spiritual values—these the troubled youth of America are teaching themselves today. If a people can be said to have a soul, Woolman like Whitman and Whittier after him, was an avatar of that soul. It is the soul that keeps the body, even the body politic, alive. When the Inner Light goes out, the body is only an unstable mixture of complicated molecules and soon rots away.

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Literary Horizons

Duos and Deities

By GRANVILLE HICKS

CHARLES G. BELL's second novel, *The Half Gods* (Houghton Mifflin, $7.95), is what the Germans call a *Bildungsroman*, a novel about the shaping of a young man. Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*, Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, and Romain Rolland's *Jean-Christophe* are examples of the genre. Instead, however, of describing his subject's education in biographical form – that is, in strict chronological order—Bell has followed the pattern of the picture on a Quaker Oats box, as André Gide did in *The Counterfeiters*. In other words, this is a novel about a man who is writing a novel about a man who is writing . . . etc. It might be symbolized by the Möbius strip as used by John Barth in *Lost in the Funhouse* [*SR*, Sept. 28]—"Once upon a time there was a story that began"—repeat *ad infinitum*.

The man who is telling the story is Daren Leflore, native of a small Mississippi town, Delta Landing, son of a World War I hero and leading citizen. We learn a little about Daren's boyhood and early education, but there is not much detail until he goes to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar in 1936. Then we are told about his studies, his friends, and especially his travels on the Continent. Much of this material is drawn from journals he kept at the time and subsequently tried unsuccessfully to have published.

It was at Oxford that he met Anna, daughter of a poor Lithuanian family in Chicago, now wife of a well-to-do man. After his return to the United States, Daren teaches in the Midwest and eventually marries Anna. An ardent Communist, she goes along with his pacifism during the period of the Stalin-Hitler pact, but after the invasion of Russia she becomes a super-patriot, whereas he continues to be a conscientious objector and spends some time in prison because of his beliefs.

After the war he re-encounters Jeffrey Strange, a young woman he met in England and found attractive though at the time she was only a child. Once more he is attracted to her, and from this point on he is in some sense in love with both Anna and Jeffrey. He is hired as a teacher by Cader Ayres, a brilliant and courageous college president in Pataps-co City, Maryland, and it is at this time that he begins to review his life. His meditations and his teaching are interrupted by a series of summonses to appear before the Senator O'Malley committee, and after this ordeal he writes a book, *The Hostile Witness*. Increasingly estranged from Anna, he grows closer to Jeffrey, who is living in a city called Reading, Alabama. While visiting her he is involved in a civil rights demonstration and is injured. He has begun writing a novel called *The Half Gods*, and he and Jeffrey correspond about the fictional treatment of episodes that have already been presented as facts. Bell's book ends with a good deal of philosophizing, a description of young people protesting the war in Vietnam, and an epilogue about Daren's travels in Europe with Jeffrey.

THIS is as nearly accurate a summary as I can make of a novel that is told through a series of flashbacks, not arranged chronologically, and through journals and letters. The framing narrative begins in 1949; eventually the inner narrative catches up with it and they proceed together.

The Half Gods is not only a *Bildungsroman* but also a *roman à clef*, with the author himself furnishing the key to two of the characters: Richard Ramon Richards is William Carlos Williams, and Heloise Frank is to some extent to be identified with Simone Weil. No one can doubt that Senator O'Malley is based on Joe McCarthy, and it is probable that other characters have historical counterparts. Moreover, Daren Leflore is not wholly unlike Charles Bell, who was born in a Mississippi town, studied at Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship, and has taught at a college at Maryland—St. John's.

The problem is complicated by the fact that Daren resembles in some significant ways Daniel Byrne, the hero of Bell's first novel, *The Married Land*, and it is complicated still further when Byrne turns up as a character in Daren Leflore's novel in a chapter called "The Unmarried Land." He writes Daren, saying it is a pity they haven't kept in touch. "We were born, I think, in the same year, went to the same high school, both studied abroad before the war. I have even heard that you worked at Chicago, where I did my last teaching; and now we find ourselves in the blessed state of Maryland." He suggests, plausibly enough, that "we could practically pass for alter egos." Daren is attracted to Dan's wife, Lucy, when he meets her. "But," Bell states, "there was nothing Lucy could have done for the lonely alter ego of her own Dan Byrne but to have loved him, and that was not in the cards." There seems to be something almost incestuous in what is suggested here.

Dan sends Daren the manuscript of the novel he is working on, called *The Married Land*. "The novel—he [Daren] thought at first—was a soggy mass. Then, like a baroque painting, it began to stretch into form. His playmate, crazy

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Dan Byrne, had done that, and it was almost there, almost alive. 'He's brought it off—the egoism and family pose, that interminable *Sound and Fury* style, the arrogation and slime-mold of the South; he's put it all on his Tarzan shoulders, and he's walking off with it.'"

What is Daren talking about, Dan's imaginary novel or Bell's real one, and if it is the latter, is he expressing his own opinion as a character or Bell's as author of both books? In any case what is said about the faults of *The Married Land* is true of the real book, and the same judgment might be made of *The Half Gods*. The question, however, is whether either novel really comes off, and for me the answer is No.

I call attention to the strange Bell-Byrne-Leflore relationship because it is an example of the kind of problem Bell makes for himself and never quite solves. *The Half Gods* presents a large body of significant American experiences but it doesn't "stretch into form." There are many half gods in the novel, and Leflore does see them for what they are, but Emerson's lines from which the title is taken lead us to expect the arrival of the gods. Where are they? Daren thinks of Yeats and Teilhard de Chardin and Simone Weil, shoring these fragments against his ruins, and that's as far as he gets. I don't blame him for not producing authentic deities, but I do blame him for creating a demand on the part of his readers that he cannot satisfy. The novel is too long and patches are overwritten, but Bell's real weakness, it seems to me, is an excess of ambition.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1319

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1319 will be found in the next issue.

JYDWN KSGDWRGG TDOUYSO

BJHRZODGDWN DG PDXR TDW-

XDWN BO B NDZP DW OUR JBZX.

IYS XWYT TUBO IYS BZR JYDWN,

KSO WYKYJI RPGR JYRG.

—G. U. KZDOO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1318

The grim fact is that we prepare for war like precocious giants and for peace like retarded pygmies.

—LESTER PEARSON.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Ideas in the Air

A TRULY COMPLETE CRITIQUE of both Mr. Granville Hicks's critical methods and his personal ideas as expressed in Literary Horizons Oct. 5 could turn out to be as long as his original review. The former include non sequiturs, ideas left up in the air with no conclusions, and general vagueness and muddiness of thought which would not get by a Freshman English professor with more than a "C." The whole review is difficult to follow, and I have great trouble trying to decide what conclusion Mr. Hicks has come to regarding *New American Review #4*.

Mr. Hicks's conclusions regarding his own political views are only slightly more lucid to the reader. It is somehow all tied up with "alienation," a word evidently anathema to Mr. Hicks. "What I felt," he explains, when he saw Mayor Daley's police at the Democratic Convention, "was indignation at the Americans who made this thing possible, not alienation from America." Who are the Americans who made "this thing" possible, one wonders, and what, indeed, is "this thing"? Police brutality? Demonstrating? The whole moral crisis of America today? How comforting that there exist some Americans somewhere on whom we can put all the blame!

SUSAN ANDRESS SINGH.
Greensboro, N.C.

The Benefactor Was First

I NOTED IN Pick of the Paperbacks [*SR*, Oct. 26] a pleasant and favorable mention of Susan Sontag's *Death Kit*. It was, however, listed as a first novel, and to keep the record straight, Miss Sontag's first novel was *The Benefactor*, published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in 1963, and issued in paperback by Avon Books.

ROGER W. STRAUS, JR.
New York, N.Y.

Whither Liberalism?

I CANNOT AGREE with the pessimistic view expressed by J. H. Plumb in Perspective [*SR*, Oct. 26]. Mr. Plumb fears a period of greater conservatism in America and Europe. The expectation may well be justified but not necessarily the accompanying pessimism.

Liberalism has enjoyed exceptional innings in recent years. Long oppression caused explosive and often tragic change but astounding gains were made in such areas as world reaction to the Papal Encyclical, the wide-spread courageous expressions of anti-war conviction, the psychological defeat of Russian power politics, and the emergence of daring social debate, widely disseminated by the sophisticated communications systems of our day.

"Time for a Change" happens eventually to all governments, and rightly so. The liberal theory, at best, has the capacity for flexible examination of established opinion and a dogged compulsion to seek truth; at worst, it becomes loose and inefficient. Conservative opinion, at best, has a horror of disorder, a capacity for detailed hard work and a granitic will to maintain and restore traditional values; at worst, its tenets are so rigidly and vertically aligned as to form a wall through which new truths are not perceptible. Within either framework, opportunism is to be abhorred but, ideally, justice and order require a balance of the two viewpoints.

It is unlikely that future conservative governments can impede the momentum of modern communications and its liberalizing influence. Let us hope that during a hiatus of conservative dominance, liberal gains can be effectively coordinated.

MARGARET SORENSEN.
Port Colborne, Ontario.

CERTAINLY PROFESSOR PLUMB MUST KNOW that adherents of the "liberal" tradition are the prime movers in the establishment of bureaucracies and in their maintenance.

Bureaucracy is primarily a liberal institution, as basic to liberal philosophy as "Social Justice." It is the agency through which "Social Justice" is dispensed, and it is essential to all efforts at far-reaching control over personal choices. The liberals wish bureaucracy away by theorizing all their grand designs without it. However, when the theories are realized, bureaucracy flourishes because it is the bones and sinews of the liberal structure.

History has shown that the bureaucracies which the liberals foster have led to the most repressive and totalitarian régimes.

EDWIN LEVI.
Englewood, N.J.

Incomplete Dud

FREDERICK GRIMKE WAS NOT QUITE the complete dud portrayed by Professor Milton Konvitz [*SR*, Oct. 5]. His book was translated into Spanish by Florentino Gonzalez (Paris, 1870) and was enough of a success to warrant a second edition (Paris, 1887). Florentino Gonzalez was a multi-national statesman and jurist and one of the earliest professors of constitutional law in Spanish America. He also translated Lieber, Mill, and the constitutions of some of our states.

Grimke furnishes another instance, not infrequent, of a man being more honored and influential abroad than at home.

PHANOR J. EDER.
New York, N.Y.

Miracle

YOUR REVIEWER OF Dr. Charles W. Mayo's autobiography [*SR*, Oct. 26] quite casually proclaims the greatest biological miracle of all time. He says that the author is "son of the Mayo brothers."

JOHN MAASS.
Philadelphia, Pa.

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The Last Enemy Overcome

***Anti-Memoirs,** by André Malraux, translated from the French by Terence Kilmartin (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 420 pp. $8.95), transmutes into literary art the views of a man who consciously set out to control his destiny and master the meaning of life. Lewis Galantière is editor of the Goncourt Journals, translator of Saint-Exupéry and others, and a critic of French literature and affairs.*

By LEWIS GALANTIERE

ANDRE MALRAUX INTRODUCES THIS BOOK with an overture of nine pages intended to sound the motifs in his drama of men and gods and to explain the title. Disjointed, allusive, not instantly intelligible, it gives little hint of the variety and excitement of the work's contents.

"I have called this book Anti-Memoirs," Malraux writes, "because it answers a question which memoirs do not pose." The question is, in substance, how man should face the inescapable fact of death, and the answer is the one given by heroes: defy death by governing your own destiny.

There are two other reasons why these are not memoirs in the conventional sense. First, they are not recollections of private relations and private concerns. "What," exclaims Malraux, "do I care about what matters only to me?" Secondly, as he remarks, "life and art are on different planes," and this is a work of literary art. In creating a work of art the artist performs a heroic act, an act of "metamorphosis of a fate undergone into a fate transcended." That which in Rousseau was shameful, in Montaigne doubt, in Henry Adams passivity, in Joyce pride, and in Proust snobbery becomes in their writings a mastery of destiny. They are of a like order of men with the heroes of action.

Meanwhile, Malraux has his own attitude toward memory, which he once referred to (without explanation) as "a permanent menace." His storehouse of memories appears to be in his writings. Beginning this book aboard ship, on his way to the Orient, he says, "And so I return to certain scenes which I once transposed into fiction." They are the points of departure on this voyage to discover "what has survived." The titles of four novels written long ago head four of the book's five grand divisions. Malraux gives the new title, "Anti-Memoirs," to the fifth.

Readers of his seven novels and eight books on art (art as, in sum, the defiance of death and salvation of mankind) will readily recognize the motifs. The heroes of Malraux's novels are tragic heroes, Nietzscheans "beyond good and evil." The villains, so to say, as in Greek tragedy, are not men but metaphysical absolutes. (*Moby Dick* affords an allegorical parallel in Captain Ahab's whale.) Their names are death, fate, the dread or anxiety (*angoisse*) in which men live by reason of their powerlessness to escape what Montaigne called *la condition humaine*; the "absurdity" of life in a universe that is a void without a god who cares, and which furnishes no acceptable justification of human suffering; "the other," that self from which we hide and which is our essential being. The hero is victorious when he can foresee his destiny and transcend it; when he can meet death on the battlefield of his own choice.

Malraux has long since abandoned the intransigent Nietzschean ethic of his youth. Two years of service in the Spanish Civil War and five years in the French Resistance added a profoundly humane element to his metaphysical concern with the human condition; ten years of concentration, through the arts, upon the religions and myths of the East turned him away from the raw will to power as the answer to the "questions which death raises." Even so, there is still in him a leaning to Goethe's dictum that "The strong man is at his mightiest alone," a fascination with the daemonic,

the strong-willed, the heroic. Of the historic figures we meet in this book, de Gaulle (though not given a central role) certainly ranks as a hero, as do Gandhi and Mao, but probably not Nehru—he is humanistic and not daemonic. Malraux's private hero, Lawrence of Arabia, referred to in passing, is of course beyond compare, a Joan of Arc sent by weak voices on a mission whose grandeur was Lawrence's own creation. As for Malraux himself: "The man who will be found here is one attuned to the questions which death raises about the meaning of the world."

Perhaps heroes, like certain gods, should go veiled. I do not know what Malraux's cook says about him. He is certainly a daemonic character and—however the world may evaluate shipowners and oil speculators—one of the great self-made men of our times. In many ways an enigmatic one; we could wish to know more about what he has in mind when he writes, "Admittedly the truth about a man lies first and foremost in what he hides." We know that he was born in Paris in 1901 into a family of Flemish-Norman boat-builders from Dunkirk and that his father committed suicide (probably when the son was twelve years old). We don't know much else. I have no wish to pry, but when I read here, "Almost all the writers I know love their childhood. I hate mine," I ask myself if this is not the land where heroes come from (Frederick of Prussia, for instance). If anti-memoirs are written to tell "what survives," what puts a thumb to the shaping of a man's destiny, a hateful childhood would seem to be one of those influences. In his somewhat argumentative overture Malraux protests that you don't "recreate the Napoleon of Austerlitz" by revealing his habit of smearing his son's face with jam. But suppose you were recreating the son?

PURSUING this theme, I feel as nasty as a titled columnist in an English crime story. "Humiliation" is a word in Malraux's vocabulary that has come my way without my seeking it out. In her charming and good-tempered memoirs, his first wife, Clara, recalls that "my twenty-year-old husband" told her that he sought to "numb" his memories because they were "memories of humiliations." In a novel of forty years ago a character opines that revolution is justified when the governors "humiliate" the governed. Reading the letters of Lawrence of Arabia, Malraux notes that Lawrence had the greatest trouble dismissing from his mind memories of "the slightest humiliation" suffered in childhood. And in this book he writes of "man's struggle against humiliation"—of course a noble, heartfelt, but not common way of saying "against cruelty . . . tyranny . . . oppression" when we speak of man collectively.

Is there a clue here to the youth who was a drop-out at his secondary school, again at the Paris School of Oriental Languages, and who yet set out consciously to "make a scar on the map of the planet," control his destiny, master the meaning of life in the face of the certainty of death? No matter. We have here a man who in his twenties—when Sartre was still a student, before Kierkegaard was revived or Heidegger lectured at the Sorbonne, when the theologian Martin Buber had only begun to elaborate his concept of "the other"—had

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already the intellectual imagination and creative power to put their key words with force and meaning into the mouths of characters Dostoevskian in type, though hardly in depth.

Groping intuitively for answers to the metaphysical questions raised by the decline of Christianity, the first explosions of violence in Europe, the seeming crack-up of Western civilization, he was led by a passion for action to the stage on which he could play a part worthy of his gifts. The Viet Minh did not expel the French until 1954: Malraux was in Indochina and a member of the Young Annam movement in 1923. Mao Tse-tung did not proclaim the People's Republic of China against Chiang Kai-shek until 1931: Malraux was working with the Left wing of the Kuomintang in Canton and Shanghai a half-dozen years before. Of his seven novels, three deal with those years and scenes, and a fourth is in essence a dialogue on the Eastern and Western civilizations. From the Pacific to Iran and beyond, Asia was to lead him to the daring hypotheses and obscure questionings in his alternately illuminating and cloudy essays on art. This nature, which demanded freedom from authority and for improvisation, which was repelled by dogma and fascinated with myth, found in the Asian religions a degree of liberty (and irresponsibility) that neither Christianity nor any Western philosophy would tolerate.

It was the Russians who carried Communism to China. Malraux observed their agent, Borodin, at work. The central character in his novel *The Conquerors* sees in Borodin a man dominated by "the insufferable Bolshevik mentality, the stupid exaltation of discipline"; a man who finds no room in Communism for anybody whose first thought is "to be himself, to exist apart from others." (How can the hero be other than himself?) Yet Malraux was for some years a *compagnon de route*, a fellow-traveler, attracted to Communism as the only ideology of the times that was animated by a will—a will to power, but also, as it seemed, a will to endow man with dignity. He declined to join the French party in 1934 and gave offense at Moscow by defending Trotsky. The emergence of Hitler was for Malraux (and not him alone) cause sufficient to remain in contact with them. In 1936, when he organized the air force of the Spanish Republican Government (while the Russians were still hesitating to recruit the International Brigade) he learned to know them better. But he did not break with them definitively until the Hitler-Stalin Pact of August 1939.

The Nazi horror and the Spanish Civil War restored Malraux to Europe; the Second World War restored him to France. He served as a regional leader

(*Continued on page* 70)

All-American Composer

Vibrations: The Adventures and Musical Times of David Amram, *by David Amram (MacMillan. 469 pp. $6.95), a success story in the classic American tradition, is the autobiography of a young composer whose music has been commanding increasing respect. Victor Chapin is a novelist who also writes about music.*

By VICTOR CHAPIN

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL URGE is a common one; but few who give in to it can expect to succeed in convincing others that they are worth reading about. An exception is David Amram, who has several of the qualities necessary for the successful autobiographer. These include honesty, a desire for objectivity, a vigorous personality, and strong convictions about his calling and the world in which he lives. As a writer he fortunately reflects himself as a composer, bringing to *Vibrations* the same precision, clarity, and effectiveness that are characteristic of his music.

Since David Amram, who is not yet forty and still not widely famous, is a composer who may write the great American opera and already has created some of the best incidental theater music of our time, his autobiography is guaranteed a certain interest from music lovers. However, there is a great deal in the book to attract others, for in addition to being a lively account of the author's life, *Vibrations* has the flavor of an era that, though recent, already has passed.

This is a success story in the best American tradition; and Amram himself obviously represents the best kind of American, for his is a success story with a difference. Neither a sell-out nor a cop-out, he is an anti-Establishment figure who has made it in the Establishment on his own terms. The Devil tempted him more than once, but he resisted. His concern is not about himself but about music and life, which saved him from fatal compromises and saves his book from the taint of egotism. Indeed, his autobiography fails to present a strong central character. The facts, the events, and the philosophy are there, energetically put forth, but Amram himself remains strangely impersonal. Perhaps this is due to reticence or modesty or to a determined objectivity. More likely, the explanation lies in the fact that Amram's identity is so closely allied with his music that the ultimate truth about him as a person can be found more readily in his music than in his autobiography.

—*Frederick Eberstadt.*

David Amram—"made it in the Establishment on his own terms."

Raised on a farm and then turned loose in the blackboard jungle of a public school in wartime Washington, David Amram had a long struggle. But he knew his calling and had the strength to pursue it against all odds. He saw much of the underside of life as it is lived in this country but he had the protection of a united family with a powerful tradition. Amram not only made his own way in music, he also became a good athlete and earned a B.A. degree in history. Temperament and experience combined to make him a rebel, which in his generation meant a liberal. What sustained him through bad times was the camaraderie and tacit communication that are unique to musicians, particularly jazz musicians.

THE significant thing about Amram as a composer, which he makes clear in this book, is that he belongs with those few who, though well trained and proficient in traditional formal music, have their roots in jazz. His vision, which is that of all music being part of a great whole, seems simple and obvious; but it is not, for composers have always been categorized and confined to schools or tendencies. The dividing line between one kind of music and another has been strictly drawn for centuries. However, as David Amram knows very well, it's all different now. He is the sort of composer we must look to to save formal music from its own destruction.

Amram succeeds in conveying to the reader what it is like to be a musician. Yet, from a literary standpoint, the best part of *Vibrations* concerns the author's life in the army. His dislike of it seems to have released the best in him as a writer, for, while many people appear in the book, some of them well-known, only two come across with genuine impact. Since they are Charlie Parker and Dimitri Mitropoulos we can be grateful for valuable portraits of two great musicians whom we have lost.

Though written by a man still young, *Vibrations* has a certain historical interest, inasmuch as the autobiography reveals a good deal about the hipster point of view, which preceded that of the hippie and, probably to its own consternation, differs from it considerably.

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The Church Mice Have It Better

The American Serfs: A Report on Poverty in the Rural South, *by Paul Good (Putnam. 188 pp. $4.95), and* ***Man Against Poverty: World War III: A Reader on the World's Most Crucial Issue,*** *edited by Arthur I. Blaustein and Roger R. Woock (Random House. 456 pp. $7.95), cry out against the injustice to millions who suffer deprivation. Thomas Goldwasser, who is chairman of a national citizens' group to implement the legislative goals of the Poor People's Campaign, was a staff member of the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Employment, Manpower, and Poverty, which made a year-long study of poverty in the United States.*

By THOMAS GOLDWASSER

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN about poverty in America since Michael Harrington's ground-breaking work. Academicians, bureaucrats and journalists have discussed this anomaly in the affluent society, but we haven't heard much from the poor themselves. Only they know the daily exigencies accompanying life on the wrong side of the tracks. Fortunately, this gap has begun to be filled.

Paul Good, in a sense, has placed a tape recorder in the midst of the poor. Perhaps the professional poverty worker will not be exposed to anything new, but anybody who is interested in seeing the actual debilitating effects of being poor will benefit from *The American Serfs.* Mr. Good attempts "to tell the story primarily through the lives of those living it, although statistics are inevitably involved. . . . The figures come from government agencies skilled at counting what they do not alter, and from concerned private groups and dedicated individuals deploring what they cannot change." This bleakness in the introduction pervades the entire volume; it should. There are still 25.9 million poor people in this country, many living in the rural South.

Mr. Good talks with the people and records the dialogues in twenty-one chapters, whose titles themselves paint vivid pictures: "The Graveyard on Dick Silver Hill," "Land Mismanaged to Catastrophe," and "Whatta Ya Mean: Get a Job?"

The presentation is horrifying, but not maudlin. "The survey does not claim to be scientific. . . . You can knock on any shack door and find a tale of woe to touch the heart." While reading the different accounts, one wishes that he were watching a daytime TV soap opera; at least then he could blink his eyes and validly conclude that it wasn't really true—but rather like a bad dream. With Paul Good, one realizes that what is seen is a national nightmare, which Congress has not seen fit to remedy.

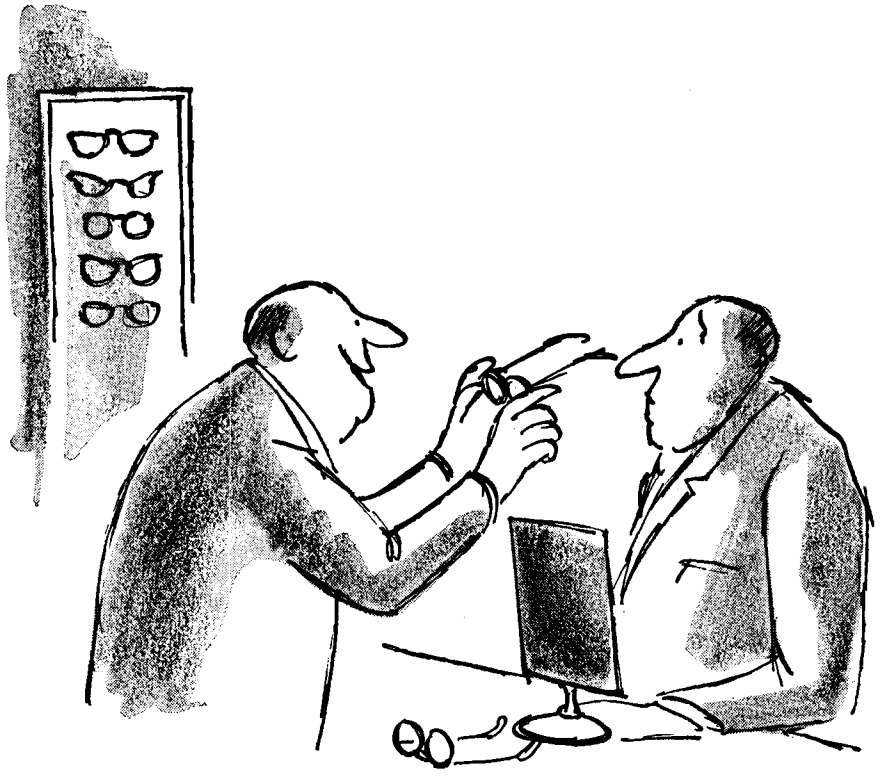
Good himself recognizes that eliminating poverty is not simple. He talks in detail of "a practical beginning toward making the American Dream more than an empty phrase," but is not sanguine about its occurring soon. Even a beginning "requires planning and budget commitments spanning decades, and not dependent on the annual whim of Congress." Here, essentially, is where Good lays the blame; he wonders if eliminating poverty is perhaps too important to be left in the hands of Congress. Good forthrightly charges that the dominant factor influencing the Southern politician's aversion to fighting poverty is racism. "Racism has blunted white sensibility to black poverty while the fact that the white poor have always been with us is converted into the dictum that they always should be."

The American Serfs does not offer specific remedies, but tries to make us too ashamed not to demand that Congress do something soon. One wonders just what effect this work will have on our national conscience. After all, the abhorrent conditions have been well documented. Last year Dr. Raymond Wheeler, a Charlotte, N.C., physician, described for a Senate subcommittee starvation in the South and elsewhere in the country. In an eloquent and moving statement, he pleaded to the Southern politicians to remedy the situation:

> I was born and reared and educated in the South. I love the region as much as they do. I reported what I saw because it seemed to me intolerable that this situation should exist in the region which I love.
>
> . . . Through all of that dreadful pageant of ignorance and suspicion and mutual distrust, the most distressing figure of all has been the Southern political leader who has exploited all our human weaknesses for his own personal and selfish gain, refusing to grant us the dignity and the capability of responding to courageous and noble leadership when all of us had nothing to lose but the misery and desolation which surrounds all of our lives.
>
> The time has come when all this must cease, for we are now concerned with little children whose one chance for a healthy, productive, dignified existence is at stake.

Afterwards, Senator Stennis, apparently responding to this appeal, introduced a bill to feed hungry people, but the House Agricultural Committee laughingly voted it down. Outraged Congressional liberals and private citizens forced its incorporation into the 1967 Poverty Amendments.

The American Serfs contains one (*Continued on page* 71)



"Life does begin at forty, Mr. Hutchinson. Only we view it through bifocals."

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Each Life-Experience Unique

The Person: His Development Throughout the Life Cycle, *by Theodore Lidz (Basic Books. 574 pp. $10), scrutinizes the nature of human nature. As associate professor in psychiatry, George Krupp, M.D., taught the course "Human Growth and Development" for many years at Adelphi University in Garden City, Long Island.*

By GEORGE KRUPP

IN THE PREFACE TO *The Person*, which chronicles the emotional and psychological development of the individual from birth to death, Theodore Lidz specifies that his "purpose in writing this book has been to provide medical students with a guide for learning about the persons who will be their patients." He goes on to say that it may also serve those students who are training to become clinical and social psychologists, social workers, counselors, college-trained nurses and attorneys. "Further," he adds, "I hold some hope that the book may be of value to persons who are simply interested in 'the proper study of mankind.'"

This modest hope is certain to be realized. *The Person* merits, and will probably enjoy, a success with the general reading public far beyond the author's expectations. It speaks not only to the medical students but to husbands and wives who are trying to understand themselves and their marriages, and to parents who are puzzled by their relationships with their children. Here is a sourcebook which they can consult and which is, for the most part, free of professional jargon and narrow, doctrinaire thinking.

Although Professor Lidz is a psychiatrist—he is chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at Yale University's School of Medicine—his view of life is illuminated by his familiarity with such corollary sciences as anthropology, sociology, theology and philosophy. Thus he never permits theory to take precedence over existence; he is keenly aware of the vast range of patterns of human behavior, reflecting as they do individual adaptations to physical, biological and cultural circumstances. The complexity begins at birth. "We assume, with considerable certainty," he writes, "that the infant's inborn characteristics will influence the sort of person he will become; but it is often difficult to know just which of such observed traits come into the world within the infant and which appear in response to the type and quality of the nurture provided."

Abhorring reductionism, Professor

Theodore Lidz: "Difficulty can strengthen one."

Lidz stresses the crucial importance of early life experiences in shaping the individual's unique destiny but places equal stress on the importance of later experiences. For the meaning of the early experience, and its effect upon the maturing individual, can be altered by subsequent events which may confirm—or contradict—the remembered testimony of the past. According to Professor Lidz, we are neither psychologically predestined to fulfill the imprinting of childhood trauma nor are we creatures who march blindly to the roll of society's drums. From the day of our birth to the night of our death, we are shaped by, and we in turn shape, the world in which we live. This is embodied in the relationship of mother and child. The newborn baby, by the very fact of its existence, alters the life-experience of the mother in the identical moment that the mother —"through touch, odor, body position, warmth, and the visual connections to the mother's eyes and face that are an important aspect of nursing"—is profoundly marking the life-experience of the infant.

Professor Lidz takes a consistently calm, reassuring and judicial approach to human development. Thus he tries to correct the negative connotation that has come to be attached automatically to the phrase "childhood trauma." Hardship, in its effect upon the developing child, he points out, is neither good nor bad of itself. "Overprotection or development in an extremely stable and homogeneous setting is likely to produce colorless individuals. As everyday experience often shows, difficulty can strengthen one; trauma can produce defenses that can serve well in later emergencies; deprivation can harden. It is not a matter of adhering to a norm, but one of balance and integration."

Trained in orthodox psychoanalysis, Professor Lidz nevertheless avoids deifying doctrine. He emphasizes the significance of infantile sexuality, focuses on the oedipal situation as the critical transition through which the child must pass, and places considerable stress on unconscious aspects of personality (noting, in passing, that it is precisely these unconscious processes which "permit the dreams and fantasy without which men are scarcely human"). But he rejects the idea of genetic transmission of acquired characteristics, and he takes issue with the concept of libido as a closed system involving a mechanistic transfer of energy.

Furthermore, Professor Lidz, reflecting a contemporary trend, underscores the importance of the cognitive processes in shaping the personality of the growing child; in this he follows, although with certain distinct reservations, lines established by the Swiss educator Jean Piaget. And often, after presenting the classical psychoanalytic explanation of a stage or an aberration in development, Professor Lidz goes on to give a psychological explanation that is more comprehensive, distinguished by astute commonsense. Instead of engaging in the familiar debate about the existence of penis-envy in the female, for example, he concentrates on a vital, underlying issue. "The little girl usually comes to terms in one way or another with the absence of the desired penis. The crisis is surmounted best when the girl can appreciate that the mother has self-esteem as a woman, and also that the father has esteem and affection for his wife as a woman. Femininity can be sufficiently advantageous to offset feelings of deprivation."

It is difficult, in a brief review, to indicate the full dimensions of a book of this scope. With admirable thoroughness, Professor Lidz starts his exploration of the nature of human nature by examining the human endowment, as differentiated from that of the animal, and the function of the family as the setting within which the human personality evolves. He then examines the stages of development from infancy through childhood and adolescence to the young adult, followed by a study of the stages of maturity, including occupational and marital choice, marital adjustment, parenthood, the middle years, old age and death.

To comment on any particular portion of *The Person* is an arbitrary act; in a

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book as comprehensive and excellent as this one, any page picked at random will offer a basis for reflection. A reviewer might quibble—he might, for instance, wish for a more profound treatment of the nature of ambivalence, which is mentioned only peripherally. Or he might question some remarks, such as the one stating that "in general, a moderate sense of guilt commensurate with the Protestant ethic is deemed desirable in our society."

But measured against the towering stature of this work such matters dwindle into insignificance. *The Person* is the kind of rare book in which even the footnotes must be read. Often they contain the author's personal opinions, as for example one in which he flatly disagrees with the theory advanced by ethologist Konrad Lorenz and writer Robert Ardrey, who see human violence in terms of animal instinct. Drawing on his own experiences when he lived for a time with the natives of the Fiji Islands, Professor Lidz maintains that the history of the islanders—who changed from cannibals to peaceful and fraternal people in a few generations—demonstrates man's ability to control his aggression. "If the fearsome cannibals could change rapidly, once they no longer needed to fear their fellow man, when in fact their dictum was no longer eat or be eaten, there is a chance, at least, that we too may learn to enjoy the bounty available to us—not that from a teeming ocean or a productive volcanic soil, but from our teeming and productive minds."

PROFESSOR LIDZ takes a relaxed and liberal approach to divergent sex practices. He notes that for many persons "the private and shared intimacy of the sexual act is a time when various repressed fantasies and desires are indulged," and he adds that "it involves a sort of sharing of preconscious and unconscious strivings as part of the intimacy and fusion."

Everywhere his compassion and understanding shine through. In concluding the section on adolescence, he remarks that many a young person, on leaving the youthful years behind, "may have lingering regrets that he has not dared more or that he has not been able to stick to the ideals that but so recently fired his life. In a way, it is always regrettable when the youth becomes as conservative and conventional as his parents at an early age."

The Person reveals the process by which man is made an individual and a *human* being. But the result of the process is demonstrated by the author in an unintentional way. Nothing so clearly reveals how individual and how human a person can become than the portrait of the man who emerges from between the lines of the book—the author himself.

Budgets for Food and Virtue

Beyond Economics: Essays on Society, Religion, and Ethics, *by Kenneth E. Boulding (University of Michigan Press. 302 pp. $9.50), presents the social philosophy of an economist who describes himself as "a taker of thought for the morrow." Spencer Pollard is a professor of economics at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles and the author of "How Capitalism Can Succeed."*

By SPENCER POLLARD

FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS Professor Kenneth E. Boulding (now at the University of Colorado) has been chief ambassador from economics to the other social sciences and to the fields of religion and ethics. This collection of some twenty essays, most of them papers read to non-economists, show Dr. Boulding's emergence as a social philosopher rivaling two other economists, Milton Friedman and John Kenneth Galbraith.

One may wonder what good it does the world for an economist to broaden himself in that way. Although Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill were social philosophers in the early days of economics, the fashion has since faded, and nearly all economists of today stick to their GNP. So this volume gives us an opportunity to see whether there is any advantage in approaching general social thought from the direction of economics.

One contribution made by Dr. Boulding is his interest in what visions pull human behavior forward, in contrast to the usual psychological theories about the drives, instincts, and impulses that push us on. He makes much of what he calls the power of the image:

> In an earlier work [*The Image*, University of Michigan Press, 1956], I developed a theory of human behavior (or at least a way of looking at it) as consisting essentially of setting in motion a course of events which is intended to carry the person into the most highly valued of his images of potential futures. This is, of course, an economist's way of looking at the matter: to regard behavior as being fundamentally subject to choice.

In constructing the images that will lure us on, Dr. Boulding says, our choices are partly between mundane things—tea or coffee, for example—and partly among the Great Values—Freedom and Justice; Goodness, Truth, and Beauty; Courage, Patience, Modesty, Serenity, Vigor, Sensitivity; Faith, Hope, and Charity:

> In the Great Values as well as in the small, therefore, the economist will look for certain fundamental relationships. What are the relations of complementarity and competitiveness? What are the alternative costs? How much freedom must we give up in order to achieve a certain increase in social justice? Must a certain amount of truth be sacrificed on occasion in the interests of love? Are there some values the pursuit of which actually *increases* the others? These are important questions, for the moral philosopher if not for the theologian. They are questions, however, which come directly out of the mode of thought of the economist. They relate to what an economist would call the opportunity functions of the Great Values. The Great Values as well as the small are subject to the basic laws of scarcity; we cannot have enough of them all. So with these as with others we face a problem of *choice.*

This idea that actions in accordance with ethical values are subject to the laws of scarcity, like coffee and tea, seems to imply that each of us should have, in addition to a grocery budget, a "virtue budget" listing the kinds and quantities of the Great Values upon which we intend to spend our income of moral energy for some coming period. In our allocations we must distinguish between those values which are "substitute goods," as the textbooks call them, and those which complement one another, so that if we "buy" more of one we shall have to have more of the other, like pretzels and beer.

Can economics really be carried that far? If it can, the individual need not be

(*Continued on page* 72)

—*Yale.*

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Ghosts That Roam in Deutschland

The New Nazis of Germany, *by Wellington Long (Chilton. 254 pp. $5.95), and* ***Post-Mortem: The Jews in Germany Today,*** *by Leo Katcher (Delacorte. 267 pp. $6.95), find, respectively, a nation searching for a father figure and the remnants of a people who are proving Hitler achieved his goal: Soon Germany will be "Judenrein." Albert H. Friedlander, author of "Leo Baeck: Teacher of Theresienstadt," recently visited Germany, his homeland before the Nazi persecutions.*

By ALBERT H. FRIEDLANDER

THERE ARE GHOSTS ABROAD in Germany today: Nazis and Jews. Both live there, villains and victims, as uncomfortable realities of life. But realities, when turned into abstractions, can often be controlled. And so it is the fashion to pretend that the first no longer exist, and that the latter live happily in the land. The two books under discussion indicate the reverse: the Nazis are back and German Jewry is dead.

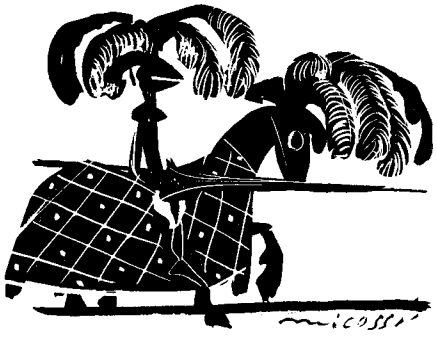
Wellington Long's *The New Nazis of Germany* is a careful study of recent German history. Its author is an outstanding journalist who has lived in the country, knows it well, and has had access to basic sources. Leo Katcher's *Post-Mortem: The Jews in Germany Today,* by contrast, is the personal account of a journey through Germany in quest of Jewish life. Within their frames of reference, each book has something important to say; in some ways, they complement one another.

The title of Mr. Long's book is rather misleading, since he gives ample documentation that the new Nazis of Germany are in fact the old Nazis—as Baldur von Schirach's recent man-to-man chat with David Frost on British television made all too clear. The vignettes of minor Nazi politicians of the postwar years, men like Alfred Loritz, Fritz Dorls and Werner Naumann, are skillfully drawn; but the where-are-they-now? game palls with the realization that the leaders change while the followers remain the same. This is not to say that these sketches are unnecessary. They are part of Long's documentation of the rise of the Nationaldemokratische Partei Deutschlands out of the jungle of Right-wing politics to the point where the NPD has become the true inheritor of the old Nazi party. Its appeal to new voters is clear from the most recent election returns. The Württemberg-Baden Land elections April 28, 1968, too recent to be included in Mr. Long's study, gave 9.8 per cent of the valid vote to the NPD—an increase of more than 300,000 votes since the 1965 Federal elections.

Mr. Long writes as an observer upon the scene (there are fascinating asides on General Clay and Chancellor Adenauer) who can convey the atmosphere of the meetings, the sly innuendo behind the innocuous remark, the reactions of government officials and of the man in the street. His book is superior journalism, giving facts and figures in a balanced manner. It does not proceed to an analysis of the deeper causes underlying the NPD's success. This is a pity, since Mr. Long would be well worth hearing on these points.

In portraying a Germany susceptible to a Right-wing movement he leads the reader to questions that remain unanswered: Why is the NPD achieving greater success in every election? Why does the *Soldaten Zeitung* gain more and more readers? What lies behind the resurgence of Fascist thinking in today's Germany? A more energetic search for answers to these questions would have drawn attention to aspects of German life which cause anxiety to many observers: the emergence of a new nationalism unhampered by democratic scruples: dogmatic anti-Communism in West Germany juxtaposed with the militant Communism of East Germany, which evidenced itself in the invasion of Czechoslovakia; resistance against social change in an industrial economy leading to an appeal to a centralized authority; the need to reshape the past; and, finally, that romanticism which has been Germany's curse throughout the modern period. Once, Germany wanted the sleeping emperor Barbarossa to reawaken; now, it will take any respectable father figure (in a recent Gallup poll, 36 per cent of the Germans questioned wanted "a strong man at the top"). Wellington Long shows us the old Nazis presenting themselves as candidates for that role. As they gain in respectability the "new Nazis" of Mr. Long's book might eventually be the German people itself.

Long's book describes the outer structure; Katcher's probes the abyss beneath. There are less than 30,000 Jews living in West Germany, and only 3,000 "known" Jews in East Germany. Their death rate is eight times as large as their birth rate. *Post Mortem: The Jews in Germany Today* is quite clear in its supposition that it is the death of German Jewry which is being investigated here, even though faint stirrings of life might be noticed. "Hitler has won; soon Germany will be *Judenrein*" is Katcher's flat assertion. Meanwhile, he felt the inner need to visit that dying community, to ask the bitter question "How can a Jew possibly live in Germany?" He comes as an accuser rather than as a reporter. Those whom he examines are often not seen at their best; and their position is sometimes obscured by a hostile report which cannot accept their presence in Germany.



But *is* there a valid reason for Jews to stay in Germany? One of the death camp survivors visited by Katcher gives his own answer: "In Germany, those of us who are left act like proper ghosts. We haunt the people. . . ." Others—and Theodor Adorno stands out as the most prominent example—have come back to teach the Germans, to bring back the spirit of enlightenment that left Germany when its Jews left. Is it too late? The Christian theologian Gollwitzer indicated to Katcher that there are individual Jews in Germany—but not Judaism. And the majority of Jews in Germany are old; they came back in order to die, and not to live.

Katcher visited those Jews who have a task in Germany: the rabbis and functionaries, men like Peter Levinson and Heinz Galinski, who are there to serve their fellow Jews. He sought out the intellectuals, artists, businessmen—anyone who could give him an insight as to why Jews should still haunt that graveyard Germany. If they could not explain themselves, they were at least perceptive about the new Germany. "The NPD is Fascist," one returnee told Katcher. "If it were merely anti-Semitic, it would collapse overnight. But because it offers a special appeal to those who want to be led . . . it is still growing." Searching into the tiny enclave of the dying Jewish community in Germany, Leo Katcher comes to an awareness of the inner sickness of Germany which Wellington Long only suspects.

Post-Mortem is too much of a polemic. It refuses to accept the Jewish life that does exist, the hopeful aspects of the German intellectual community, and the many efforts within the country which seek to atone for the past. But it is a strong book, a passionately moral work that deserves to be read. Joined together, the two books make depressing reading. But looking at German ghosts is never pleasant. Well over a hundred years ago the poet Heine indicated that anyone desirous of sleep should not think about Germany after it gets dark.

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Prefiguring the Coup

Z, by Vassilis Vassilikos, translated from the Greek by Marilyn Calmann (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 406 pp. $6.95), recreates in fictional form the assassination in 1963 of the Greek deputy Gregory Lambrakis. Professor Robert J. Clements of New York University was co-organizer of the American-Canadian University Committee for Andreas Papandreou.

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

DURING THE RECENT Presidential campaign the tragedy of Greece was overlooked by all the candidates as though it were an accusing skeleton to be hidden in a closet. None of them opposed sending American armaments to perpetuate the power of the oligarchs in Athens. American involvement in the *putsch* of April 21, 1967, via NATO, CIA, and the Pentagon, confirmed by Andreas Papandreou and documented in Stephen Rousseas's *Death of a Democracy,* was obviously not troubling them. Mr. Nixon, from what one reads in Athens's daily *Eleftheros Kosmos* (June 22, 1967), was convinced that "there were strong reasons for the taking of these measures [the coup]." Mr. Agnew approved of the army's seizure of power and was confident, according to the Baltimore *Sun* for September 21, 1968, that the "scheduling of elections" indicates clearly that "independence exists." One senses the influence of the financier Thomas Pappas, who visited Mr. Nixon in Miami just before Agnew got the nod. The tycoon's unpopularity with the Greek masses is twice suggested in Z.

It is obvious, then, that Vassilis Vassilikos's documentary novel Z should be of importance to American readers, for it is a fictionalized account of actual events. When on May 22, 1963, the EDA (socialist) deputy Gregory Lambrakis was slain in Salonika after a political rally, it was clear that the extreme Right was becoming desperate. Their bungling of this assassination may have led to the electoral gains of the Centrist Union Party the following year. For months after the murder the letter "Z" (for *zei*—he lives) appeared on walls in Greece. The analogy to the early Christians who wrote "X" on walls is not lost on Vassilikos, who gives names like Caiaphas and Pilate to the officials opposing Lambrakis (who is called simply "Z." in the book). Young Vassilikos, in whose home town the tragedy occurred, has turned the event into a moving and exciting historical novel, despite his modest claim that it is merely the study of the mechanics of political assassination and that the prototype for his victim could be replaced with "John Kennedy or Ben Barka." His book appeared in Athens during 1966. In April 1967 Vassilikos was in Sweden, negotiating for the Swedish translation of Z, so that when the new bosses banned him and his work he was able to go into exile in France.

With this book Vassilikos at least tentatively borrows the mantle of the deceased Kazantzakis for, like his predecessor, he combines political commitment with a concern for fine craftsmanship. His reconstruction of the crime probes the lives and motives of dozens of people involved in it, from the deliveryman who manufactures an accident by running over the fallen Z. with his pick-up truck to the "very high personage" who fought against the display of Z.'s body in a chapel of Athens's Metropolis Cathedral. The unwinding of the drama is masterfully traced, hour by hour, from the day of the killing through the endless but futile attempts to identify and punish the guilty. Pity and anger swell in the reader as the extreme Rightists—many of whose prototypes are still in power—employ cajolery, bribery, and threats. The monarchists, the ERE, the army, the police, and the Rightist press emerge triumphant.

Vassilikos, again like Kazantzakis, is dismissed by the junta as a Leftist. Leftist he is, but in Greece today any middle-of-the-road alternative is ruled out by the junta's new constitution. He is above all a humanitarian who longs for a restoration in Greece of that democracy which he defines as part of the national patrimony called Greekness. Interviewed in Paris after Gallimard issued Z in French, he explained: "Greekness is a word dear to us Greeks. It means our goal, the liberty we wish to have in our country but never have completely. We have savored of democracy intermittently. It is a safety valve they open briefly from time to time, every two or three years, no more."

Most Left-of-center novelists, following in the Marxist tradition, get tangled in their message, producing caricatures and losing sight of artistic goals. Vassilikos almost always remembers that he is first of all a novelist. He accepts experimental techniques as compatible with his didactic purpose and as by no means an intrusion of form into content. Obviously well-read in the European new novel, he structures his narrative into brief scenes, switching from character to character and setting to setting, as in a film scenario. (A motion-picture version is now being made in France with Yves Montand as Z.) Vassilikos alternates his fragments of narrative with fragments of inner monologue that record the thought-streams of Z., his widow, the deputy Pirouchas, and others. The high lyricism that some of these attain provides a challenge well met by translator Marilyn Calmann, who had an anonymous assist from Mary McCarthy.

In documenting the thoughts of the people of Salonika and Athens, Vassilikos perforce expresses their resentments over NATO, the Sixth Fleet, Polaris missile bases, the CIA, and the local flunkies of Western allies "who look on peace as a threat leveled directly against themselves."

The death recorded in Z foreshadowed the death of Greek democracy, of Greekness, four years later. Yet the Rightist, indeed Fascist, forces so clearly indicted in Vassilikos's book continue to receive moral and material support from the United States.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

COUPLES

Some of these pairs from English novels were wedded, some not. Lance C. Finney of Baltimore would like you to mate them to their sources. Solutions on page 53.

1. Amelia and George ( )
2. Catherine and Edgar ( )
3. Elizabeth and Fitzwilliam ( )
4. Ellen and Ernest ( )
5. Jeanie and Reuben ( )
6. Laura and Walter ( )
7. Mary and Frank ( )
8. Miriam and Paul ( )
9. Rose and Harry ( )
10. Sophia and Tom ( )
11. Thomasin and Diggory ( )
12. Valentine and Christopher ( )

a. *Doctor Thorne*
b. *The Heart of Midlothian*
c. *Oliver Twist*
d. *Parade's End*
e. *Pride and Prejudice*
f. *The Return of the Native*
g. *Sons and Lovers*
h. *Tom Jones*
i. *Vanity Fair*
j. *The Way of All Flesh*
k. *The Woman in White*
l. *Wuthering Heights*

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Comedy Tempered with Outrage

Some Laughter, Some Tears, *by Sholom Aleichem, edited and translated from the Yiddish by Curt Leviant (Putnam. 254 pp. $5.95), reveals fresh aspects of the humorist's vibrant, beleaguered voice. Judah Stampfer is associate professor of English at State University of New York at Stony Brook.*

By JUDAH STAMPFER

SHOLOM ALEICHEM'S BEST STORIES have long been available in English translation. Curt Leviant's collection, *Some Laughter, Some Tears,* are crushed gatherings from the bottom of the barrel, heads lopped off, bodies blurred. These seventeen stories are clustered in eight groups by subject matter—"Holiday Tales," "Jewish Children," "Railroad Yarns," "Kasrilevke Characters," and "From America." Two other items are a portion of a four-part romance, entitled "Pages from *The Song of Songs*: This Night," and of a Swiftian satire, "The Little Redheaded Jews." These are inserted at intervals among the short stories, making continuity difficult. Furthermore, the excerpt from the romance, with its tender, lyric mood, stops just as a boy in love with a betrothed woman is trying to break up her engagement—with no clue to what follows. The solitary remaining item, "Monologue," is simply another story—Sholom Aleichem usually wrote in monologues but this one fit nowhere else and therefore has a section unto itself.

The stories in this ollapodrida are undated except for "The Penknife" (1886), though they span Sholom Aleichem's writing career. Their selection, Leviant explains, was intended "to make available a group of memorable stories, some of which have never before appeared in English and others which are newly translated . . . and long out of print." Uneven in quality, they hang together loosely and are too scattered to establish a tone. Only the section on Jewish children has six stories, but the three "Holiday Tales" are also children's stories, giving the book a juvenile cast.

Sholom Aleichem is pre-eminent among Yiddish humorists, but here his flip turns seem less funny, the briefer characterizations less persuasive. Thus, "The Dreydl" ends when a jealous boy discovers years later that his richer, more successful friend cheated while spinning the *dreydl.* The point is banal, and leads only to a bitter taste. "Esther," too, is an unpolished tale of a little courier between two lovers, who delivers the wrong messages and ruins their lives. It concludes: "I haven't the faintest idea what those glances and the sudden silence meant. Perhaps *you* have." The sour black humor at the end required the savagery of a Gogol to carry. Moreover, the story itself is scarcely credible and too paltry.

NEVERTHELESS, the book makes available, even in his less successful efforts, fresh aspects of Sholom Aleichem's vibrant, beleaguered voice. The Yiddish writer's characters indignantly demand decent jobs, clean living, security, self-respect—and therefore are dangerous lunatics. Their outrage ripples with fascinating urgency, yet at the same time includes a bluff of self-advertising. They may be born to "blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air"; but their neighborhoods are full of relatives screaming they should succeed in life. So they cry their Walter Mitty messianism in an ongoing manic joy, every problem an insult to their intelligence.

As a translator, Leviant captures Sholom Aleichem's urgency in curt, pungent phrases, but misses his singing-smooth equilibrium. Yiddish can relax more idiomatically than English. Its period has less heavy finality.

The collection, then, is a secondary one, yet even in his secondary writing Sholom Aleichem manages to bring his stories to life. The title, *Some Laughter, Some Tears,* is misleading in a sentimental way. The book has laughter and tears, but also bitter outrage.

The Lit Professor Is a Gas

Dovisch in the Wilderness and Other Stories, *by Herbert Wilner (Bobbs-Merrill. 247 pp. $5.50), utilizes a variety of narrative techniques. Warren Bower has for many years conducted the Readers' Almanac for radio station WNYC in New York City.*

By WARREN BOWER

THE PROFESSOR WHOSE SPECIALTY is the teaching of professional writing—for some years now a calling of high standing in a number of institutions around the country—may well be uniquely disadvantaged among his colleagues when he demonstrates, through publication of his own work, the competence and skills that got him his professorship. He is judged not by his fellows, as most of his academic associates are, but by the general public who passes judgment by purchases of his book.

The director of the prestigious Writing Program at San Francisco State College, Herbert Wilner, author of a well-reviewed novel, *All the Little Heroes,* has braved the reading public by collecting eleven of his short stories, published in such magazines as *The Saturday Evening Post, Esquire, Sewanee Review, Epoch,* and *Western Review,* in a volume called *Dovisch in the Wilderness and Other Stories.*

The critical reader of this volume is likely to report mingled admiration for and exasperation with the works here reprinted. Some of them are bright with wit and sensitive, penetrating observation; others are close to being unreadable for lack of clarity of purpose or incisiveness in storytelling. Professor Wilner is at his best and most affecting when he puts forth, seemingly, the least effort, and certainly when he writes the simplest narrative, as in such selections as "A Gift Every Morning," a moving story of a man and a woman, former Europeans, who are now talking about and reliving poignant experiences. Uncomplicated in its structure, the story is complex and rich in the feelings revealed in the characters, especially as the situation rises to a climax of violent emotion. "On a Train in Germany," another unobtrusive story, is authentic and moving in the terms of the starkly presented situation. These unshowy stories are among the finest in the book.

But too often in this collection the practiced writer seems to be demonstrating complicated techniques for his students to emulate. A story that disappoints one because of the wide gulf between what is attempted and what achieved is "The Passion for Silver's

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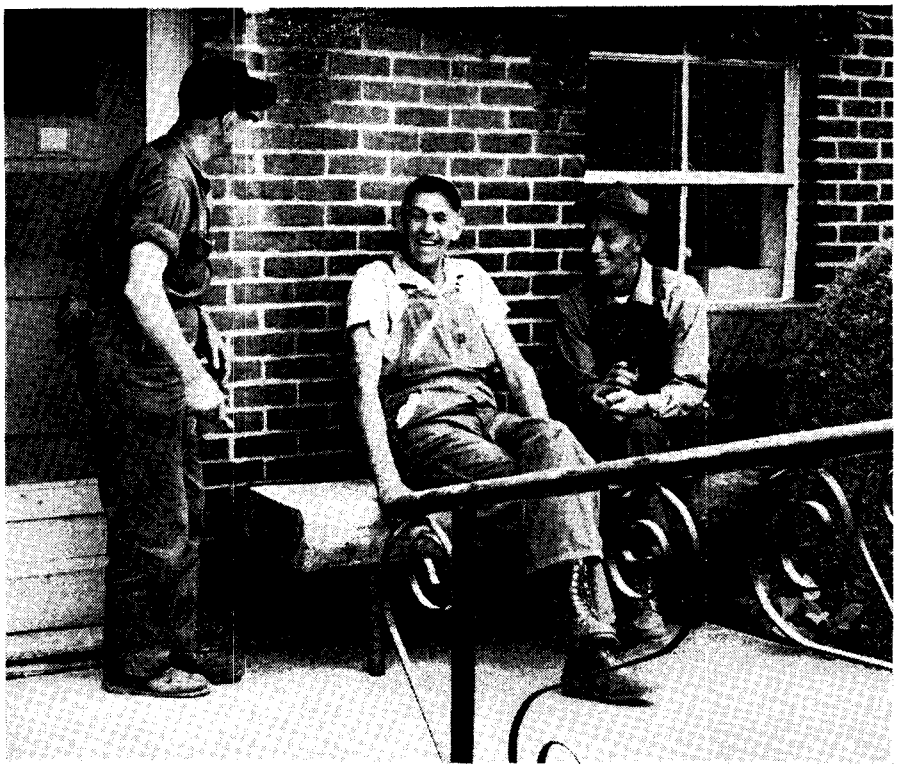
Arm," a title that turns out be be overblown and inappropriate. It is a story aimed at establishing a complexity of pattern among the four characters involved but all that is achieved is an elaborate obfuscation of the theme of mutuality, of interdependence between men. The solemnity and portentousness with which it is written indicates that the story is big with meaning in the author's mind. But what that is never is communicated to the reader, because it is not intelligibly expressed.

Two bravura performances, however, come off exceedingly well. One is the title story; the other is "Dovisch in Hippyland." Dovisch is a quirky professor who teaches American literature, particularly such "in" figures as Henry James, but the two samples of his lectures indicate his penchant for wandering off into talk about himself, whom he always refers to as "Dovisch," though the dropping of his title is no mark of modesty or self-abnegation. His students must inevitably regard his class as a "gas," and he lives up with real style to his reputation as a "stand-up comedian," self-concerned and self-indulgent. Though one may wonder a bit if present-day students would hold still for such time-filling, without protesting about not getting as much of James as the catalogue description of the course promised, these two stories are zestful, witty, skillful. Clearly the author did the prudent and advantageous thing in opening his book with Dovisch and closing with him as well. A number of the stories in between can thus be forgotten.

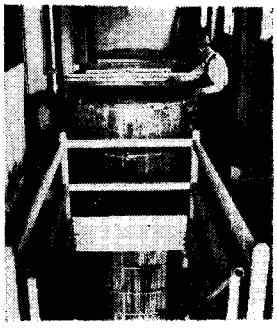
LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 i, 2 l, 3 e, 4 j, 5 b, 6 k, 7 a, 8 g, 9 c, 10 h, 11 f, 12 d.

(*Correction:* In the September 21 Literary I.Q. Quiz, Oak's first name should have been given as Gabriel.)



RECALLING THE OLD DAYS at Jack Daniel's brings to mind the time the new tax man discovered Tennessee whiskey.



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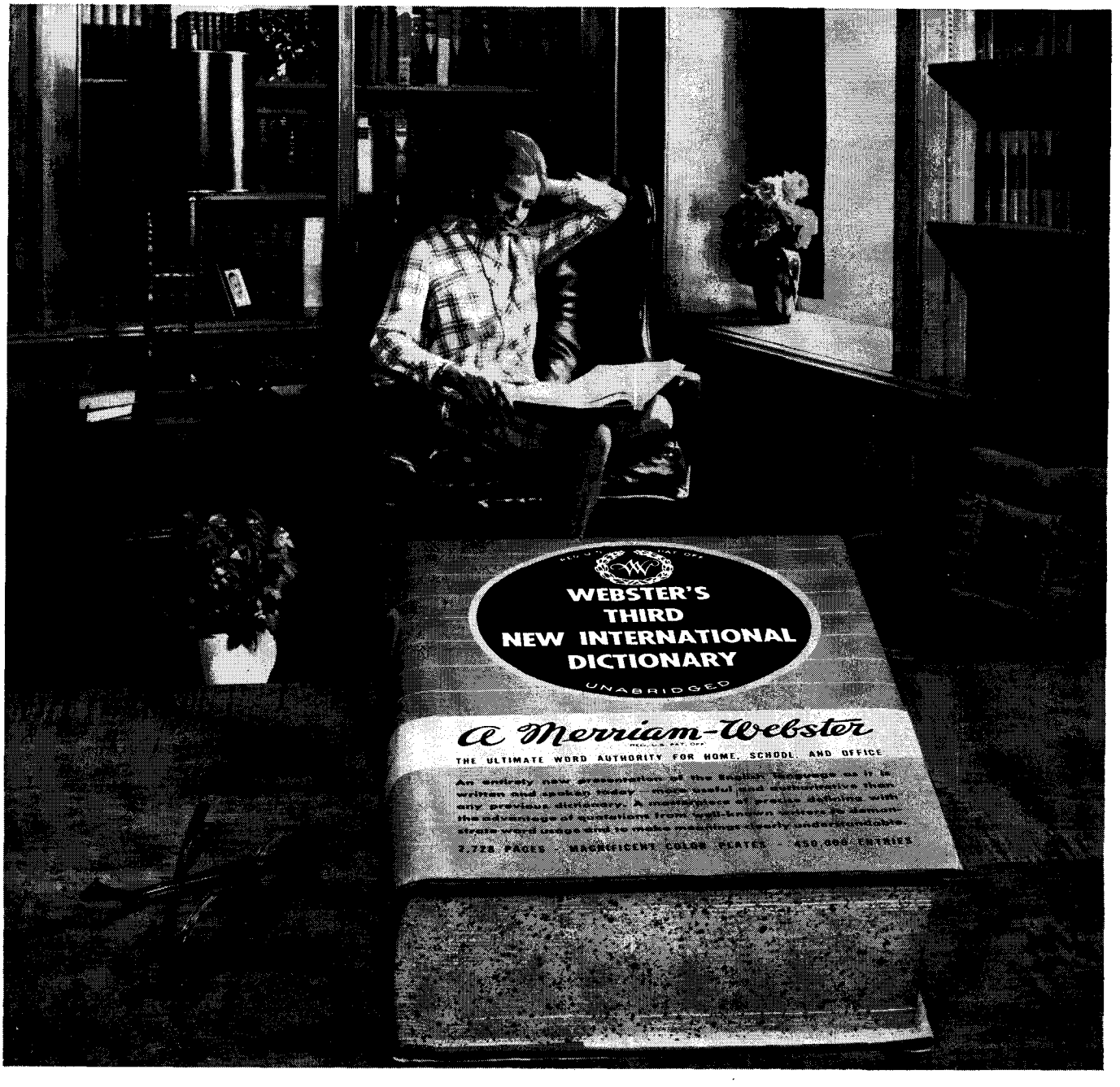

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Let's Look It Up

By DAVID M. GLIXON

IT'S A GREAT SEASON for the curious. And many of the answer books covered here would also answer as gifts for Christmas and other special occasions. The categories are coded thus:

1) Wordbooks and writing aids; 2) Foreign-language dictionaries; 3) Encyclopedias (wide-spectrum); 4) Books of quotations; 5) History and politics; 6) Geography and travel; 7) Art; 8) Collecting; 9) Music; 10) Science; 11) Animal, vegetable, mineral; 12) Vehicular, military, and emblematic; 13) Other miscellany (mainly cookery and philosophy). Ready?

1) Among the wordbooks, the season's most important entry is **The Random House Dictionary of the English Language: College Edition** (xxxii+1,568 pp., $6.95), based on the unabridged edition published last year. Edited by Laurence Urdang and Stuart Berg Flexner, the RHC deserves to move immediately into the front rank now occupied by the *Funk & Wagnalls Standard College Dictionary*, *Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary* (Merriam), and *Webster's New World Dictionary* (World). All four are roughly comparable in price, number of entries, bulk, and over-all quality, with (in this reviewer's opinion) RHC and F&W in the lead on several points. RHC, being the latest, naturally has the edge on new or recently recognized material: words and phrases as current as *Black Muslim, black power, circadian, ciao,* and *luau;* new meanings for older words such as *camp, gay,* and *pot,* and new geographical names like Malawi and Biafra—none of which appears in Collegiate 7. But, for that matter, Collegiate 7 omits many older expressions and meanings that can be found in RHC, *e.g., status symbol, Black Friday, crap, Gilgamesh, Cinerama, chutzpa.* The same with biographical entries: Blackmur, Ciardi, Mailer, Michener, and Nabokov are in RHC but not in Collegiate 7—which by the way, is the only one of the four dictionaries to have discrete sections for its biographical and geographical entries: the others include all entries in a single vocabulary. Each method has its advantages and drawbacks.

With a few exceptions (such as *humanism* and *radiofrequency*), RHC's definitions are adequate, clear, and sensible, and frequently supplemented by examples, notes on usage, illustrative synonomies, diagrams, and sufficient etymology (one odd discrepancy occurs in the *jazz* entry, where the origin of the term is said to be unknown, though a preface unequivocally describes it as a taboo Southern slang word for copulation). The simple pronunciation scheme, based on a realistic approach, is uniquely augmented by indications of changes in stress for words occurring in phrases (Long Island *vs. Long* Island *Sound*). Many geographical entries mention related historical events, but only F&W prints thumbnail maps for places of current importance, just as F&W alone provides collateral adjectives, like *aural* for *ear.* A surprise omission in RHC is any list of the books of the Bible. But RHC is exceptionally generous with idioms and foreign phrases. Our verdict: highly commendable.

The newest dictionary designed for the upper high school and early college years, as well as for general use, is **Webster's New Ideal Dictionary** (Merriam, 672 pp., $3.49). Separate from the main 41,000-word vocabulary are a list of abbreviations, a section on foreign words and phrases, and a population table for American towns. There are, however, no other gazetteer entries nor any listing of biographical or mythological names, nor any etymologies. The omission of *mononucleosis, atomic number,* and *quasar,* the inclusion of *zip code* and of good definitions of *romanticism* and *materialism,* the incongruity of discussing *ain't* and omitting *don't* all tend to render the book's special niche rather nebulous; yet within its limited scope the *New Ideal* is both lucid and reliable. A disadvantage is the Merriam-Webster pronunciation system; on the credit side is the multiplicity of well-marked cross references.

Quite different from the standard thesaurus—which, extremely useful in its own way, merely gives long lists of related words—is **Webster's New Dictionary of Synonyms** (Merriam, 942 pp., $7.95), whose purpose is to discriminate carefully among synonyms by showing every shade of distinction in their meanings. It takes 2½ columns of small type, for instance, just to distinguish *shake* from each of eleven synonyms (*tremble, agitate, wobble, shimmy,* etc.); the task is beautifully accomplished by precise definition and by numerous citations of respected writers from Jonathan Swift to Norman Cousins. Similar help is part of any good dictionary, but no other has approached the thoroughness and extensiveness of this compilation. Analogous words, antonyms, and simply contrasted words are also discussed whenever they exist. Careful writers will find the volume indispensable, essential, necessary—a requisite and needful part of their equipment.

Less careful writers may well be bewildered, nonplussed, muddled, or even flabbergasted by Sophie Basescu's **Know the Word** (Helios, 138 pp., $3.50), a sort of poor man's thesaurus, synonym discriminator, and vocabulary builder whose composition appears to be desultory, erratic, haphazard, and random. The main text, in five parts, lists and defines words in numerous categories, such as Action, Exaggeration, Personality, the Law, Science, Communication. These are helpful but inadequate, as the book's entire vocabulary comprises fewer than 4,000 words, even including the lists of affixes and foreign terms. However, the errors in spelling, mistranslations, and infelicities of phrasing give this well-meaning volume a certain curiosity value.

Write It Right, by Elizabeth Kirtland (Golden, 128 pp., paperback, $1.95)—subtitled "A Handbook of Homonyms"—will help poor spellers avoid confusing *principal* with *principle,* or such a lapps as sitting on the lapse of hospitable Laps. Words that sound alike are listed and defined together,

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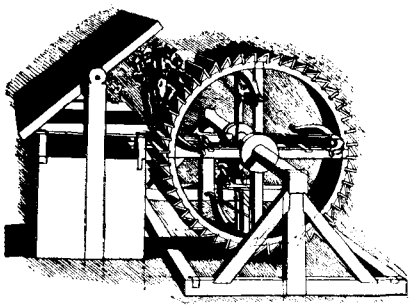

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Recognizing the need for an up-to-date glossary of terms that frequently appear in literary criticism, M. M. Liberman and Edward E. Foster have come up with **A Modern Lexicon of Literary Terms** (Scott, Foresman, 138 pp., paperback, $1.50). By giving short shrift to most of the vocabulary of rhetoric and prosody, they have been able to concentrate on some 125 concepts of broad contemporary relevance —rhetoric in Faulkner; the antinovelistic quality of *Ship of Fools*; the theories of Fiedler, Empson, and others, and the difficulties of defining poetry or realism. The result is a useful pocket flashlight for piercing the foggier aspects of critical writing.

2) Sorry to have to drop it into the *foreign-language slot*, but **Everyman's English Pronouncing Dictionary** (Dutton, 590 pp., $6.50) is strictly British: "Do be dohsyle—we were making splendid prohgress. Cahn't we dahnce in the eevolution I'BORitry?" A. C. Gimson is the editor of the new thirteenth edition: the first twelve, beginning in 1917, were the work of the renowned Daniel Jones. Containing nothing *but* pronunciations—of nearly 59,000 words, a quarter of them proper nouns—this authoritative work will be of interest chiefly to actors, directors, announcers, readers of English poetry, and those who are curious about how to say St. Bernard, Kirkcudbright, Beaulieu, Berkshire, and Bettws-y-Coed.

In the Italian-English section of **The Follett/Zanichelli Italian Dictionary,** edited by Giuseppe Ragazzini (Follett, 1,880 pp., $19.95), pronunciation is facilitated by accent marks for stress and vowel quality, and by subscript dots for voiced sibilants, in the entry word itself. That is just one of many features of this remarkably contemporary volume containing more than 250,000 entries and sub-entries, in which the compilers have undertaken a thorough treatment of the standard vocabulary as well as of neologisms and borrowings. Things aren't always what they seem: When Italians say *night* they mean *nightclub*, and they use our *tight* as a noun to designate a morning dress. And somehow the editors didn't get together *on beat generation;* they translate it *gioventù bruciata*, but translate that back into English as *burnt-out generation*. Wishful thinking? Boldface type for the thousands of idioms, proverbs, and phrases makes the usage examples as easy to locate as pressing a button. Each half of the book also provides the other-language equivalents of important place names, given names, and mythological and historical figures. Altogether a great achievement in the bilingual field.

If all you need is something to stick into your pocket or bag on your next venture abroad, try the **Italian Phrase Book,** by Pietro Giorgetti and Jillian Norman (Penguin, 202 pp., paperback, 95¢). You never know when you'll want to find your way to the synagogue or discothèque, dive from a cliff, ask the odds on the next race, or read a sign or a menu. The basic phrases, grammar rules, and pronouncing vocabulary of common words will all help you get more out of your trip and may even save your life. French, Spanish, and German Phrase Books are available in the same series.

As of now, the "big" all-French desk dictionary for college students, teachers, and readers is the **Petit Robert** (Paris Publications, 14 Vanderventer Ave., Port Washington, N.Y.; 2,000 pp., $19.50), an abridgment of *Le Robert* (see below). Both have been compiled in Paris by Paul Robert. The *Petit Robert* has no maps, pictures, or proper-name sections such as occupy half of the *Petit Larousse*, but the latter's basic dictionary contains only a third as much material as the *Petit Robert*. The new work is thus able to cover each entry in greater depth, historically as well as analytically, and it abounds in usage examples, synonyms (in boldface), related words, cross references, and quotations from authors ranging from Villon to Queneau.

Le Robert itself, the six-volume "Dictionnaire Alphabétique et Analogique de la Langue Française" (Paris, 5,576 pp., $190), had acquired nearly 100,000 subscribers before the last handsomely bound, encyclopedia-size volume was issued in 1966, and has been hailed in France as the greatest dictionary of the century. Whatever the *Petit Robert* has, *Le Robert* has to a far greater degree: more detail in the history of the word, remarks that go beyond ordinary definition, greater refinement of discriminations in usage for both the entry word and its synonyms, and more extensive quotations. A significant reference work for the college library and advanced student.

According to its compiler, the late Uriel Weinreich, the prinicipal purpose of the **Modern English-Yiddish Yiddish-English Dictionary** (McGraw-Hill, 820 pp., $18) is to furnish the advanced English-speaking student of Yiddish with access to the language of cultivated mid-century usage. It also, of course, serves to make new words and meanings clear to older speakers of Yiddish. There are more than 20,000 words in each part of this unique and scholarly work, and the format solves the tricky business of handling in a single line, sub-entries and all, languages whose printed characters run in opposite directions. The pronunciation chart is supplemented by diacritical marks and by the transliterations accompanying a large number of words of a special class.

3) The New Universal Standard Encyclopedia (Standard Reference Works, 4,060 pp., $59.95) is a large-format, three-volume recasting and updating of the small-format, twenty-five-volume *Funk & Wagnalls Standard Reference Encyclopedia,*

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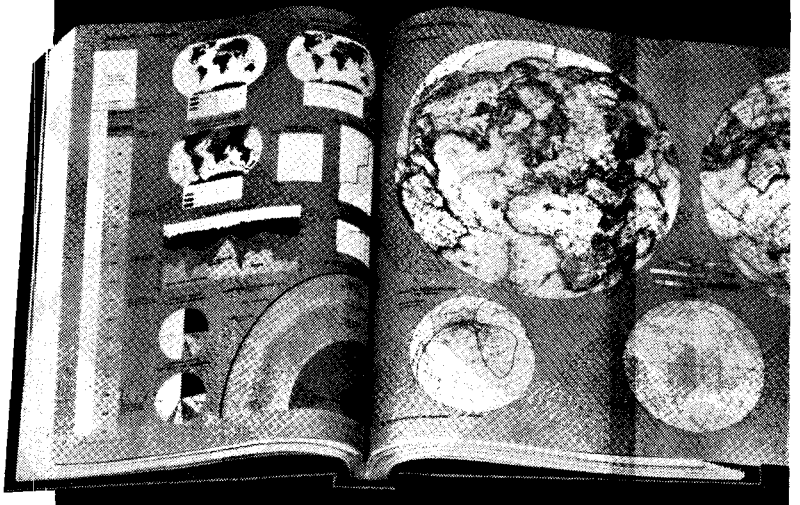

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which has had an excellent reputation as a general family encyclopedia usable from secondary school up. Its 30,000 articles and 7 million words may be compared with the 25,000 articles and 21 million words of *Collier's Encyclopedia*. The *New Universal* is a bargain for those who aren't ready to acquire a full-scale encyclopedia with greater depth of coverage, wider usefulness for educated adults, and—as a rule—more attractive print and illustrations. The *New Universal's* articles are clearly written and provide copious and reliable background material, but they carry few accounts past 1966. And the numerous cross references do not quite compensate for the lack of an index. Besides foldout color maps for larger land areas—simple, but reflecting more recent events in Africa and the Near East than the text does—there are a large number of detailed black-and-white maps.

The present state of man's knowledge of his species in all its personal and interpersonal aspects, and the present state of his methods of obtaining such knowledge, form the wide-ranging and deep-delving contents of the **International Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences,** edited by David L. Sills (Macmillan, 17 vols., 9,000 pp., $495). In 1,716 signed articles dispersed alphabetically through the set an international group of scholars deals with the philosophy, conceptual problems, and major fields of anthropology, economics, nonphysical geography, history, law, political science, psychiatry, psychology, sociology, and statistics. Biographies of 600 key figues (men like Frazer, Radin, Pareto, Spengler, Sapir, Rohrschach, Kinsey, and de Tocqueville)

add another dimension to all these disciplines, which include subordinate topics as varied as archeology, film, literature, literacy, anti-Semitism, aging, linguistics, pain, religion, libraries, and universities.

Valuable as this monumental work is for professionals (and as a complement to the original *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* of the 1930s, which for good reason remains in print), it is noteworthy that the interested layman can consult much of the new set not only without difficulty but with pleasure, and should be encouraged to. Take for illustration Jerome D. Singer's article on Fantasy, which he defines as "man's capacity to 'give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.'" It continues with quotations from Proust, Keats, and Goethe, and draws the reader on into scientific studies of the relevance and psychological importance of the phenomenon; references to articles on (*inter alia*) Defense Mechanisms, Humor, and Dreams indicate how the subject may be explored in radiating directions. In an article on Social Science Fiction, Yole G. Sills goes beyond the standard utopian and dystopian genre to discuss such works as *Fahrenheit 451*, *A Canticle for Leibowitz*, and *The Child Buyer*, and the light they cast on "the sociology of the future."

Aids to using the IESS include, besides the 337-page index, an alphabetical list of articles (with contributors' names), a directory of contributors, and a twenty-five-page classification of articles by categories. The set is superbly edited and physically attractive; in fact, the publishers might have saved an entire volume by using type a size smaller, and with little sacrifice of legibility or impressiveness.

4) The news here is that **Bartlett's Familiar Quotations** has been completely revised, updated, enlarged, and typographically improved for the 14th Edition (Little, Brown, 1,768 pp., $15), edited by Emily Morison Beck. The number of its quotations now reaches nearly 20,500. Many old translations have been modernized, and some deadwood has been burned. Among the hundreds of new shoots are a) authors previously missed by *Bartlett's* (though not in other compilations), *e.g.*, Chekhov, Flaubert, and Lao Tzu; and b) writers as recent as J. D. Salinger, John F. Kennedy, Pasternak, Mao Tse-tung, Einstein (his "$E=mc^2$" is the second shortest quotation in the book, beaten only by Euclid's "Q.E.D."), the Negro spokesmen, and the newer poets of America and Europe (the youngest writer to make *Bartlett's* is Voznesensky). What good taste the editor shows by permitting the extracts from Emily Dickinson to grow to eleven columns—virtually an anthology! For the tremendous index, the most thorough in its history, *Bartlett's* pays tribute to "the latest in computer technology," and with base ingratitude leaves out Thomas J. Watson's undying exhortation, "Think!" But the reference shelf is not the ideal spot for *Bartlett's*; it belongs with your bedtime reading favorites.

Those whose tastes are chiefly political can have them gratified in two new collections. In **Men and Affairs** (Funk & Wagnalls, 480 pp., $7.95) Colin Bingham lards his quotations with illuminating commentaries. It is a catholic compilation, well indexed, often running pleasantly beyond its declared limits—quoting from Bacon, Baudelaire, and Byron as well as from Machiavelli, Metternich, and MacArthur. Among the ten sections are "The State and Democracy," "War and Peace," "Civilization and Freedom," and "History and the Great Man." **Scoundrels All** (Lyle Stuart, 160 pp., $3.95) is Ferdinand Lundberg's contribution to "the mad world of political nonsense." He has gathered a clutch of dicta, a power of aphorisms, virtually all sardonic or capable of sardonic interpretation. Indexed by author, it is a hard-hitting, desperate assemblage, small but potent.

Books, Teachers, Schools, Pupils, and Ignorance are some of the heads in August Kerber's **Quotable Quotes on Education** (Wayne State University Press, 390 pp., $12). Within the topical chapters, more than 3,000 items are listed under their alphabetically arranged authors (though Bartlett could have told Kerber that the "making of many books" quotation is from Ecclesiastes, now known not to be by Solomon). Index-

DESIGN AND COLOR IN ISLAMIC ARCHITECTURE: AFGHANISTAN, IRAN, TURKEY

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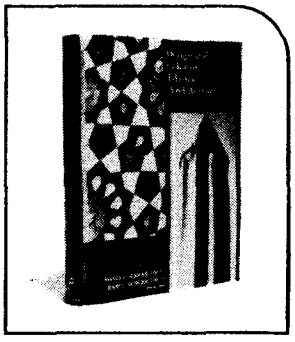

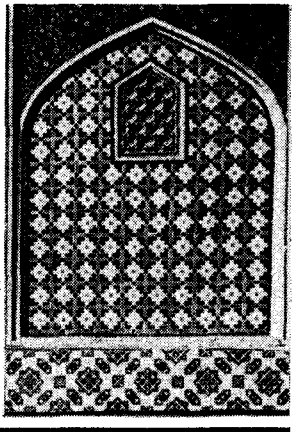

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ing is both by author (from Plato to Pusey) and by subject. The chapter of humorous anecdotes alone would be worth the price—if the book weren't overpriced.

Maurice B. Strauss arranges his 7,000 **Familiar Medical Quotations** (Little, Brown, 988 pp., $15) under 400 topics, including Air Pollution (Lucretius, Shakespeare, Osler), Alcohol, Baldness (Mark Twain and others), Frostbite, Tobacco (pro and con), Virginity (con), Trichinosis ("The pig's reply to proponents of porcophagy"—Bierce), and a whole plague of diseases. The serious vies with the humorous, the brief with the wordy; indeed, the distinguished editorial board has seen to it that no gallstone is left unturned.

5) Besides the two political volumes mentioned above, we have two in the form of lexicons. In **The New Language of Politics** (Random House, 544 pp., $15) William Safire defines a thousand snide, crass, tricky, misleading, inspiring, overworked, brilliant, or pretentious words and phrases, traces each to its earliest known use, and often adds an informative little essay or historical commentary. Lulu, Overkill, Doves, Brinkmanship, Flaming Liberal, Final Solution, Tin Box, Point with Pride, Smell of Magnolias, and "Yes, But" are the sort of item you'll find here, all in alphabetical order and carefully researched.

A more conventional volume is the enlarged **Dictionary of American Politics,** by Edward C. Smith and Arnold J. Zurcher (Barnes & Noble, 440 pp., hardbound, $4.95; paperback, $2.50), which succinctly

—*From "Australian Birds."*

and authoritatively defines more than 3,800 terms like Cuba Missile Confrontation, Parkinson's Law, Forest Service, Presidential Disability, Scottsboro Cases, Creeping Socialism, Mayflower Compact, and Good-Neighbor Policy. Thumbnail maps accompany many entries of geographical significance.

The Annual Register: World Events in 1967, edited by Ivison Macadam (St. Martin's, 580 pp., $25), is the 209th volume of Britain's standard world chronicle. The work naturally views the world from the Prime Meridian, which is not really a bad location. This enables the editor to discuss the Arab-Israeli War as one of those plaguey colonial problems, to be mentioned logically in Section I, History of the United Kingdom (50 pages), though the main treatment of the war is of course placed in Section VII, The Middle East (35 pages). Section II covers The Commonwealth (120 pages), Section III International Organizations (55 pages), Section IV The Americas (the U.S. gets 15 pages here). Nearly a quarter of the book consists of articles on Religion, Science, Law, Economics, and the Arts, all written in a briskly varied style, and all with an English accent. Obituaries, a chronology, and documents augment the book's reference value.

The fourth edition of **An Encyclopedia of World History,** compiled by William L. Langer (Houghton Mifflin, 1,544 pp., $12.50), travels the long road from prehistory to 1964 A.D., devoting nearly half its pages to the last 150 years. As far as possible each era is explored separately, area by area, with many a cloverleaf for getting back to the highways. Boldface dates and events serve as successive signposts to the narrative, and at the end of each account the time-traveler is flagged on to a point—perhaps 200 pages away—where the road reappears. Quite commonly the boldface dateline is part of a sentence linking it to the preceding paragraph, so that within any area the story can be read as a continuum. Here can be traced the development of Greek civilization, the Age of Discovery, the settlement of the Americas, the history of Africa, and painstakingly detailed chronologies of the two world wars. Supplementing the historical maps and royal genealogies occurring in the text, the appendix includes tables of the heads of a few im-

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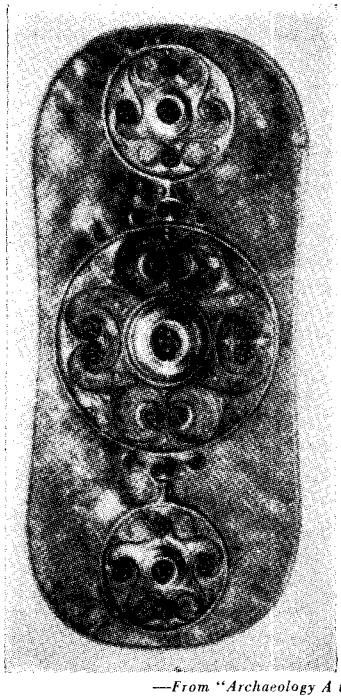
portant countries and of the Roman Church, members of the U.N., and presidents of universities and colleges founded before 1900. Some 20,000 entries appear in the over-all index to this invaluable reference work.

How do historians know that Caesar was laid low on March 15, 44 B.C., or that the Peloponnesian War began in 431 B.C? The first date is easy: they just figure out the Ides of March for the fifth year of Caesar's consulship. For the second, all they need do is consult the list of kings in Theon's commentary on Ptolemy's astronomy, compare it with Eratosthenes's table of intervals in Greek history, and check the result against Thucydides's statement that the war was in its twelfth year at the time of the Olympics. We could almost have done it ourselves, thanks to E. J. Bickerman's **Chronology of the Ancient World** (Cornell University Press, 253 pp., $8.50). Here are the ancient calendar reckonings, the dates of new moons for 900 years, tables for comparing ancient chronologies, the dates of reigns (whatever *did* happen to Ozymandias?), and—to save us the trouble of figuring them all out—chronological tables of events from 776 B.C. to 476 A.D.

And so we are in a position to understand why the historians put that helpless little "*c.*" next to the dates of Cheops, Hammurabi, and Akhnaton, who play leads in **100 Great Kings, Queens, and Rulers of the World** (Taplinger, 671 pp., $6.95). John Canning, the English editor, uses the adjective in his title to describe "those whose significance for good or bad was considerable." He includes four U.S. Presidents —Washington, Lincoln, FDR, JFK—and two other Americans: Montezuma and Atahualpa. The only living figures he discusses are de Gaulle and Mao Tse-tung. Moses, David and Solomon are here, as are Pericles, Asoka, Harun-al-Rashid, Genghis Khan, Cetewayo, Georges V and VI (*politesse oblige*?), and just seven women, from Cleopatra to Vic-



—*From "Archaeology A to Z."*

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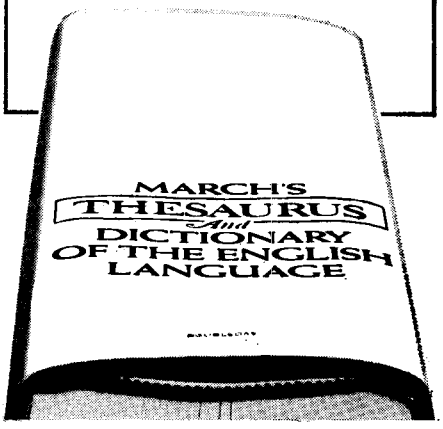

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toria. In moderately journalistic prose, lit up by picturesque touches, the biographers show how each subject earned his epithet; sometimes it is based on a lifetime, sometimes on an extraordinary incident.

That name is spelled Akhenaten in **Archaeology A to Z,** by Geoffrey Palmer and Noel Lloyd (Warne, 235 pp., $5.95), who date him *c.* ten years earlier. He's listed because of the sculpture he inspired and the cuneiform tablets found in the sorry ruins of his once beautiful capital, Tel-el-Amarna. The names and terms tossed around in archeology books—geologic periods, prehistoric finds, runes and cairns and uncouth humanoids—are sorted out here and illustrated so that he who reads may dig with a wiser spade. A long, inspiring introduction sets the scene for amateurs with a yen for Schliemannizing.

The new volume in the "Who's Who in American History" series, **Who Was Who in America: Vol. 4, 1961-1968** (Marquis, 1,236 pp., $27.50), runs to 14,000 entries and carries a combined 70,000-name index to Volumes 1-4 and the Historical Volume (which covered the period 1607-1896). All are in the familiar "Who's Who" style, which means the bare bones of as much of the truth as the biographee saw fit to print. A sprinkling of non-American notables adds to the value of each of these needed volumes. It's a chilling thought that, as the circular says, "Every biographee listed in *Who's Who in America* is eventually included in the pages of *Who Was Who.*" Please, you Marquis people, no pushing!

6) The Pergamon World Atlas (Pergamon, 530 pp., $49.50) is chiefly the work of the Polish Army Topographical Service, supplemented for the English-language edition by advisers from Oxford University and elsewhere under the direction of Stanley Knight. It is a large-scale enterprise in every sense. Even its cover size—13" x 16"—doesn't tell all, since more than 150 of its 380 map pages are foldouts to at least 21" x 16", permitting quite a number of large areas to be shown at a scale of 40-80 miles per inch. Plans of urban areas, including rare maps of many Soviet cities, are scaled at 4 m.p.i. (In general, Communist areas receive much greater attention than Western users of atlases are accustomed to seeing.) The backs of the big maps are used for groups of small-scale maps presenting an unusual number of socioeconomic features. Topography is indicated in extraordinary detail, and the entire book is excellently printed in ten muted colors on tough cream-toned stock. A three-post binding permits removal of any page for separate use. The 150,000 entries of the gazetteer are evidence of the tremendous coverage in *The Pergamon World Atlas.*

Russian Land, Soviet People, by James S. Gregory (Pegasus, 948 pp., $15), and **Nagel's Encyclopedia-Guide to China** (Cowles, 1,504 pp., $19.95) focus even more closely on areas behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains. The former emphasizes the economic aspects of the country's geography, and its 234 plain black-and-white maps and diagrams are mere utilitarian adjuncts to the comprehensive text. The chunky China volume, measuring 4¾" x 6⅞" x 2¾", minutely describes the people, build-

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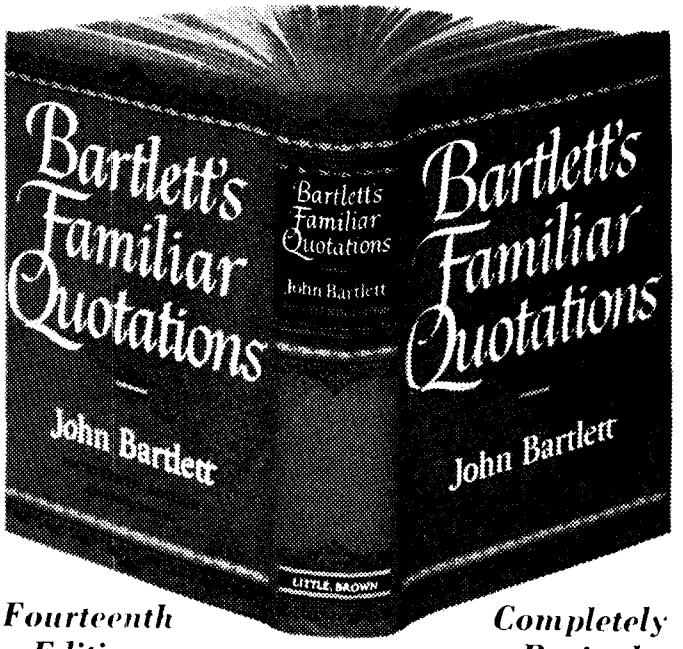

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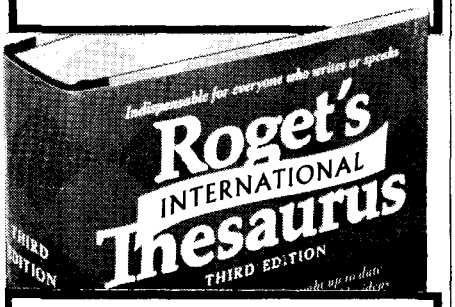

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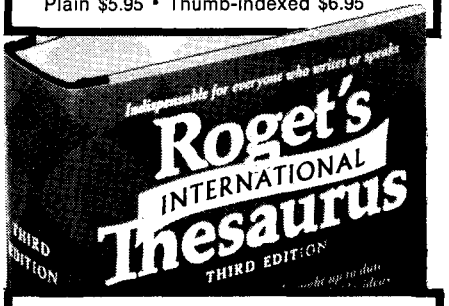

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Continuing our journey beyond the China Sea—and by January the trade winds blow hard in that direction—we shall presumably find use for the unique **Descriptive Atlas of the Pacific Islands,** by T. F. Kennedy (Praeger, 65 pp., $4), a slim and modest gray volume printed in neat gray type and accompanied by sixty-one neat gray maps of Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, etc. The maps clearly show the chief physical characteristics, population distribution, main roads, and other information; the text outlines and evaluates economic, geographic, and ethnic data. The author really has us worried about Hawaii's great surplus of unattached males and Niue's extremely high level of radioactivity.

Now in Ireland there has been a surplus of unattached females *and* males, due in part to "the presence of a substantial body of professional religious celibates." Only 4 per cent of the Irish are redheads. Irish literature, especially drama, is among the world's greatest (justifying a photograph of Gogarty releasing two swans to commemorate his escape from drowning in the Liffey). The Irish were among the first to adopt hereditary surnames. Boisterous wakes were not peculiar to Ireland. But you'd better do some browsing of your own in the **Encyclopaedia of Ireland,** edited by Victor Meally (McGraw-Hill, 463 pp., $24.95). Each of its sections (Wild Life, Archeology, Government, Education, Language, Tourism, and The Arts, among others) gives a lively and expert A-Z account of itself, with the aid of 573 black-and-white illustrations.

Not even trade winds can take us to the Middle East of **The Macmillan Bible Atlas,** by Yohanan Aharoni and Michael Avi-Yonah (Macmillan, 184 pp., $14.95), which, via 264 two-color maps, historical commentary, and citations from ancient texts, leads the reader from the earliest known cultures of the area to the war of Bar-Kokhba and the second-century Christian Church. The Bible, Josephus, and the Dead Sea Scrolls are among the sources summarized. Pictures of artifacts, routes of historic journeys, and battle plans make the going easy. A key instantly locates the relevant map for any of 400 Old or New Testament passages, and there are three pages of chronology. An outstanding contribution to Bible comprehension and appreciation.

It says in **See Canada Free** (Bantam, 244 pp., paperback, $1) that Ottawa's eight-story National Gallery of Canada houses one of the greatest art collections in North America, and two of Europe's most famous edifices can be seen in near-likeness in Montreal: Mary Queen of the World Cathedral, an almost half-size replica of St. Peter's in Rome, and Notre Dame Church, modeled after Notre Dame de Paris. Vancover, on the coast of British Columbia, has enough charms to justify a visit from travelers of every persuasion, and in the eastern region the Kootenay Bay ferries afford the longest free cruise in the world. It's all in *See Canada Free,* where you will find—in alphabetical order under each province—enough tips on free pleasures to last three lifetimes.

—*From "University Dictionary of Mammals of the World."*

Red Deer (*Cervuselaphus*)

The author is Sallie Ann Robbins, who last year gave us the paperback **See America Free,** now available in hard covers, printed on durable paper and illustrated (Hearthside, 273 pp., $4.95).

In Ethiopia, Iran, Thailand, and Great Britain the sovereign's birthday is a prime national holiday. On September 3 San Marino celebrates its founding sixteen centuries ago. But in most countries the excitement comes on the anniversary of their independence, and since World War II more than sixty nations have achieved it. Lavinia Dobler has written **National Holidays Around the World** (Fleet, 240 pp., $5.95) to give young people the historical background and some colorful accounts of 130 celebrations from January 1 to December 24.

7) What better place to initiate an art tour than at Boston's unique Gardner Museum, created for enjoyment even more than for instruction? That is where Erwin O. Christensen begins his geographically arranged **Guide to Art Museums in the United States** (Dodd, Mead, 316 pp., $7.95). Part One continues with descriptions of thirty-five other major museums, throwing light on selected treasures in each (the author recommends limiting one's contemplation to a few works on each visit). His book is worth reading both before visiting the museum and while viewing the individual works, depicted in more than 500 thumbnail photos. Part Two, the last thirty pages, quickly summarizes the contents of other museums, mostly outside the metropolitan centers. All the institutions and artists mentioned are indexed.

Greek glory and Roman grandeur can mean a great deal more to the traveler accompanied by guides like Ernst Kjellberg and Gösta Säflund. Their **Greek and Roman Art** (Crowell, 250 pp., $7.95) metamorphoses ancient marble and terra cotta, sculpture and architecture into objects that live along with Homer, Euripides, Vergil, and all the other classic fonts of our culture, from the Minoans of 3000 B.C. right up through St. Sophia of A.D. 550. Maps, plans, and vivid photos abound.

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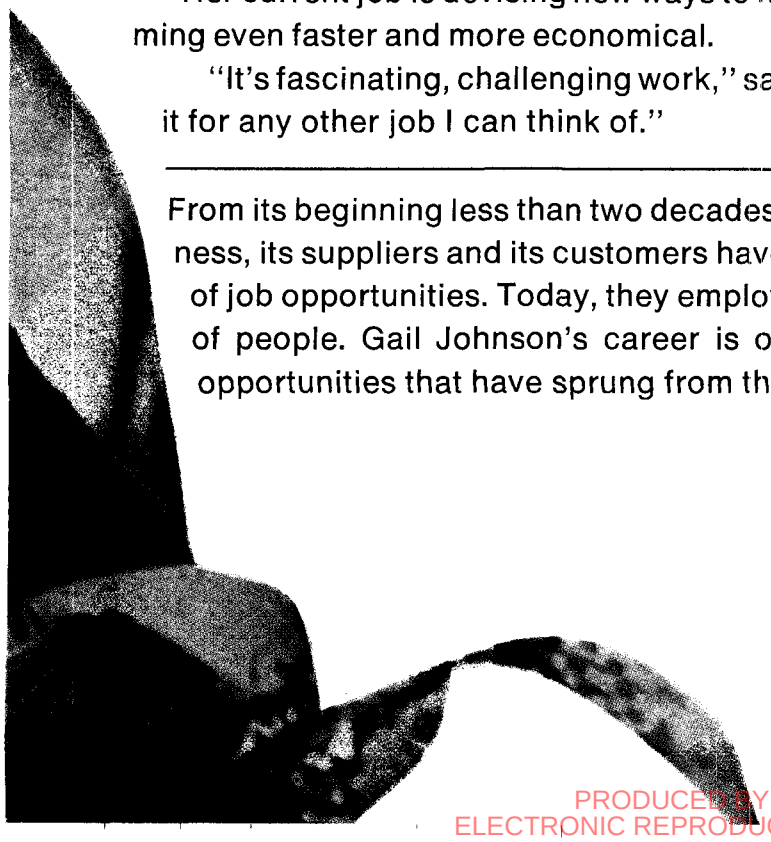

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in **Buying Art on a Budget** (Hawthorn, 448 pp., $6.95) Joanna Eagle suggests how and what to study. If "great" art is not available for a limited budget, there are still fine specimens to be had in graphics, primitive jewelry, native crafts—and always there remains the possibility of stumbling on a cheap painting that fashion will raise to prominence. Miss Eagle tells where to find it, both in general and in a long, geographically arranged list of galleries. For additional tips, with advice on framing, hanging, mending, and cleaning, there is Guy R. Williams's highly informative little book **Collecting Pictures** (Praeger, 144 pp., $4.95).

When your purchases begin to pall, "sell the damn things to someone who is in the state of innocence in which you once were" is the advice of John Bedord in **The Collecting Man** (McKay, 256 pp., $5.95). Besides paintings, he tells how to go about collecting ancestor figures, armor, boundary marks, death masks, maps, zograscopes, and seventy other targets of that troglodytic instinct.

You don't have to be a numismatist to enjoy the pictures in **Greek Coins and Cities,** by Norman Davis (Seattle Art Museum, 222 pp., $6.50), especially the blow-ups that magnify the beauties of these ancient little bas-reliefs. More than 100 coins are described and pictured, and their historical backgrounds engagingly related.

Gold Coins of Europe Since 1800, by Hans Schlumberger (Sterling, 352 pp., $15), is "A Catalogue of Valuations" according to current prices. A sixth of the 6,000 listings are illustrated with actual-size photos of obverse and reverse sides. The grouping is by countries, from Albania to Yugoslavia.

9) To move from sight to sound: What's the distinguishing characteristic of boogie-woogie? How did Mozart achieve the magic of the "Jupiter" Symphony? When did José Limon appear in a Broadway musical? Exactly what is a *raga*? a *ricercar*? Who were the Gabrielis? Norman Lloyd gives the answers in **The Golden Encyclopedia of Music** (Golden Press, 720 pp., $12.95), a big book with 800 exciting illustrations of people, instruments, musical passages, and stage scenes. The text provides stories of operas, analyses of symphonies, biographies of composers, and explanations of technical terms, all told *animato* and *affettuoso*. Besides the exhaustive index to the A-Z text and the separate one for the musical examples, there are tables of signs and symbols, glossaries of abbreviations and foreign terms, and a concise biographical dictionary. The book should bring joy to the world of the nonprofessional music-lover.

In **Famous Verdi Operas** (Chilton, 544 pp., $9.50) Spike Hughes gives a moment-by-moment description of a dozen operas, aiding the aural memory with more than 450 musical examples. It is an analytic guide that inescapably focuses on opera's worst feature: the story line. Mr. Hughes makes it at least understandable by recreating the musical background.

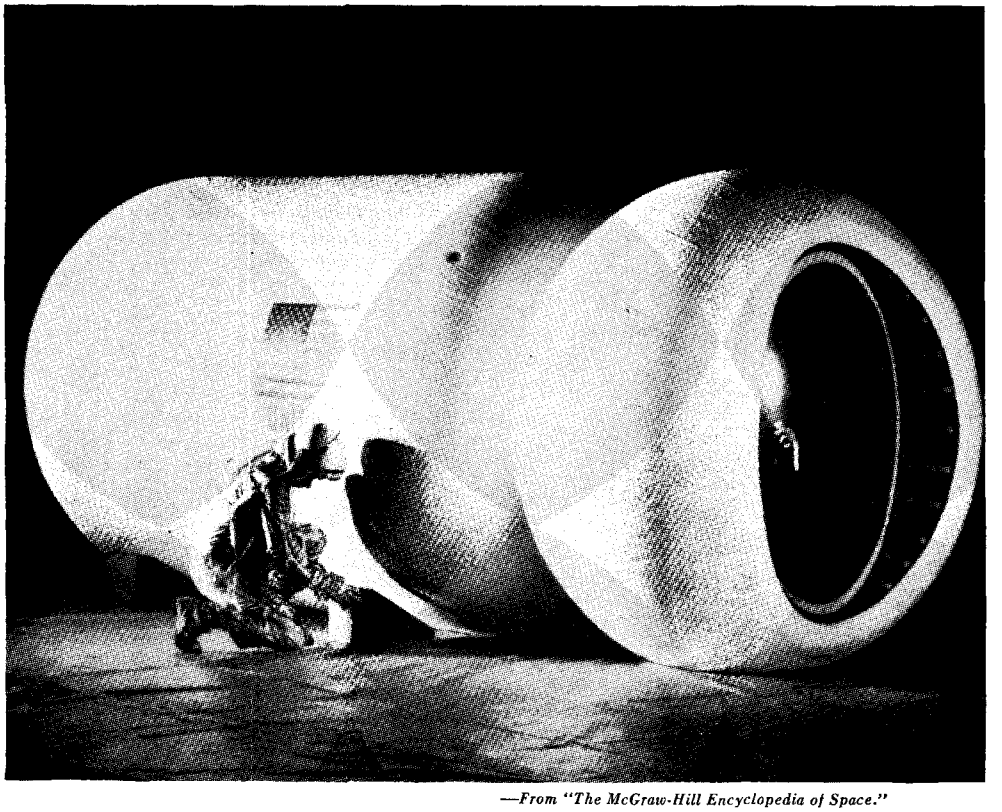
The voice of the sensitive critic rings more truly in B. H. Haggin's **New Listener's Companion and Record Guide,** second edition (Horizon, 355 pp., $7.50). His very personal comments on individual composers, which make up the main part of the book, deserve many rereadings. Sometimes you will agree and at other times disagree with Haggin's eloquently expressed biases. In Part Two he comments on available recordings of "Great Performances of the Past" and on a compilation of "Best Recorded Performances of Today," listed alphabetically by composer. Haggin's reservations are as important as his praises, and he even tells how to adjust the hi-fi set to improve the sound of certain records.

The average lover of "good" music will probably feel more at home with the less lofty standards typified in **The New York Times Guide to Listening Pleasure** (Macmillan, 352 pp., $6.95), edited by Howard Taubman. A dozen writers have contributed chapters on Opera, Baroque Music, Chamber Music, Folk Music, Piano Music, etc., and their peeves and favorites are refreshing to note. For the 100-page discography each authority presents his choice of recordings; the result is a valuable check list of more than 1,600 discs.

The listener who can also read music has been handsomely served by **The Norton Scores,** edited by Roger Kamien (Norton, 950 pp., $15), an anthology of forty-one compositions from the Josquin des Près's *Ave Maria* to Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms*. Some works are given in extended excerpt: *Don Giovanni*, Handel's *Messiah*, Schubert's "Trout" Quintet; some are complete: Bach's *Brandenburg Concerto No. 2*, Mozart's G-minor Symphony, Beethoven's Fifth (140 pp.). Ballet, solo instrument, vocal, and orchestral music is represented. A unique feature is the printing of full scores against a gray background, with the melodic line at any given point spotlighted by a white band. The amateur can thus readily follow the instrument whose playing should emerge most clearly.

10) The new fourth edition of **Van Nostrand's Scientific Encyclopedia** (Van Nostrand, 2,018 pp., $37.50) represents a 20 per cent increase in content—2,400,000 words, 16,500 articles, and 2,000 illustrations. Its subject matter includes the main branches of engineering, the physical sciences, computer technology, navigation, botany, biochemistry, photography, aeronautics, zoology, mineralogy, and medicine. Honeybees and hamsters seem out of place among the hardware and the formulas, and so do headaches and hay fever; but here every object of scientific curiosity takes its place in the alphabetical sequence. Entries vary from simple definitions for the layman to long and complex expositions for the trained technician. You can't learn from this book how the frequently mentioned Gram stains got their name (see any dictionary) or what a pulsar is (too recent for this year's crop of reference books), yet there are superfluous entries for such unlikely items as *grapefruit* and *kipper*. These, of course, are inconsequential flaws in a monumental work.

The general reader may approach the same field more comfortably in the less extensive **New Popular Science Encyclopedia of the Sciences,** edited by William B. Sill (Grosset & Dunlap, 762 pp., $5.95). This book too is unenlightening on Gram stains; there's even a cross reference to a nonexistent article on Gram-positive. We're told that curium belongs to the actinide series of elements, but no cross reference leads the reader to the Actinon entry, where an explanation may be inferred, or to the Table of Elements, where the series is set forth graphically. Nor has the enlarging and updating of the earlier, more expensive edition been carried beyond the spring of



—From "The McGraw-Hill Encyclopedia of Space."

A new inflatable shelter for lunar exploration would extend the stay of astronauts to two weeks.

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1967. It is nevertheless a remarkably informative volume and a definite bargain. (Here are some statistics for comparison with Van Nostrand's: 400,000 words, more than 4,000 entries, 300 illustrations.)

Three hundred brightly colored drawings and diagrams add to the clarity and appeal of the **Pocket Encyclopedia of Physical Science,** by Joseph Ackner (Golden Press, 320 pp., hardbound, $5.95; paperback, $2.95). Its scope has been confined to the chief concepts of astronomy, chemistry, geology, meteorology, and physics, treated in 400 articles that can be understood by young people; but it is a handy first-aid reference book for amateurs of any age.

The McGraw-Hill Encyclopedia of Space (McGraw-Hill, 832 pp., $23.95) is exhaustive on one crucial subject, thanks to the contributions of an international team of 150 scientists, among them Sir Bernard Lovell, Wernher von Braun, Yuri Gagarin, and James Webb. While all the material is made accessible for reference via the detailed index, this is not an A-Z encyclopedia but a series of subdivided chapters beginning with the history of the rocket, going on to artificial satellites, space navigation, life in the universe, astronomy, conquest of the moon, and current astronautics. The ninety-page astronomy chapter alone is a brilliant review of the subject, rendered more valuable by the 1,200 unusual color photos, diagrams, and charts, which make it a breathtaking adventure just to browse through the book. The one thing missing is a nice little first-stage rocket to get it off the shelf.

11) Waddling unchanged through the eons since the Saurian Age seventy million years ago, the opossum survives today as the only indigenous pouched animal in North America. It is the subject of the first chapter in the **Sportsman's Guide to Game Animals** (Harper & Row, 667 pp., $6.50), Leonard Lee Rue III's "Field Book of North American Species." For forty-three species, classified by order, the author has written a complete physical description, supplemented with his own candid photographs and with details on distribution (shown also on maps), travel range, habits, and (as might be expected) edibility. There is an appendix with information on hunting, arranged by states.

The same general method is followed in our next two books: **A Field Guide to the Mammals of Britain and Europe** (Houghton Mifflin, 221 pp., $7.50), by F. H. van den Brink, who gives a much more compact account of about 200 species (the twenty color plates are particularly fine), and Maurice Burton's **University Dictionary of Mammals of the World,** a 1962 publication now reissued in cheaper format (Apollo, 307 pp., paperback, $2.45), which covers nearly 100 families and subfamilies, gives details of those species for which the most information is available, and illustrates many of them with exquisite little black-and-white line drawings.

In a separate chapter of **Waterfowl** (University of Nebraska Press, 156 pp., $8.95) Paul A. Johnsgard furnishes a number of tips for identification, but the most notable help comes from his 148 photos, including fifty-nine in rich color. The text is devoted chiefly to the biology and natural history of the species, widely threatened with loss.

Detailed color drawings flit through Robin Hill's **Australian Birds** (Funk & Wagnalls, 310 pp., $30), published in a large format (9½"x13¾") that gives his realistic pictures the full play they merit. The penguin, the albatross, the skua, and thirty pages of parrots and cockatoos add interest to the well-organized, highly informative, yet pleasantly informal text.

Some people can't tell one fern from another. Many don't care to. Striking at the very roots of the problem (children aged 8-11), Bernice Kohn has come out with a sugar-coated remedy, **Ferns: Plants Without Flowers** (Hawthorn, 78 pp., $3.75). It seems that when those opossums of a few paragraphs back began their absurd prehistoric waddle they stumbled right into fern forests 150 million years old, so we may as well get used to ferns and learn that the frond includes the blade and the stipe, part of which is the scale, and that the fronds of the common polypody fern grow out of a horizontal rootstock. The lady fern, naturally, has a twice-cut leaf with pinnae and pinnules—all easily identified with the aid of some nice green drawings. Gourmets will be tempted by the recipe for steamed fiddleheads, but it hasn't been tested yet in *SR*'s kitchens.

George Elbert and Edward Hyams already know about ferns, and which ones can be successfully grown indoors. In **House Plants** (Funk & Wagnalls, 212 pp., $7.95) they tell who should grow what and under which conditions. After several chapters on important general matters affecting all indoor horticulture, they make specific suggestions for each plant group, from the *Amaryllis family with its inferior ovaries,* through the sagittate-leaved Syngonium, and on to the biggest Aspidistra (which mustn't get pot-bound). The less energetic gardener can simply remove and frame the gorgeous color plates.

Here's another of those clever identifiers, this time the **Quick-Key Guide to Rocks and Minerals,** by Carl J. Bowser, Robert M. Gates, and David Archbald (Doubleday, paperback, $4.95). Just select the most obvious properties of a rock you've seen, swing out the appropriate IBM-style punched cards from the seventy-five riveted to the back cover, and a few black holes will code you into one or two of the 155 types illustrated and described in the front section of this ingenious field guide. (Others in the series identify trees, birds, and wildflowers.)

12) **The Pictorial Encyclopedia of Railways,** by Hamilton Ellis (Crown, 591 pp., $10), effectively employs 830 gravure photos to accompany the 150-year history—many of today's locomotives still running in out-of-the-way places go back a century or more. Quaintness and power, nostalgia and awe are linked in these depictions of the steam, electric, and diesel eras of transportation. Trains, viaducts, stations, carriage interiors, and signal systems; steam elevateds, subways, monorails, and inclined railways—the story goes on, even if the timetable has been cut back.

In **The Complete Encyclopedia of Motorcars 1885-1968** (Dutton, 640 pp., $19.95) editor G. N. Georgano claims to show "every car ever made," and to bear him out there are 4,100 descriptions and more than 2,000 photos (sixty in full manufacturer's-prospectus shiny color, the rest in dusty unwashed gray). The alphabetic order embraces all makes and lines but not models; these (*e.g.,* Javelin) are mentioned in the makers' listings. Dates, even of long-deceased firms, have been meticulously established, and coverage is as up to date as 1968's Quasar-Unipower, a four-wheeled glass cube designed by a Vietnamese and made in England. Glossaries and indexes complete the text.

Two more volumes have been issued in Kenneth Munson's "Pocket Encyclopedia of World Aircraft": **Bombers 1914-19** and **Fighters 1914-19** (Macmillan, each 180 pp., $2.95). These lethal butterflies are depicted in color plates—eighty to 100 per volume—that Audubon would have envied, and methodically described in terms of their history and specifications.

In similar pocket-size format, Preben Kannik gives us **Military Uniforms of the World in Color** (Macmillan, 278 pp., $4.95), a handsome sourcebook for details and appearance of over 500 dress and combat uniforms, all brightly painted by the author. He begins with the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century household guards (the Vatican's Swiss Guards, England's Yeomen, and the Musketeers) and proceeds with all

Ti, Queen of Egypt at beginning of fourteenth century B.C.

—From "The Macmillan Bible Atlas."

Assyrian relief from palace of Sargon at Khorsabad.

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the jolly little conflicts of Europe and America, finally branching out into the twentieth-century wars of more advanced civilizations. Each group of descriptions is preceded by a short historical paragraph. It does us all good to realize that khaki, so popular since the onset of World War I, is giving way in Africa to jungle green.

According to W. Y. Cameron in **British Military Uniforms from Contemporary Pictures** (Arco, 188 pp., $7.95), bright uniforms were driven out by "the 'unfair' methods of fighting employed by the backwoodsmen in America," rendering concealment more important than elegance. Cameron's 109 illustrations (sixteen in color) take the reader from the cavalry of Henry VIII (miniskirts) to today's Gordon Highlanders (below the knee). The pictures come from old illuminated mss., cardboard cutouts, early prints, paintings, and photos. The text traces the evolution of the uniforms from reign to reign and war to war.

Had the Battle of Hastings been fought a hundred years later, King Harold would have been wearing plate instead of chain armor, and might not have been slain by Duke William. His face being masked with a helmet, his soldiers would have known him by the device painted on his shield. That is how a colorful new art was born, as related in the purple prose of Julian Franklyn's **Heraldry** (Barnes, 103 pp., $8.50). Through drawings of nearly 250 coats of arms (thirty-six in color) we learn the traditional and picturesque terms, and incidentally a great deal about local aristocratic history and social custom. One of our favorite designs is a simple pattern: argent, a millrind gules within an orle of eight millrinds sable.

What So Proudly We Hail, by Maymie R. Krythe (Harper & Row, 280 pp., $5.95), is a collection of facts about the flag and other American symbols—the Great Seal, Uncle Sam, the Liberty Bell, the eagle, the Statue of Liberty, the National Capitol, and some of our more significant monuments. Each is described and its history told in language that should make the book useful for junior high school pupils as well as for the general reader, but illustrations are lamentably absent.

13) *Banner makers* are mentioned four times in the Bible; their flags, carried to point out a line of march, usually bore distinctive emblems. *Librarians* were needed at least as far back as 2700 B.C. *Publishers* existed then, with their crews of devoted slaves, and Seneca could laugh at "the new rich who bought books in ornamental sets but never read them." The 200 entries in Walter Duckat's ***Beggar to King*** (Doubleday, 355 pp., $5.95) read like the headings of *The New York Times* "Help Wanted" columns, for he is describing in alphabetical order, with the Biblical and Talmudic references, "All the Occupations of Biblical Times"—except that we don't often advertise for Eunuchs, Seal Makers, Prostitutes, or Snake Charmers. The appendices treat more fully of Commerce, Finance, and Labor.

Few varieties of cheese are mentioned in the Bible; in **Cheese and Cheese Cookery** (World, 254 pp., $10) T. A. Layton takes seventy-three pages just to list and comment briefly on the types available today.

—*From "Greek and Roman Art."*

"Eutropius."

Not all of his comments are factual: "The taste [of Edam] is that of pleasant soap." Brick is "the married man's Limburger." Other chapters tell how cheeses evolved, how they are made, and the right wines to accompany each variety, and there are 100 pages of recipes. The author of this extensive work writes with cultivated gusto; the color plates sparkle with matching zest.

While the soufflé is a-baking you can be reading in Betty Wason's **The Language of Cookery** (World, 287 pp., $5.95) that soufflé means "breath," but don't get too absorbed or, as she warns, it will "fall dismally." The 1,100 informative definitions, which are much more than that, include items that normally drive novices wild—like "stiff but not dry," such simple but tricky operations as poaching eggs and clarifying broth, and all varieties of local and foreign cookery terms. Meat cuts and pan sizes are listed with their uses.

"Through food comes the end of all ignorance and bondage," says one of the Upanishads, and another identifies food with Brahma, according to the lengthy article on diet in **The Hindu World,** by Benjamin Walker (Praeger, 2 vols., 1,330 pp., $35). Other equally sensual appetites and their satisfactions are explored unblinkingly in this "Encyclopedic Survey of Hinduism," an unparalleled distillation of hundreds of works from ancient and recent literature. An analysis of the *Bhagavad Gita,* for example, is followed by a summary of the subsequent criticism. "Dress," one of more than 700 articles, covers past and present styles, their use and derivation. The sciences, social habits, religions (three and a half pages under "Hinduism," four under "Buddhism," both broadly extended via dozens of cross references), languages, the arts, the caste system, gurus, and of course Yoga and other systems of philosophy are set forth. Interestingly and expertly Walker threads his way through the intricate background of Indian life, undistracted by its current sociopolitical problems.

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The Last Enemy

Continued from page 46

of the French Forces of the Interior, thereafter as commander of the "Alsace-Lorraine" Brigade under General Leclerc. A curious maneuver by an unidentified friend resulted in his being received by Charles de Gaulle in 1945. From the moment when Malraux expressed the opinion that France's choice was not between Russia and America, but between Russia and France, they understood one another. In the years when de Gaulle was out of office (1946-1957) and even out of politics (1953-1957) Malraux produced his eight books on art—an immense task of assembling documents and illustrations, with renewed visits to Central and South Asia. He joined de Gaulle's Cabinet in 1958, and has served as Minister of Cultural Affairs since 1959.

To return to *Anti-Memoirs*. In part it treats of two kinds of confrontation, direct and reflective, with death. Illustrative of the first is an account of imminent danger in a disabled airplane over the Sahara. Malraux's narrative is thrilling but it hasn't the poignancy of Saint-Exupéry's description of his crash in Libya as an answer to "the questions which death raises." Another relates Malraux's experience in facing a Nazi firing squad—itself an anticlimactic incident in a superb, coolly related story of Resistance forces as prisoners of the Gestapo, a story of the kind of courage that Hemingway, in the time of his conversion to Catholicism, defined as "grace under pressure."

The first of the reflective pieces (forty pages edited out of a 1942 novel) contains no violence, yet it would make a literate audience shiver if told by a sensitive actor. The excerpt relates quietly, in a fictional setting, the aftermath of the probable suicide of Malraux's grandfather and ends, after a conversation between his father and a great-uncle, in his father's suicide. And the last of the reflective pieces is the almost unbearably sober narrative of a pathetically inconclusive ceremony at which the ashes of the greatest martyr of the Resistance are deposited in the Panthéon. The new selections demonstrate that Malraux, author of those two great novels, *Man's Fate* and *Man's Hope*, is again a writer to reckon with.

Another part of the book is devoted to a succession of tests of the validity of Malraux's past acts and convictions. Included is a conversation with de Gaulle ("What struck me most was an inner remoteness, which I have only come across since in one other man, Mao Tse-tung"). Here we meet the post-Resistance Malraux, still talking revolution but converted to the ideal of the nation as spiritual unity. Two conversations are with Nehru, the first full of interest, largely about Gandhi but sentimentally ignoring his great shrewdness, the second desultory and thinning away into banalities. Finally, a conversation with Mao, the scene artfully set, the man impressive, the discourse a wonderful fusion of Malraux's diplomatic and intellectual agility with acute perception of Mao's will and deep seriousness.

The other pieces are of secondary interest and, unless I misapprehend their import, not altogether germane to the central conception of the book. Many are scrappy bits. A very readable chunk on the "dying gods" of India and holy places will not be altogether new to readers of the art books. A brilliant report on a mob scene in French Guiana is reminiscent in its way of reports from one or another of our cities, and a rewritten scenario about a French adventurer in Indochina of eighty years ago inevitably makes one speculate what that brooder on the fate of man, Joseph Conrad, would have made of this.

Altogether, *Anti-Memoirs* is a virtuoso performance of astonishing range and skill. But it is a performance, and not all the compositions are of equal merit. The whole does not, in the end, seem to me to be greater than the sum of the parts. I rise from this work filled with the reverberation of disparate responses, not moved by the catharsis that the promised answer to "the questions which death raises" might have been expected to induce.

American readers will note that Malraux displays in the conversations with Nehru and Mao a temperate, even sympathetic attitude toward the U.S., and that the British and American editions (though not the French) are dedicated to her who until last month was Mrs. John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

Terence Kilmartin's translation deserves special mention. More than a sound knowledge of French, the work called for a writer of disciplined English who possessed the broad culture indispensable to a comprehension of Malraux's own. In one respect the translator fails his author—admittedly a difficult one. He was unable to find the English into which to render the homely, human colloquialisms of Malraux's humbler comrades of the Resistance.

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Poverty

Continued from page 47

man's compilation of poor voices in the American South; *Man Against Poverty: World War III* is a collection of essays by experts on national and international poverty. Michael Harrington, Henry Caudill, the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Senators Joseph Clark and William Fulbright, Oscar Lewis, Dr. Kenneth Clark and others, accurately delineate what it means to be poor.

"In Brazil it is called *favella;* in Argentina, *banda de miseria*; in Peru, *barriada.* In Colombia, it is *tugurio.* But whatever the name, its characteristics are the same: it is the rudest kind of slum, clustering like a dirty beehive around the edges of any principal city in Latin America." Sam Schulman's "Latin American Shantytown" could describe a section of any major metropolis in the United States. That is the common message of the essays—the effects of poverty are virtually identical, regardless of location. A recent U.S. study linking poverty to mental retardation is equally true for Latin America and Asia.

The editors of *Man Against Poverty*—Arthur Blaustein, former Office of Economic Opportunity official and currently vice chairman of the board of the United Nations Association, and Roger R. Woock, assistant professor of education at Hunter College—presumably have chosen what they consider to be a widely informative group of articles. Generally they are correct. However, at times one wonders if the nonprofessional's interest will be sustained through 435 pages and forty articles. One suspects that an informed person has already read many of them. Few are original, and 1965-66 would be an average publication date; none is of 1968 vintage.

This is not to suggest that what has been said is necessarily irrelevant, just not current. However, considering this year's startling events, the lack of currency is indeed remiss. There is not, for instance, a single article on the Poor People's Campaign.

These essays do indeed describe poverty conditions throughout the United States and Latin America; Appalachia, Northern urban slums and Indian reservations are all included. One, as always, can think of articles that might have been included—Nick Kotz's *Des Moines Register* series on "A Poor, Hard Life on the Eastland Plantation" and Robert Coles's article in *Progressive* on the limits of psychiatry, which shows how articulate the poor can be in describing the mental anguish of poverty. Yet the collection is adequate. Robert Heilbroner summed up the necessary shortcoming of this or any other collection of secondary sources:

> Of course, this is only an impression of life in the underdeveloped lands. It is not life itself. There is still lacking the things that underdevelopment gives as well as those it takes away: the urinous smell of poverty, the display of disease, the flies, the open sewers. And there is lacking, too, a softening sense of familiarity.

Although both *The American Serfs* and *Man Against Poverty* significantly add to the recent literature on their topic and deserve to be read, the former may leave an indelible imprint on the minds of middle-class America.

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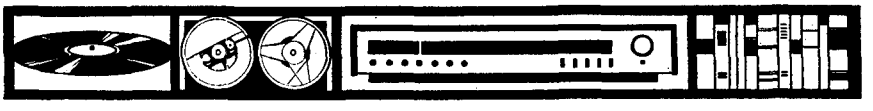

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Continued from page 49

without guidance in his choices. Dr. Boulding knows which side the angels are on:

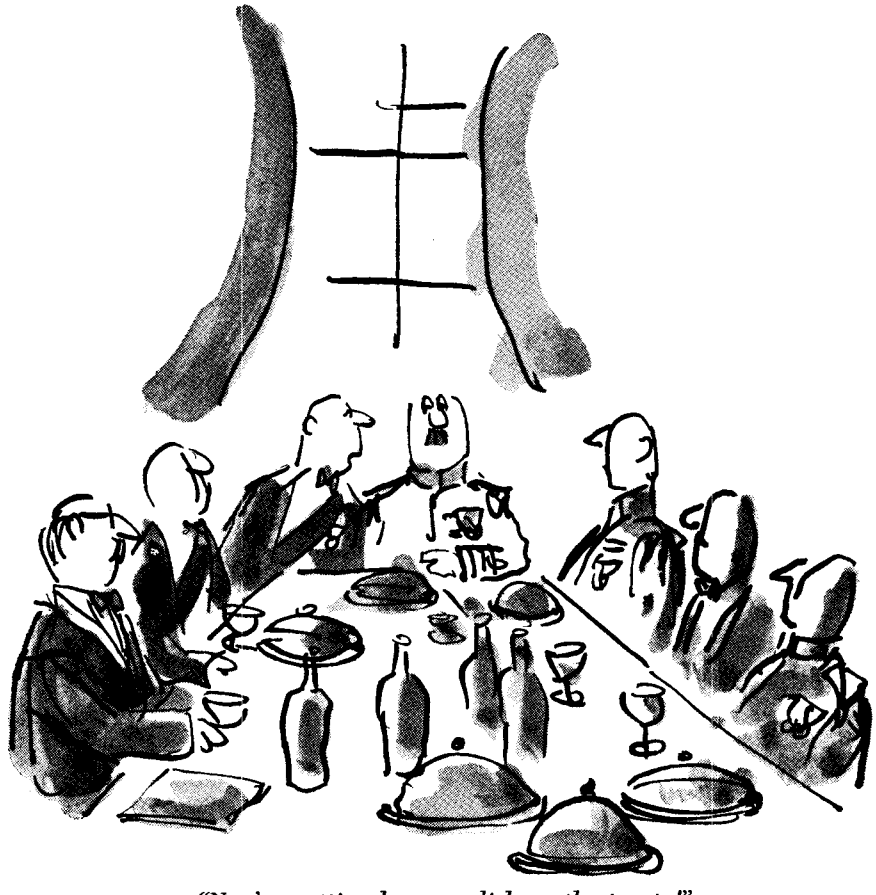
> The political philosophy which underlies all these essays . . . . is a philosophy which stresses the learning process as the essence of political development as well as of all other development, and it stresses the learning of community as perhaps the great moral arrow which gives meaning and direction to human history.

One lesson we need to learn about the human community, Dr. Boulding says, is that we are leaving the age of "the cowboy economy" and entering the era of "the spaceman economy." The cowboy is "symbolic of the illimitable plains and also associated with reckless, exploitative, romantic, and violent behavior." By contrast, the present human condition must lead us to consider our planet as a lonely spaceship "without unlimited reservoirs of anything, either for extraction or for pollution, and in which, therefore, man must find his place in a cyclical ecological system." It follows that spaceship man will not try to maximize Gross World Product, but will restrain himself to produce only so much as is compatible with conserving natural resources and creating a good environment.

Dr. Boulding suggests also that we think seriously about the comforts of neighborhoods and other groups intermediate between the individual and the social mass. Up to now, as he says, American society has stressed the idea of the melting pot, but the internal strain of attemping to force together various groups with mutually irritating life-styles threatens to melt the pot itself:

> Can we now invent a "mosaic" society, composed of many small subcultures, each of which gives to its participants a sense of community and identity which is so desperately needed in a mass world, and which can at the same time remain at peace with its neighbors and not threaten to pull the society apart?

Like a horn of plenty, the writings of Dr. Boulding of Boulder—who describes himself as "a taker of thought for the morrow"—become wider the longer he goes on, and the later essays in this chronological collection are therefore of most interest to the lay reader. So let him begin with the last essay in the book, "The Learning and Reality-Testing Process in the International System," and read backward, chapter by chapter, as far as his interest carries him. It will be a guaranteed good "buy" for his virtue budget.



"You're getting horse radish on the treaty!"

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Letters

Continued from page 41

"detached" palette, and because of virtuosity can be self-righteously superior (McCarthy?).

In fact, a key to some of the generation gap may be the pretensions of "my" sort, wanting a child to be "out of the ordinary" and the offspring resenting this pressure, as in *The Graduate*.

Mrs. James H. Durgin,
New York, N.Y.

Theatre Atlanta

Henry Hewes, in "Have Theater, Will Travel" [the theater, Oct. 26], describes the demise, if it comes to that, of Theatre Atlanta, but he attributes it to the wrong reasons. To speak of resentment of Jay Broad as a "Northerner" is just foolishness. That fact was known about him when he was hired, after all, and while the followers of George Wallace (embarrassingly numerous, I concede) might consider that fact relevant, such people are not generally to be found supporting legitimate theater anywhere, including the benighted south.

The prominence given to the trivial (though popular) *Red, White, and Maddox* adds to the impression created by Mr. Hewes that the eviction was related to politics, and racist politics at that. This is totally wrong. I do not know the details of the dispute between Mrs. Frania T. Lee and the theater group. The eviction may have been an "injustice," as he says, though property owners generally collect rent from their tenants and Mrs. Lee could not, evidently. Even so, I think I can say that Mrs. Lee was not motivated by resentment of Mr. Broad's Northernness or by opposition to the performance of *Red, White and Maddox*.

The reasons for the failure of TA are not far to seek. There was a fancy, even elegant, building and considerable expense. The director, Mr. Broad, alienated many of the people who had supported TA when it was a community theater and, apparently, fun for those interested in fairly conventional, if mediocre, theater. Mr. Broad was not, however, able to capture a new constituency for the simple reason that the only group in Atlanta that has provided quality theater over the years, with any degree of success, has been and is Academy Theatre.

People interested in Pinter, Behan, Beckett, Synge, Brecht, Pirandello (as well as Shakespeare, O'Neill, Molière, Greek drama) have known where the quality, if it could be found, would be, and it never was Theatre Atlanta, including the period of Broad's tenure.

Apparently, Jay Broad did not know what kind of theater he had, or perhaps he intentionally tried to convert one constituency into the other. In the process, he failed to please either one. That's what happened to Theatre Atlanta.

Hugh W. Gilbert,
Atlanta, Ga.

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World of Dance

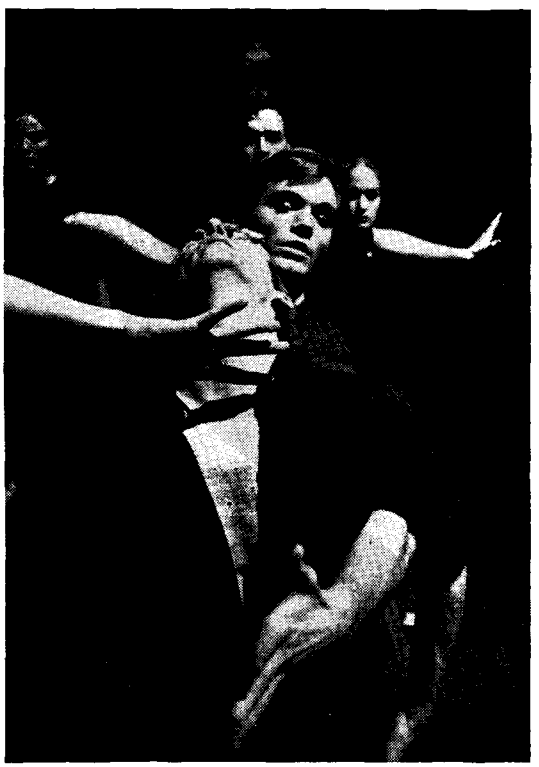
Walter Terry

Dance Peak in the Rockies

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE $370,000 Rockefeller Foundation grant, allocated to a nonexistent enterprise in a small city of the Rocky Mountain area, is being well spent—brilliantly invested, in fact. The dance world was astonished, if not shocked, when this substantial sum was given in 1966 to establish a Repertory Dance Theatre, rooted in American modern dance, on the campus of the University of Utah. A modern dance repertory theater was much to be desired. The late Helen Tamiris attempted to organize one in New York in the 1930s with her colleagues, Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman; and it was tried again at Lincoln Center in the 1960s. But why Salt Lake City? Why a college campus?

The reasons, I think, are three: 1) we are entering an age of dance decentralization in America, a fact witnessed by the emergence of eighty or more regional ballets; 2) the newest dance trend is the drive to foster dance creativity, as distinct from standard dance education, on college campuses; and 3) the University of Utah has long been blessed with a vital modern dance department under the direction of Elizabeth Hayes, the first major collegiate ballet department under the direction of Willam Christensen (one of the famed Christensen brothers trio including Lew, the choreographer and director of the San Francisco Ballet; and Harold, director of the SF Ballet School); and that genius of dance training for children, Virginia Tanner, the Mormon teacher whose Children's Dance Theatre (sponsored by the University of Utah) attracts more than 600 students annually and whose tours, including appearances on the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival and the American Dance Festival in New England, have had audiences cheering and weeping at choreographic expositions of dance beauty, innocence combined with vigor, remarkable discipline mated to the freest improvisation.

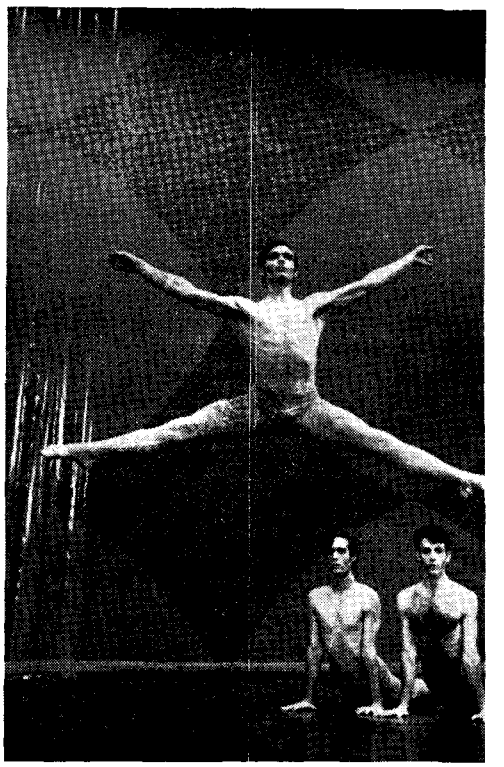


Anna Sokolow's *Steps of Silence*, with Bill Evans, Tim Wengerd, Lynne Wimmer, Richard Rowsell.

It was Miss Tanner, indeed, who was instrumental in getting the huge Rockefeller grant for a project in which she is involved only as an advisor. She had approached the foundation for funds for her own children's dance futures and, when asked if she had any further ideas, she said she thought a modern dance repertory company was desirable. She didn't get the grant for her children's theater—"Oh, I'll get support somewhere else," she says blithely—but her recommendation did.

The point and purpose of the new project were to build a company away from New York, but in a climate congenial to dance adventure and without the command, good or bad, of a single individual. Most modern dance companies—though not all—are the outlets of star dancers-choreographers, such as Graham, Limón, Cunningham, Taylor, Nikolais, Lang, Walker, Sokolow, Hawkins, and many more. The Repertory Dance Theatre was to have no resident choreographer, not even an artistic director. It was to be a modern dance cooperative in which junior choreographers from the Rocky Mountain areas and internationally famous modern dance creators would contribute to the building of a repertory.

All of this sounds like an invitation to chaos. True, there have been administrative changes since the project got under way, but with no director and no resident choreographer, but with Wayne Richardson (long associated with the New York City Center, Carnegie Hall, and briefly with the City Center Joffrey Ballet) as manager and a board of directors—which includes Miss Tanner, Gordon Paxman (head of the University of Utah's combined modern dance and ballet departments), and members of the Repertory Dance Theatre itself—the new company soared to unquestioned success in a series of superb performances last month in the University of Utah's big Kingsbury Hall.



—Photos by Martha Swope.

Tim Wengerd, with Eric Newton and Gregg Lizenbery, in Bill Evans's *Interim*, in the repertory of the new company.

The performances that I have seen here attest to the wisdom of the grant. The dancers themselves—unknown to Broadway eyes—are highly accomplished, faultlessly rehearsed (under their own direction), versatile, responsive to many approaches of choreographic style, and, in most cases, as striking as any modern dance soloists and principals you would find on Broadway or its environs. Have you found Robert Powell or Louis Falco or Michael Alum among the most exciting male dancers in New York? Well, add Albuquerque's Tim Wengerd to the roster of stellar men dancers.

Now, permit me to tell you about the new works, created by the old pros and the members of the Repertory Dance Theatre, as danced by a company which all of America should see. It is in complete tune with the youth of today—the average age is about twenty-one—yet it mirrors the silence of mountains as well as the deafening bombast of cities, and it reflects pause as well as pace, consideration as well as desperation, har-

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mony as well as cacophony. And this is of mighty importance to American dance, for what stimuli to dance creation are engendered in the clean, open West are just as American as the inescapable violences and unrest and terror or escapism of our citadel of theater, New York.

One of the most impressive premieres was *Interim,* choreographed by the RDT's own Bill Evans to music of Henk Badings (Capriccio for Violin and Two Sound Tracks, and *Genese).* It is an abstract ballet, highly imaginative in its relating of the body (or bodies) to surrounding space, generally unhurried yet rich in controlled muscular virtuosities. In fact, Evans uses recurrent pauses—arrestings of action—rather than poses, and these permit the viewer to dwell upon a pattern and to let the eye photograph it. Wengerd, Eric Newton, and Gregg Lizenbery constituted the superb dance trio for Part I, and Kay Clark, Ruth Post, Manzell Senters, and Evans himself were the equally splendid dancers of Part II.

Every one in the company is required to try his hand at choreography for workshop projects and out of these certain ones are selected for inclusion in the repertory. Wengerd had three on the recent bill. One was *Night Scene* (Shostakovich, Third Movement, Sonata for Cello and Piano), a *pas de deux* performed in sort of plastique tempo and with an aura of sad sex about it. Linda Smith, onetime child dancer with Miss Tanner, and Senters danced it beautifully, but I liked Wengerd's choreography for *Chant* (Lou Harrison/John Cage – Double Music for Percussion Quartet) much more. Six dancers in black leotards with almost luminescent stripes running down backs and fronts moved impeccably in shimmering, almost vibratory patterns which made the dancing figures seem almost like electronic impulses constantly being recorded on a graph.

Joan Butler's *With Gayer Sandals* (Dag Wiren's Serenade for Strings) is not only gay but also light of step and sweetly youthful; *Danse Intime* by Phill Keeler (of the University of Utah faculty) to music of Stravinsky (Concerto for Piano and Wind Instruments) left a good deal to be desired because of the very obscure relationships involving parents, children, and in-laws; Richard Rowsell's *The Watchers* (Bartók); Wengerd's *Encounter* (Barber); and a kind of psychedelic, hippie-type happening, *Dancing Group. Flesh. 1968.*

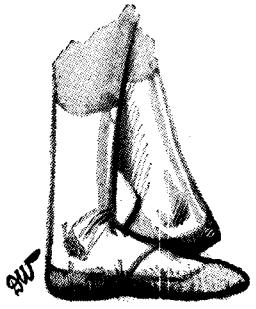
The guest choreographers were José Limón, represented by a new staging of his *Concerto Grosso* (Vivaldi); Anna Sokolow with her new *Steps of Silence* (Anatole Vieru); and John Butler with the premiere of his *The Initiate* (Grazyna Bacewicz's *Musica Sinfonica in Tre Movimenti,* and Zsolt Durko's *Organismi per Violino Solo e Orchestra*).

The Butler piece, and powerful it is, represents a recurrent Butler theme: youth's search for himself in a world of cruelty, uncertainty, violence. The marvelous setting (by Robert VerBerkmoes), with its rings of black, brown, and gray semicircling an off-white expanse of sky, makes it seem that the action is taking place within the crater of an extinct volcano, perhaps an ancient arena for an ageless ceremony of initiation. There is also a set piece of pipes which becomes both a cage and also a doomed device for the Initiate's reaching forth to escape. *The Initiate,* which could be said to belong to that genre which would include Stravinsky's *Sacre,* is filled with movements of shattering dynamic intensity but which also possess sculptural beauties of the highest order. Wengerd in the title part is remarkable, and the rest of the cast is worthy of his performing standard.

Miss Sokolow, always the purveyor of doom, as our choreographic Cassandra, has come up with yet another study of desperation, emptiness, aloneness, futility in her *Steps of Silence,* one of her most potent and poignant creations. The dancers, dressed at first in drab work clothes, move with deliberate, emotionless tread, or spin across the stage in uncontrolled restlessness, or with reaching, thrusting, arms and legs attempt to take flight. The curtain at the back of the theater is up, and debris rests against the wall. The dancers' costumes change to rags, and, in the final measures, the girls are stripped down to the equivalent of bikinis and the boys to their dance belts.

As the dance ends, scraps of crumpled newspaper blow across the stage, making a huge heap of trash into which the helpless humans disappear as they settle down, as human debris, to find sleep or, perhaps, death. It is not a work that will have you leaving the theater with a glad cry on your lips, but it will leave its mark on your heart.

And also conquering the heart with the handsome appearances of youth, with uncommon dance skills, with a wonderfully communicable spirit of adventure will be the Dance Repertory Theatre itself, worth every bit of $370,-000.



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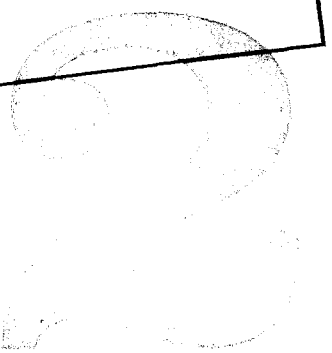

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

In the Wrong Corner

LAST APRIL, the United Church of Christ, continuing to lead all denominations in advocating the public interest in broadcasting, petitioned the Federal Communications Commission to rule that no station licensee may discriminate in employment practices. Such a rule, if promulgated in the form proposed by the church, could powerfully affect not only the opportunities of minority groups in radio and television, but also the total character of programing that confronts vital social issues.

A majority of the FCC commissioners is unwilling to use regulatory power in the program area generally; but another way of skinning the cat is to require stations to hire blacks who could conceivably influence programing. The FCC has received comments from commercial broadcasters and civic groups, and the proposed rule would probably become effective after the first of the year, with a court test to follow if the United Church feels that the commission's action is not adequate. The comments filed by the industry opposed the commission's proposed ruling, although they praised the FCC's objectives. General resistance to any form of regulation motivated the industry's position, as well as fear, no doubt, that in some cases actual discriminatory practices which now exist would be exposed. Ten members of Congress, eighteen organizations, the Department of Justice, and the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights strongly supported the church petition, which would require stations to submit reports demonstrating compliance with the rule and affirmative action in recruiting and training blacks and other non-whites.

The National Association of Educational Broadcasters (NAEB), however, which also filed a comment, not only was missing from the ranks of the church's supporters, but was found, much to the astonishment and shock of many of its friends, in the corner opposing the more substantive and important elements of the proposed rule. In their statement, the educators said that they did "not believe that it is necessary to require a specific showing of non-discriminatory practices in applications for a construction permit . . . and renewal applications." They asked for exemption if such a rule should be made. They felt that they were already covered by forms that they had filed with other federal agencies. They approved of a nondiscrimination policy and of guidelines for handling individual complaints on a case-by-case basis (a procedure which the supporters of the church's petition argued has proven utterly futile in the past).

The NAEB said that it is not unwilling to post employment notices advising applicants of their rights, but it pleaded that tight budgets and small, overworked staffs would find it a burden to include such a notice in employment application forms. It thought that the commission was placing too much emphasis on procedural details rather than on programing, where, the NAEB declared, it had a proud record. In any case, the filing asserted, "NAEB's studies and knowledge of educational stations indicate that nondiscriminatory employment and programing patterns are the norm at these stations."

This statement startled members of the two NAEB committees that at that moment were preparing resolutions for the organization's annual convention, meeting this month in Washington, D.C. The committees had studied the employment and programing practices of more than 160 member stations. They knew that discrimination against blacks has long been a high tension point behind the scenes at NAEB deliberations. Out of 2,100 members who had attended the 1967 Denver convention, only seven black faces had been noted. It is a matter of record that more than thirty Southern educational TV stations refused to carry the initial broadcast of last season's controversial Public Broadcasting Laboratory, which probed the question.

The Programing Practices Committee would urge at the convention that "stations develop positive sensitivity among all levels of station personnel toward the target audiences," and the appointment of at least one person to serve as liaison between the white establishment and minority groups in the community. The Fair Employment Committee would recommend "detailed reporting" of the practices of member stations. The NAEB's comments to the FCC contrasted sharply, also, with an Open Forum section in the *Educational Broadcasting Review* (October 1968), the organization's official journal, in which the FCC memorandum and order was printed along with a strong supporting statement by Rosel Hyde, FCC chairman, and a favorable comment by George E. Bair, chairman of the NAEB's Employment Practices Committee. The editor of the *Review* had not been told of the position that the Washington headquarters would take before the FCC.

One is tempted to conclude from this strange dichotomy of viewpoints that some NAEB officials, like many commercial broadcasters, are not eager to open their employment practices—particularly among the organization's powerful ETV stations in the South—to public scrutiny in the context of sanctions. It is impossible to take seriously the argument that educational broadcasters would be unreasonably burdened by the expense of including a line or two of nondiscrimination information in their employment application forms. The fact that stations have filed other forms with federal agencies does not warrant a presumption of honesty: NAEB members have said that such documents simply are not verified. Even if there were duplication of candid forms, is such a price too expensive for educators to pay?

The NAEB position in the proposed FCC rule-making is, at the least, an example of insensitive public relations; it suggests careless staff work. But these are minor matters when compared to a more fundamental question: just how "educational" *is* the NAEB? One should applaud the organization's recent intensive campaign to encourage among its members the production of programs designed to "get cues" from their inter-city communities, to have blacks "speak out and tell it like it is," and to arrange confrontations between whites and blacks—even though Richard J. Myer, a member who submitted NAEB's *Report On ETV in the Ghetto* to Vice President Humphrey, concluded that "the majority of noncommercial stations have programed either nothing or have applied a 'tokenism' philosophy to their offerings." But programing is but one of the educational tasks of the noncommercial broadcasters. Another great task is to provide leadership in organizational citizenship.

Undoubtedly, there are people sensitive to these considerations among the NAEB leadership. Surely they have their hands full keeping their house from coming apart over regional differences, and there is much to be said for the patient, evolutionary view. But to have dragged its feet so long over this issue—and now to come up in the wrong corner! One hopes that the NAEB convention will adopt their strong program and employment resolutions and get on with the job of self-policing in the matter of discrimination. One also hopes that the NAEB will have second thoughts about the United Church petition and amend its filing (it is not too late); and that, if a court test should follow the ruling, the educational broadcasters will be found not only broadcasting but educating.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Two Subs Have I

THOSE ASTONISHING Beatles have done it again! Just as *A Hard Day's Night* kicked holes in all the ordinary ways of presenting musical groups on the screen, their new feature-length animated film, *The Yellow Submarine*, utterly demolishes the slick naturalism of post-Disney cartooning. Although this is hardly the place—or the space—to develop a treatise on the esthetics of animation, the Disney approach of anthropomorphic animals romping amidst trees that looked like trees and splashing through water that flowed like water produced a kind of artistic cul de sac. Eventually, in order to enhance the verisimilitude, the Disneyites were actually photographing humans and animals, then tracing their outlines frame by frame onto the animation cells. In the most literal sense, art was imitating life—but in so doing, the art of animation was lost.

For animation goes considerably beyond the caricature and exaggeration of cartooning. There is also the possibility of an alteration of forms from frame to frame, the freedom to break all the laws of gravity, perspective, and dimension. With animation, reality provides merely the point of departure into realms limited only by the artist's imagination. And in *The Yellow Submarine*, that imagination soars, in fitting counterpoint to the hallucinogenic poetry of the Beatles' songbook. In fact, it was the *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* album that provided both the inspiration and most of the numbers for this fascinating excursion into never-never Pepperland.

Pepperland, whose people love beauty and music, is under attack from the Blue Meanies, who can't stand happiness. Monsters such as the Snapping Turtle Turk, with a sharklike mouth in his belly, the Hidden Persuader Man, with pistols concealed in his outsized shoes, the rocketing Ferocious Flying Glove, and the perpetually grinning Jack the Nipper, whose hands are toothed, indiscriminately perform outrages upon the hapless, helpless citizenry. But then, racing to their rescue, come the Beatles in a Yellow Submarine, and their rhythm saves the world.

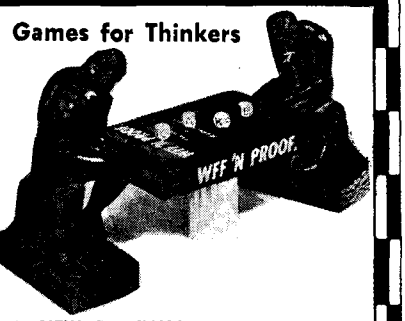
It is, obviously, a highly picaresque tale, and perhaps all the more so since incidents had to be invented to accommodate pre-existing materials. (There are only three new songs in the film.) But even this, which might have been a handicap, seems to contribute to the loose, almost improvisational quality of the picture, while forcing the writers—Lee Minoff, Producer Al Brodax, Jack Mendelsohn, and Yale professor Erich Segal—to create an extraordinary variety of characters and incidents to accompany songs that of themselves provided no continuity of either mood or action. Inevitably, not all of the sequences achieve the same level of humor and imagination, but there are some—such as the Beatles' adventures in the Sea of Monsters (one of which sucks up everything in sight through his vacuum snout, including, ultimately, the entire landscape), and their attempts to extricate themselves from the Land of Holes ("I've got a hole in my pocket," says Ringo as he lifts a black dot off the ground and slips it into his trousers)—that more than make up for the occasional lapse.

Actually, what gives the film its continuity is neither story nor Submarine nor Beatles: It is the visual style that designer Heinz Edelmann has imposed on every scene, a kind of psychedelic Aubrey Beardsley working in colors that might have come from Kate Greenaway books. If the combination of Beardsley and Greenaway can be considered suitable for children, so is *The Yellow Submarine*. But as George Bernard Shaw once remarked about youth, it's much too good to waste it on *them*.

By a coincidence, opening two-a-day around the country just now is another film about a submarine—this one rather greenish—titled *Ice Station Zebra*, and presented in Cinerama. After that, all resemblance ends. Even the characters in *Ice Station* seem more like cartoons than those in *The Yellow Submarine*, and the plot far less substantial. It has to do with the efforts of an American nuclear sub to reach a weather station at the North Pole before the Russians get there because of some obscure hanky-panky involving films of our missile sites. The shots of the green submarine gliding beneath the ice floes are exciting enough; but once it arrives at the Pole and the cast, headed by Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine, and Patrick McGoohan, starts stalking each other through all too obviously studio-manufactured snowdrifts, we are back in the land of Saturday afternoon thrillers. Somehow, those never required either Cinerama or an intermission.

Shhh!

Games for Thinkers



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Edited by Horace Sutton

Down the Burma Road—II
Miracle Rice and Radios

LITTLE LIGHT ON BURMA has seeped through the blinds that General Ne Win drew on the country in 1962 to do—as he puts it—"spring cleaning." With the press particularly unwelcome, and tourists preponderantly limited to a day in Rangoon, news has been scant: an occasional filler reporting, perhaps, the killing of alleged witches, but nothing on the progress of the "Burmese Way Through Socialism to Affluence." Recently, however, more entry permits for lengthier visits have been granted—and I secured one for a week, during which I traveled from Rangoon to Mandalay and Pagan.

Virtually all my life I had wanted to see Mandalay. Even though I knew that India, not China, is across the bay, which in turn is half a country away from Mandalay, as I entered the plane to this most Burmese of cities, my heart skipped to lyrics by Kipling. In the dilapidated M. Fokker Friendship craft, an underbred dog yowled to the piped music—"Shadow Song" and "These Foolish Things." Also in the cold steel cabin were tonsured Buddhist monks and upcountry peasants, who leaned over their bundles to spit on the floor.

Across the aisle, a pudgy matron from the Shan State remarked that she had just seen her daughter—a doctor—off for San Francisco, where she planned to live. I wondered how she felt about what might be a permanent exile for the girl, since I had been told in Rangoon that, although Burmese are free to emigrate, those who do are not permitted to return. Had the aircraft motors not muffled further conversation, I would also have liked to ask why the young doctor was leaving a country so short of physicians that the Health Department has during recent years certified as reliable some 4,400 *Sesayas*—traditional medicine men, who rely for cures largely on seeds, roots, bark, leaves, flowers, and everyday minerals.

Nonstop, the flight from Rangoon to Mandalay takes an hour and a half, but our plane perched upon meadows three times to refuel or to exchange rural fares. The clouds during the first landing were glowering in a slate-colored sky and the mountain air, unlike the humidity of Rangoon, was so keen that the monks covered their exposed right shoulders with the stoles of their togas as they lit cigarettes and strode into the bushes.

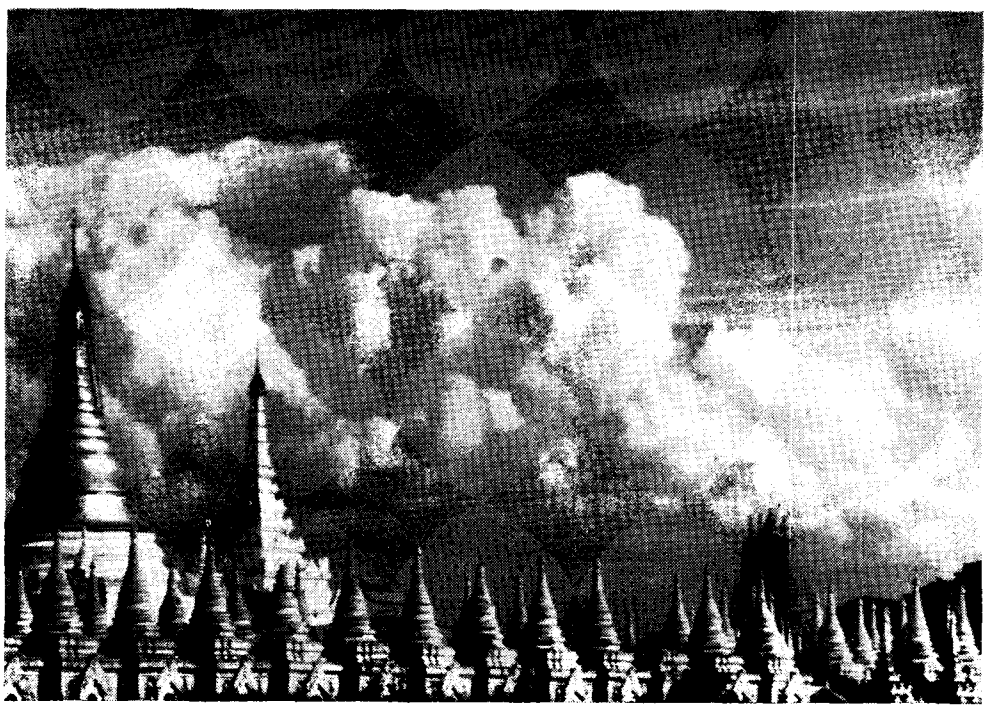
We were scarcely aloft when the copilot asked me, "Would you like to take photos in 'cokepit'?" I clambered into his place alongside the captain and he showed me a map of our route. "Within a few minutes," he said, "we shall be at Inle Lake," where, he explained, the fishermen are famous for the skill with which, standing in their boats, they manipulate oars with their feet.

Burmese babysitter—pagoda-ed topknot.

Of the three Westerners on the plane, one was a Canadian residing in Rangoon. While we were having a smoke on the airfield during the next landing, I pumped him about Tun Hla Hotel in Mandalay, where I had reservations. "It is principally," he reported, "an olfactory experience. However, since there's nothing better, perhaps you can cope."

The Burman who met me at Mandalay's airport with the chauffeured jeep I was to use to and from Pagan told me that, since the Government had taken over the hotel for a convention, I would be housed with an American family. I invited my seatmate on the plane, a woman employed by AID, to join us.

We drove to a rickety Chinese restaurant, where the Burman ordered lunch and a bowl of boiling water, in which he sterilized the chopsticks and spoons. Perhaps the precaution was born of xenophobia, to which all Burmese cheerfully admit; the squalor of our surroundings made it appear prudent. Nevertheless, as he had promised, the eggrolls



—Photos by Rochelle Girson.

Royal Merit House, Mandalay—"a princely sum of credits in the next reincarnation."

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were superb. He apologized that the Burmese have had to curb the spontaneity with which they formerly invited guests to their homes; the monthly ration of rice, the staple of their diet, is insufficient even for members of a family. Those who can afford the inflated price purchase more on the black market. Others have concocted a tolerable substitute with the pulp of wild cactus.

During World War II a third of Mandalay—the cultural and spiritual heart of Burma—was destroyed. The most painful loss was the Wooden Palace built by King Mindon a century ago, in its day resplendent with exquisite carving, glass, gold, and lacquer. All that remains are a few royal tombs within—to cite a local brochure—its thick "widowed" walls. Reflected in the moat surrounding this sharded "Center of the Universe" is a succession of sentinel towers that look like Japanese pagodas. It was King Mindon, too, who in 1871 convened the Fifth Buddhist World Synod. Then, to accrue a princely sum of credits in his *next reincarnation—or perhaps even* release from any more lives—the monarch had inscribed in Pali all the sacred texts on 271 marble slabs. These are surrounded by as many tiny white pagodas assembled about a towering golden bulb. Located at the foot of Mandalay Hill, the entire project is called the Kuthodaw, or Royal Merit House.

En route to the market we passed willowy maidens with roses or fans of jasmine tucked into the chignons of their oiled raven hair. But there was also a roly-poly young matron who had pinned to her pate a rakish headpiece of bushy-stemmed radishes. Others, like the men, wore makeshift turbans of smooth or Turkish toweling.

Since it is considered unfeminine for Burmese ladies to smoke cigarettes, most were sucking cheroots. Seven and a half inches long and nearly an inch in diameter, the cigars are covered with dried husks wrapped into skinny tamales held together with stamped bands of lined copybook paper. The contents of these two-cent cigars more nearly resemble coarsely ground tree bark than tobacco, but – whatever their composition – anything as difficult to inhale, let alone keep lit, has to be harmless.

A small sweatshop where ceremonial *longyis* are made was our next stop. There, two girls at each loom, weaving 170 bobbins, manage to lengthen by two inches per nine-hour working day the intricately patterned, polychrome silk tapestry. They are paid about 5 kyats a day—in purchasing power, almost 60 cents. Worn at weddings and on other milestones, the finished sarongs cost $150 U.S.

We drove on to the showroom of a smith, the heft of whose wares—principally tea services and bowls with chunky

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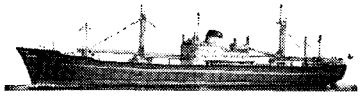

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repoussé dragons—supported his claim that the products he fashioned were unalloyed silver. At the woodcarver's, in dusty disarray, were gold-painted dragons in a gamut of sizes and gondola-shaped harps, which ranged from trinkets to instruments with a pleasingly mellow tone. Not designed to be seen close, the gilded embellishments for shrines looked garish; nevertheless, their profusion testified to the proliferation of sanctified sites.

From Mandalay to Pagan—the capital of Burma from 1044 until sacked by Kublai Khan in 1287—the countryside is punctuated with perky white pagodas, but there are also many eroded reliquary mounds of weed-tufted bricks. Merit in the next existence for refurbishing a shrine accrues to the original donor; charitable Buddhists have a better chance at achieving Nirvana, or surcease from all desire, by sponsoring new ones. Thus even hamlets may have a multitude, both operative and forsaken.

Before starting the journey, our jeep was provisioned by a Burmese houseboy with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, dear to the children of the American family, and sterilized water in Chivas Regal bottles, dear to the adults. En route we augmented these staples with fat red bananas purchased at a countryside market. Mostly no more than half a block long, each market features the farm produce or handiwork peculiar to its village: vegetables, fruit, long-handled brushes resembling scythes, geometrically woven bamboo-strip matting that walls the stilted upcountry dwellings.

After about 10 miles of lush terrain, the land abruptly turned barren except for cacti, and the roads roughened with aridity; indeed, while fording a dried riverbed our suitcases shook loose from the sides of the jeep, to which they were strapped, and our seats took a colorful bruising. The beefy native driver had patience unending for halts to photograph other aspects of Upper Burma: lawns of chili peppers being raked to dry out; oxcarts with barreled tops or sides like wide-toothed, jagged combs; crude wooden buses with peasantry crowded on the roof, clinging to outer doors, or caged like livestock being shipped to slaughter.

What should have been a six-hour journey took us nearly nine, and we arrived at the government inn after dark, exhausted, hungry, happy. One could fault the food, since there was a scarcity of meat on the bones and a wealth of oil in the sauce, but not the graciousness with which it was served. Covered by thin mats and abrasive woolen blankets, the beds—typical of Burma—were constructed entirely of wooden slats about an inch apart. To screen the insects we tucked the net canopies beneath us, but periodically we were awakened by a village combo blaring country airs until, with dawn, the birds and cocks took over the din.

No professional guide to the pagodas and temples in the deserted, walled city of Pagan was available, for the day was a Burmese sabbath—observed on the new moon, the full moon, and eight days after each. Settling for a moonlighting busboy, whose command of English was vastly exceeded by his amiability about carrying cameras, we relied for background on the Revolutionary Government of Burma, whose booklet reported that in 1057 A.D. "there began the extraordinary architectural and artistic activity which in a little more than two centuries, covered the city and its environs with thousands of splendid monuments of every shape and size, the inner walls of most of which are decorated with beautiful frescoes. It is said that in the palmiest days of Pagan the pagodas and monasteries could be counted by the myriads. . . . Today we see no more than a hundred splendid monuments."

Of those we inspected, the most glittering was the eleventh-century Shwezigon Pagoda, which, similar to Rangoon's Shwedagon in structure, magnitude, and the glory of its gilding, is held to encase the frontal bone and a tooth of the Buddha. Besides four image chambers, each containing a thirteen-foot standing Buddha, the stupa has at its base thirty-seven shrines to as many mean and kindly *nats,* the nature spirits still propitiated by innumerable Burmese. Although the architecture of many of Pagan's temples was inspired by Indian models, their bas-reliefs lack the perfection of the Hindu prototypes, and, since Theravada Buddhism esteems asceticism, none are erotic. Burma has many convents, as well as monasteries, principally situated atop mountains and hills. Like the monks, the drab-robed nuns strolling about the Shwezigon had their heads shaved and seemed to be more than wisely fond of cigarettes.

The next morning we arose at 4, ate a hasty egg, and paid the bill, made out to "Two Ladys." The total, $16.17, covered food and "sleeping chard" for both.

The stars were still bright and gas lamps were flickering in the huts when we drove off, shivering in sweaters and winter coats. At dawn the highway filled with men, women, even tots puffing their cheroots. Many adults were shouldering great bundles of dried branches or water jugs suspended from yokes. Monks—among them pre-adolescent boys who spend from a week to a year in a monastery as part of their piety—were out with their mortifying alms bowls, begging a little rice or cactus gruel. By 7:30, youngsters were doing calisthenics in the schoolyards. Tillers were standing on

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primitive plows pulled by oxen or irrigating their fields with long seesawing poles, at one end of each a bucket was hung. And, pumping huge pestles in earthenware mortars, women were husking the rice. Nearly every skinny little, long-skirted girl carried on her hip a big-bellied child, but—smiling and pert with their pagoda-ed topknots and bangs—none seemed aware of a burden.

Near Mandalay, at the behest of the horns of a convoy of trucks crammed with soldiers clutching rifles, we halted the jeep. Was this martial display in response to more trouble with the Naga tribes of Assam? Were the troops pursuing insurgents who are demanding independence from Burma's federation of five ethnic states? Or were they just shaking the mailed fist of military might? The armed forces, we learned, had been summoned by General Ne Win to Mandalay, their headquarters, simply for review.

On the flight the next morning, the stewardess handed me *The Guardian* and *The Working People's Daily*. The former reported the surrender of Communist rebels, who stated that "they had repented and would now abandon the path of armed insurrection." *The Working People's Daily* showed peasants planting "Rizal miracle rice" and described a special incentive scheme which gives the farmers the option to buy necessities in proportion to the amount of paddy they sell to government purchase depots. "Those who sell over 100 baskets may even be able to buy much-coveted radios."

I was reminded of questions put to a Burman: "Do the people feel oppressed?"

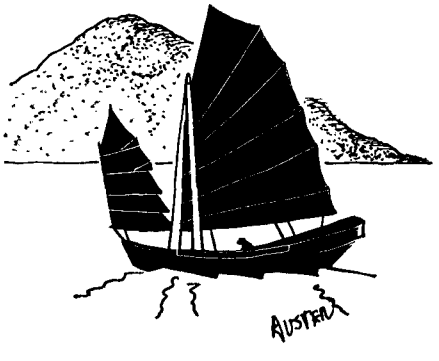
"The people complain," he said.

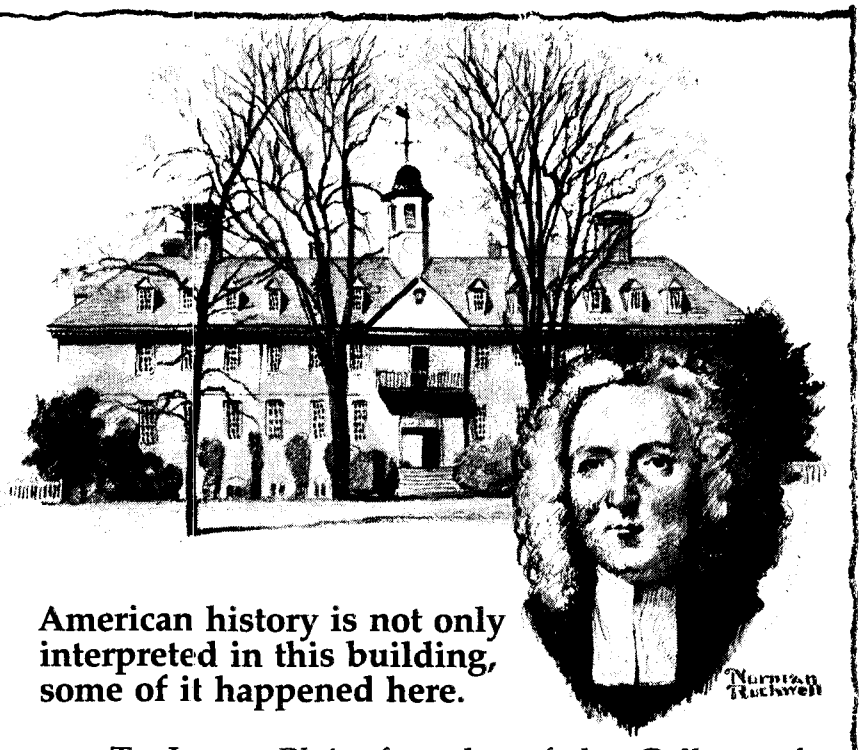
"Will they revolt?"

"No. The average Burmese is easygoing and lazy. If he has his two meals a day—his rice—he's content."

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.

(This is the second of two articles. The first appeared last week. Miss Girson is Book Review Editor of SR and author of "Maiden Voyages: A Lively Guide for the Woman Traveler.")





American history is not only interpreted in this building, some of it happened here.

To James Blair, founder of the College of William and Mary, progress on the school's Wren Building seemed distressingly slow. "...with much ado we have got the roof on," he reported impatiently, "but...The Work is like to meet with a full stop for want of money..."

Three years it took, but finally in 1700 the structure was completed. And a remarkable structure it is, to have been raised in a colony still largely a wilderness. It has survived three fires, two wars and nearly three centuries of use by students. Today the Wren Building stands as a symbol of the 275th Anniversary of the College's founding.

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As Others See Us

TORONTO:

Cheers for Trusty Old Canada

No doubt Canadians should feel flattered by the recent Gallup poll which showed that Americans regard Canada as the most trustworthy foreign country.

It is a real mark of confidence—a credit card on an international scale.

The warm glow fades a little, however, when one looks at the other countries our neighbors consider trustworthy. The list is a short one—Britain, Australia, and Switzerland.

Canada, Britain, and Australia are all English-speaking countries closely tied to the U.S. system of alliances. Switzerland is a small country which has maintained a policy of neutrality for centuries.

The suspicion arises that the American definition of "trustworthy" is "unlikely to act in a way contrary to the interests of the United States."

—*Toronto Daily Star.*

LUXEMBOURG:

Détente Doesn't Fit

Let's leave the word "détente" to its usual political context, that is, relations between the East and West—Russia and France, Russia and the United States. Very frankly, there was no need for détente between the United States and France. In fact, relations between these two countries are situated on a very particular level, which everyone knows. Of course, during the last years, there have been causes of dissent between the United States and France. The first cause, the most serious one, was Vietnam. France, through the voice of General de Gaulle, has not hidden her disapproval of that war. From that viewpoint, things have evolved considerably since the start of the year, and, notably, President Johnson, through a courageous act, has decided on a brand-new orientation for American policy. We are seeing its fruits these days.

There was a second reason. France wanted to affirm her policy in Europe, or in regard to any other problem in the world, and consequently, while keeping her title as a member of the Atlantic Alliance and the obligations that are attached to it, she no longer wanted to be subjected to that form of integration which, in many respects, is a strong limitation on independent thought and action.

. . . Because American policy in Vietnam has undergone the change that I just mentioned, and also because it was realized that a country like France had the right to affirm a national policy—the exchange of views (for these two reasons, it seems) was that of two countries that know that they can unite their efforts, even when their views differ on certain points. . . .

—*Michel Debré, French Foreign Minister over Luxembourg Radio.*

MELBOURNE:

Waiting and Hoping

Are the fragile roots of peace at last gaining a tenuous foothold in Vietnam's war-scarred soil? Or has the world merely been infected again by a virulent strain of wishful thinking? . . . In the light of the known facts, the world can only continue to wait and hope. . . . Although a bombing halt and expanded peace talks would stop the killing, it would still be far short of a long-term political settlement of the war. . . . A favorable response from Hanoi could be the end of the beginning.

—*Melbourne Age.*

PEKING:

Imperialist Days Are Gone

. . . U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism, frantically pursuing their aggressive policies, have engaged in dangerous adventures and are threatening the peoples of the world. This by no means shows that they are powerful. The days have gone when the imperialist powers could freely act against the peoples and remained unpunished. History has confirmed that victory, in final account, belongs to the peoples, belongs to the progressive revolutionary forces.

The course of events inevitably leads to the failure of U.S.-led imperialism and of Soviet-led revisionism. . . .

—*Enver Hoxha of Albania in The Peking Review.*

AUCKLAND:

Disgusted at Anti-U.S. Mentality

Anti-Americanism was crassly silly in New Zealand, Sir Leslie Munro, MP for Waipa, said recently.

Sir Leslie told members of the New Zealand American Association at a lunch that he had become increasingly disgusted at the amount of anti-Americanism in this country.

"I don't think it is more than a small minority but they are pretty persistent," he said.

Mentioning the protests over the Omega navigational system, Sir Leslie said he hoped New Zealand would use the system. It doesn't appear to be of much assistance to Polaris submarines, but if it is, so what?

The Polaris submarines belong to our ally and protector. We are a small country. We obviously cannot survive alone.

"The keystone of our foreign policy is the Anzus Treaty."

Sir Leslie said the future of the world would probably be decided in the Pacific. The United States was the greatest Pacific power. It bore the chief responsibility for protecting the area.

New Zealand interests in future were going to be even more closely allied to the United States. He could see nothing more crassly silly than anti-Americanism, which in short denoted a lack of understanding of New Zealand's vast dependence on America.

—*The New Zealand Herald.*

DELHI:

Strings Added

. . . The specific role of economic aid in furthering the objectives of American foreign policy is stated to be twofold: to maintain political security and economic stability in countries which are threatened by external aggression or internal subversion, and to promote economic and social development. In its first role, economic aid is complementary to military assistance, and may indeed be an alternative to a direct American military presence. The link between aid and the specific foreign policy objective in the case is clear. It is less clear in the case of development-oriented aid. It is obvious enough that aid can promote economic development, but it is not self-evident why development in Asia, Africa, and Latin America should promote the basic political interest of the United States. . . .

—*Indian & Foreign Reviews.*

TAIPEI:

U.S. Defense Strategy in Asia

. . . America has been silently reviewing her military treaties with Asian countries and reappraising her commitments in Asia.

The situation in Asia is radically different from that in Europe. The latter faces the threat of invasion directly from Russia and Warsaw Pact nations, while the former is only under indirect threat from the Kremlin. In Asia, direct threat comes only from Peiping and internal armed subversion from Communist elements.

We strongly feel that America should support her Asian allies in effectively developing their anti-Communist forces. This is actually the most favorable "indirect route" for America's Asian defense strategy.

—*Free China Weekly.*

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Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Musical Chairs in European History

IN CONNECTION with "Russians, Czechs, Germans," (AS OTHERS SEE US, October 12) as quoted from the *New Statesman* of London, *SR* readers might be interested in a little history as background to the most recent events in Central Europe.

The Hungarians were always known as great humorists of Europe. It was a Hungarian (Frigyes Karinthy) who said, "Humor is no joking matter." Lately we must include gallows humor also. I recently received the June 29 *Magyar Hirek* (*Hungarian News*) of Budapest, which featured a front-page picture of the Prime Ministers of Hungary and Czechoslovakia signing a treaty of friendship, cooperation, and mutual assistance. By the time I received this paper, via ship mail; Hungarian troops had helped invade Czechoslovakia with the Russians.

It all reminded me of the events in the late Thirties when I was a boy in Hungary. The whole town gathered in the town square by public order for forced festivities celebrating the "Eternal Polish-Hungarian Friendship Pact." Dutifully, we shouted, "long live Hungarian-Polish friendship." Approximately two weeks later the Germans marched into Poland, and lo and behold our local papers were full of denunciations of Poland as the most treacherous nation on earth. And to give you what is called in show business the "double punch line," shortly after this, the Hungarians repeated the same process with Yugoslavia.

Alas, in European history it's a matter of musical chairs—though Governments change, history repeats itself with a grim routine.

—George E. Lang,
Four Seasons, New York.

Poverty Problem

PERHAPS PAUL JOHNSON should reflect on the rather curious fact that, after all, the only countries that have abolished poverty are the small ones such as Sweden and Switzerland (neither of which is unduly favored with natural resources), whereas it is the giants, including the U.S. with its 30,000,000 chronically impoverished people, who seem increasingly unable to direct their wealth to socially constructive ends.

—John Papworth,
New Statesman, London.

No One Shakes the Money Tree

WHAT DOES an average capitalist do? He tries hard to place his money where it will earn the highest interest. This mentality is basically alien to our society. In vain does the PKO Savings Bank appeal to its customers; the Poles fail to pick up some 500 million zloty annually due to them as interest on their savings accounts.

—Z. G. Warsaw

Abstract Pictures—Yes; Toilets—No

THE RUCH CLUB, located in the Kozoniow area of the city of Wroclaw, no less, has been outfitted in a highly impressive fashion: comfortable armchairs, abstract pictures on the wall, carpets, and a TV set. A big-beat ensemble plays in one corner, and stars of the literary, scientific, or artistic world can be admired on its stage. The twentieth century aspect of the institution is however somewhat spoiled by the fact that no toilets have been provided. As a result, reaching the club premises over dry land is becoming more and more difficult. The restroom problem was included in the electoral demands of the recent electoral campaign.

—U.S., Zycie Gospodarce,
Warsaw.

Teaching in Spain

THE SALARY of the nation's teachers, mine in this case, with thirty-three years of service . . . is $123 per month. For this we work a total of seven hours a day. . . .

In the city in which I live and work, Lugo, the state gives those of us who have come from Madrid barely $4.20 per month for lodging and the average rent here is $42 per month. . . . In addition, to get this job, your humble servant . . . was required by the state to study ten years in primary and secondary grades, six years for baccalaureate, and four years in graduate school . . . Then there are the problems of getting into the system . . . In 1964, there were more positions than applicants; in 1968, there are four aspirants for every job. . . .

Your writer should read and reflect on the Evangelists, particularly St. Matthew, Chapter 23, verses 23-28.

—Manuel Ballon Riveira,
S.P. Madrid.

Why Vengeance?

I DEPLORE the fact that at the time of his release from prison, the prisoner cannot, for lack of a work certificate, start upwards and thus attach all his capabilities to new roots which will keep him from a second fall. . . . Why, and by virtue of what powers, does society have the right to renew the penalty for a man who has just finished paying for his wrongdoing?

My case? I am one of those who carry an extra chromosome. My curriculum vitae is a good one, I am not a violent man, and yet, against my will, I had come to commit a crime. Am I . . . a monster? Today, after thirty months of study undertaken during my imprisonment, I have been able to raise myself to a clearly superior level. Before, I was nothing in math; now I can be classified as one of the first in regional competition. Is my case above all a scientific one? I also have two attempts at suicide on my record. . . . Since my crime I have been torn apart with remorse.

Can you understand my legitimate revolt at reading these articles in which there is raised only the question of vengeance?

—M. H.D.,
Lectures Pour Tous, Paris.

Dogs—Please Note

I WAS INTERESTED in the letter complaining at the lack of care among dog owners about cleanliness and hygiene in recreation areas where they exercise their pets. Hove is one local authority which is trying the experiment of a specially erected lamp post and bollard for the exclusive use of the canine population.

—(Mrs.) Joan Harris,
The Observer, London.

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Davis at the Philharmonic; Talvela, Debut of Harwood

Much of the musical interest in the pre-election week was crowded into a single evening in which Herbert von Karajan returned to conduct his own staging of *Die Walküre* at the Metropolitan; Colin Davis made his debut as conductor of the New York Philharmonic across the plaza in Philharmonic Hall; and the young English soprano, Elizabeth Harwood, offered her talents for the first time in Town Hall. A clear evening and a fast track made possible attention to representative parts of all of them.

For Davis, who had earned esteem for his conducting of *Peter Grimes* in the Metropolitan season before last, emergence from the anonymity of the orchestra pit to the prominence of the concert stage marked a historic turn of events for the Philharmonic. He is the first in a series of conductors, mostly of the younger coterie, who come to direction of the Philharmonic in circumstances where a successor to Leonard Bernstein must eventually be elected. Whether one or two or none of them will finally qualify, the scrutiny and the context cannot be ignored.

Davis led not merely from strength but from individual aptitude in beginning his four weeks engagement with an all-Berlioz program. Such a sequence as the *Francs-Juges* Overture, the setting of P. A. Vieillard's *Cléopâtre* (for which Beverly Wolff was the vocal soloist), and the orchestral episodes of *Romeo and Juliet* has a built-in unity of style and integrity of content which go a long way to make an evening of music satisfying. Nothing jars or clashes, yet there is ample variety to avoid anything like a surfeit of similar sound.

Such concepts are a pleasant reminder of the feeling for style and substance which have long characterized his English predecessors of the podium, some still active, others now but a memory. Like the best of them (and names are really superfluous, for such traits are national rather than individual), Davis rarely loses sight of the reality that what a hundred musicians and a conductor have been brought together to do is to play music, not to perform acts of individual vanity or personal exhibitionism.

This may seem the merest of elementary precepts, but it is not so elementary that it is not regularly reduced to second, third, or fourth place by some of his contemporaries. What I heard of this program—the total sequence of *Romeo and Juliet* music, beginning with the "Love Scene," going on to the "Queen Mab" scherzo, and concluding with "Romeo Alone," "His Sadness," "Concert and Ball," and "Festivities in the Capulet's Palace"—attested to a healthy sharing of functions between men and maestro, in which the audience was the beneficiary.

There was no excessive emphasis on minutiae of execution in which a ritual of perfection supersedes the enjoyment of music-making and the transmission of them to the listener. Indeed, one who pursued a score might have noted more than a few niceties of dynamics which were passed over in the "Queen Mab," and some unresolved considerations of balance in the "Concert and Ball," which left more of Ivesian overlapping than Berlioz possibly would have preferred. But, in a time when the pursuit of perfection for perfection's sake is obsessive, a conductor of Davis's enthusiasm, culture, and commitment to music is one to cherish.

During the earlier portions of his program, a young countrywoman of his was introducing herself to an audience in Town Hall with a debut program of usual composition. It began with Handel and moved forward to a Britten song cycle, with a progression of decades in between. Thus the advent of Elizabeth Harwood, who has been heard on several recordings, especially with the English Opera Group.

Her performances of a Handel aria ("As when the dove laments her love" from *Acis and Galatea*) and a series of Mozart songs ("Das Veilchen," "An Chloë," and "Oiseaux, si tous les ans") served as introduction to a fresh, lyric sound, admirably placed and trained, a better than average appreciation of stylistic detail, good articulation of texts in the usual language (Italian was accounted for by the inclusion of "Ridente la

(*Continued on page* 121)

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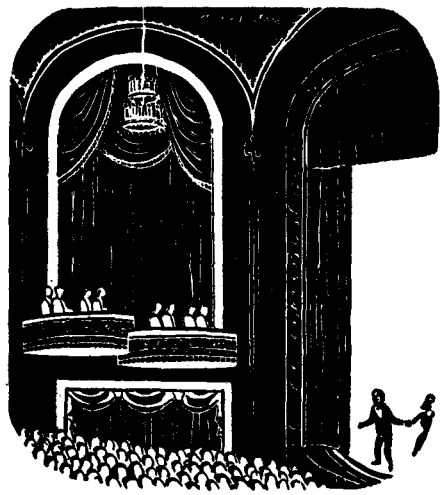
The Musicless Musical



By VERNON DUKE

TIME-SAVING devices are all around us. Saving precious time isn't accomplished merely by using jets, powerful automobiles, or the telephone; you save time by employing abbreviations when you speak or write. In this respect, Soviet Russia and England—not America—lead the way. Instead of saying "Editorial Board," a Soviet citizen refers to "*Redcollegia,*" and the Committee for Public Education becomes "*Narkompros*"—one word instead of four. The English spit out "choc" instead of "chocolate," "pram" rather than "perambulator." Even the notoriously verbose French prefer "un fox" to "un fox trot," "un dry" (usually pronounced "dree") to "un dry martini." The slangy American is oddly reticent when it comes to abbreviations, although our present fashion in slang ("dig," "scene," "cat," "hip," "crazy," "man," and such—based not on new words, but on a new slant given old ones—is considered elegant the world over.

We do, however, refer to a musical comedy, play, or even drama as a "musical," period. This term, when used to describe a theatrical presentation, denotes singing and dancing people on the stage (some of them can talk, too) and a number of musicians in the pit, presided over by a conductor—with or without a stick, this being optional. All right, so you pay up to $15 for an orchestra seat this season and view a "musical," the term used as a noun. Now, you and I are entitled to a question: Do we hear a musical, as well as see it? In other words, is the musical musical?

Hardly. By and large, the average 1968 "musical" is depressingly musicless: we discern fancily organized sounds, pretty and ugly, harmonious or fascinatingly discordant; we are ready to admire orchestral fireworks and vocal acrobatics disguised as "arrangements"; we tap our feet to unholy rock 'n' rollers' rhythms, but all these trappings fail to disclose musical "meat and potatoes"—the old term for which was "plug tunes." A song is something to be sung; but how is one expected to sing a series of brass licks, a harp *glissando*, a swinging drum solo—or hippie-type laments, intended for bleating?

What made a thirty-two bar chorus a "pluggable" song? An arresting front phrase (preferably not stolen, which may result in another kind of arrest), a contrasting "release" or "middle," and an effective reprise of the first eight bars with a euphonious close. This formula still obtains, and, to cite one example, Jerry Herman, no learned musician, sticks to it stubbornly and with solid results, financially speaking. In prewar days, a mellifluous ballad constituted the basis, the *axis*, the *must* of a Broadway score. This was in pre-integration (musico-theatrical, not racial) times, and the principle was quite strictly adhered to, although a certain renowned producer-director, still alive, still productive, used to dismiss a "commercial" love song with: "What? A ballad? Out it goes; ballads slow up a show."

Vincent Youmans's formula was: 1) one sock ballad, or love song; 2) one rousing "rhythm" number—with the two reprised again and again. As a result, you could whistle the songs on the way out, instead of resignedly whistling for a cab. Youmans treated us to "Tea for Two" and "I Want to Be Happy" in *No, No, Nanette;* "Sometimes I'm Happy" and "Hallelujah" in *Hit the Deck.* Gershwin and Rodgers preferred to make almost every number stand out. So did their senior, Jerome Kern. Cole Porter was partial to the "overcoat," by which he meant four or five sets of lyrics with the same title and basic idea ("Let's Do It," "It's Delovely," etc.) "coating" the body of the song; the overcoat, or rather a series of overcoats, permitted Ethel Merman to come back again and again to ever-increasing applause and invariably stop the show cold. That was the "sock it to 'em" of the Thirties, and the songwriters of the day knew how to "slay 'em," not just "sock 'em."

These accomplished people also wrote (and in Rodgers's case, still write) good, substantial music because they were—and are—composers. They learned their craft and didn't have to rely on musical "secretaries," vocal arrangers, "dance extension" specialists. Such folk, perfectly respectable in their way, are not only regularly employed today, they have now begun to draw royalties (so I'm told by producers)—as well they might, since they serve as "recomposers," craftsmen who turn puerile strains into something resembling music.

Few, very few, real composers are hired these days, the species having been replaced by a half-literate (or downright illiterate) tunesmith: some of them are barely able to decipher "guitar symbols," let alone "compose" a theatrical score. This doesn't seem to worry the producer. As long as the music-concocter he hired is "with it" (with what, exactly?), the recomposers will supply the necessary patina, while the all-powerful director-choreographer brings his own purveyor of "dance arrangements" (of what?) along and will not sign the contract without his music man being hired, too. The formula should work, but, with few exceptions, it no longer does. The gory statistics—listing $600,000 extravaganzas, lasting one full performance, withdrawn after five or six "previews" for obvious lack of box-office potential or expiring on the road without ever reaching Broadway (I had a few of these myself)—tell us that for every *Fiddler, Dolly,* or *Cabaret,* there are dozens of *Buttrio* and other squares; these are forgotten on the morrow of their demise, but not by their unlucky perpetrators.

EVEN before World War I it was always the "book"—it really should be "booklet"—(libretto, *livret* in French) that was blamed for such catastrophes. It is a Broadway cliché—and like most clichés, based on truth—that no matter how great the cast, the score, the dancers, or the scenery, if the book stinks, the show sinks. Unlike the still unsolved riddle—whether the words or music come first in a song—even the layman knows that the libretto must be written (at least in part) before a single melodic phrase, a single three-syllable rhyme is attempted. "But why bother if the book's no good?" the layman may cry out. Why, indeed; yet a musical book cannot be judged in the way a straight play is. In fact, I would be suspicious of any book that reads like a play and appears to stand on its feet without the addition of a score; a seasoned librettist knows that songs take the place of pages of dialogue in a truly integrated musical. It takes a special kind of extra-sensory perception to be able to "see and hear" a book, as it will eventually emerge as part of an involved theatrical fabric, rather than to

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read it. That's where the "new wave" director-choreographer comes in.

Having worked with two or three such on Broadway, I can vouch for their mistrust of composers, especially those who are impertinent enough to throw their weight around (and I'm not as slim as I was). The despots have a point: they want the shows entrusted to them to "come off," to assume hit proportions even if it becomes necessary to throw out every song to achieve hitdom. The overall integration does not necessarily include memorable music; some of our most successful musicals clicked despite the music being so unobtrusive that it went practically unnoticed. If you saw (and heard) *How to Succeed* or *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, you'll know what I mean—not that the scores of either show were devoid of merit; they were perfect as *musique d'ammeublement* ("furniture music"), but did not exist away from the theater.

Once, in the course of a pre-rehearsal conference, I asked my all-powerful collaborator (director-choreographer) just why he would rather have his own "specialist" for ballet and "dance extension" chores when I am something of a ballet specialist myself, having worked with Massine, Balanchine, Roland Petit, Lew Christensen, Tod Bolender, Katherine Dunham, and the late Doris Humphrey. The "collaborator" (the boss, really) gave me a malevolent look and answered: "Gosh, Vernon, you don't want to sit at the piano for eight hours and play the same four bars over and over again!" For clarity's sake, the "dance extension" man is usually the director-choreographer's rehearsal pianist. I always thought George Balanchine's method was the best: while working on dance and ballet episodes, he would "lay out" a given dance sequence, ordering his rehearsal pianist to dream up, say, sixty bars in 4/4 *allegro moderato*.

The music used was nothing in particular, but it conveyed the feel and the beat of Balanchine's invention, its metric scheme, its choreographic design. The composer would then be invited to view the episode and was handed a musical sketch—a bare outline—with tempo and dynamics markings. Proper music would next be composed and exhibited to Balanchine, who, being a first-rate musician himself, would make all necessary suggestions and corrections. Try as I would, I could never persuade the present-day director-choreographer (Balanchine gave up Broadway for good) to adapt this logical and workmanlike approach to his musical problems. Knowing that nine Broadway tunesmiths out of ten are not "up" to ballet composition, he eliminates the problem by sticking to his own "specialist." So firmly is this procedure en-

(*Continued on page* 92)

MOSTLY MODERNISTS

Henderson, Armstrong, and Noone

THERE ARE two current points of view on the music of Fletcher Henderson. The older of them concedes that it was the Henderson orchestra, under the arranging tutelage of Don Redman, that first evolved a jazz style for a dance-band-size ensemble in the 1920s. And it holds that, certain earlier successes being granted, the Henderson style did not really find its full expression until the mid-1930s.

The second and more recent point of view, suggested in Gunther Schuller's excellent *Early Jazz* (Oxford), holds that the Henderson orchestra's real contributions had been made by 1932; and there is more than a hint in Schuller's comments that he feels that the subsequent arrangements had reduced these achievements to a polite formula, begging to be popularized, but creatively stultifying for soloists and arrangers alike.

Both positions might be tested in two recent releases in Decca's continuing "Jazz Heritage" series, *Fletcher Henderson: First Impressions 1924-1931* (reprocessed stereo DL 7227; mono DL 9227) and *Fletcher Henderson: Swing's the Thing, 1931-1934* (reprocessed stereo DL 7228; mono DL 9228).

The years 1924 through 1931 are sketched—sometimes well sketched, but sketched—in these albums. And the year 1934 receives heavy coverage with the likes of "Big John's Special," "Down South Camp Meeting," and "Wrappin' It Up,"—the very pieces, the very arrangements, and, in some cases (in Red Allen's trumpet solos, say) suspiciously close to the very solos which Benny Goodman and his sidemen were playing to national acclaim a few years later.

"Copenhagen," from the first set, finds Redman in 1924 adapting the materials of an earlier style and patterning them with exceptional skill and insight. But suddenly there is Louis Armstrong's solo, leaping out of the ensemble and speaking a musical language that knew all about the past and also said enough about the present and future as to send the most skillful arrangers and the most accomplished soloists scurrying after him.

The story from 1924 on seems, in retrospect, the story of that scurry. In the 1931 selections that close the LP, the arrangements and the ensemble show us how far along both the arrangers and the ensemble had come in catching up to Armstrong's lead. And outstanding solos, such as those by Rex Stewart, Coleman Hawkins, and Benny Morton on "Just Blues," show how honorably these men had come to personal terms with the fact and presence of Armstrong's genius.

The second volume offers an interesting subject for comparison in a 1934 arrangement of "Shanghai Shuffle," a piece which in its 1924 version is a part of Volume I. Otherwise *Fletcher Henderson: Swing's the Thing* is, as I indicate above, a set for all those by now middle-aged fans of the swing bands of the 1930s to own, hear, and ponder for its social implications as well as its musical ones.

Two 1924-25 Fletcher Henderson selections begin the set called *Young Louis the Sideman* (Decca reprocessed stereo DL 7233; mono DL 9233). In several of its titles, the LP offers a measure of Armstrong's striking development during those four years. For no matter how marvelously he brings to life the stodgy ensemble on Perry Bradford's "Lucy Long," no matter how excitingly he improvises on "I Ain't Gonna Play No Second Fiddle," no matter how brilliantly he bursts through the skilled ensemble playing of Erskine Tate's Chicago orchestra, these things are but preludes to his grandiose statement on "Wild Man Blues." I should point out, however, that the contrast is made particularly dramatic in the context of the LP, for Armstrong is somewhat subdued on several of the intervening selections, frequently charming selections though they be, with frequently fine titles such as "Georgia BoBo" by Lil's Hot Shots, and "Easy Come, Easy Go Blues," and "I'm Goin' Hunting" by Jimmy Bertrand's Washboard Wizards.

The session that produced "Wild Man Blues" was under the nominal leadership of clarinetist Johnny Dodds. Another of its participants was pianist Earl Hines, and Hines is a sideman to another clarinetist on *Jimmy Noone and Earl Hines At the Apex Club, Volume 1* (1928) (reprocessed stereo DL 79235; mono DL 9235).

Noone's group achieved an interesting and often delightful modification of the New Orleans ensemble style. The lead melody, which had traditionally been carried by cornet or trumpet, went to Joe Poston's alto sax, while Noone continued the clarinet's classic harmonic and, more important, contrapuntal functions—and Noone was above all a fine ensemble clarinetist. The resultant textures can be heard on "My Monday

(*Continued on page* 126)

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report	
Count Basie and the Mills Brothers: *Annual Report*. Basie, piano; with 16-piece band; and the Mills Brothers, vocal. Dot DLP-25888, stereo only, $4.79.	This album is much superior to its predecessor by the same combination of talents on Dot DLP-25838. The material and arrangements are better, and the band gets more opportunities. There are satisfying solos by Lockjaw Davis, Eric Dixon, Bobby Plater, and Al Aarons; and the Mills Brothers reaffirm their ability as jazz singers on numbers such as "Cherry," "Blue and	Sentimental," "Every Day," and "Send for You Yesterday." On the last, they harmonize Jimmy Rushing's original chorus, while Harry Edison's famous four-bar break, orchestrated by Chico O'Farrill, is played by the entire trumpet section. Johnny Mercer's new lyrics in the last chorus of "Glow Worm" are also a welcome and appropriate addition.
Don Byas: *Le Grand Don Byas*. Byas, tenor saxophone; Georges Daly or Fats Sadi, vibraphone; Christian Chevalier, Martial Solal, or Maurice Vander, piano; Pierre Michelot, bass; Benny Bennett, Pierre Lamarchand, or Roger Paraboschi, drums. Master Jazz MJR-103, stereo only, $5.00. (Postpaid from Master Jazz Recordings, Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021.)	One of the greatest of tenor saxophonists, Byas has lived in Europe since 1946. The excellent performances in this collection, recorded in Paris between 1952 and 1955, show what this country has been deprived of by his self-imposed exile. Although originally influenced by Coleman Hawkins, whose imprint is evident enough, Byas himself became a strong influence on younger players like Paul Gonsalves. With the exception of "G.D.B." and his own "Blues for Don Carlos," the numbers are all good standards, on which	Byas convincingly demonstrates an ability to maintain a mood, continuity, and good tone while improvising imaginatively. In the unobtrusive accompaniment, Paraboschi is a most impressive drummer; Michelot, a sound, consistent bassist; and Solal (heard to advantage on another valuable import, Milestone MSP-9014), the most interesting pianist. Master Jazz has performed a real service in bringing Byas back to the attention of the American public.
Johnny Dodds: *Johnny Dodds*. Dodds, clarinet; with trio, quintet, and sextet. RCA Victor LPV-558, mono only, $4.79.	All of the existing titles Dodds made for Victor under his own name are here, two of them from previously unissued takes. There are also three clumsy sides by the Dixieland Jug Blowers that the clarinetist's presence barely justifies. Compared to such contemporaries as Jimmie Noone and Sidney Bechet, Dodds was technically very	limited; but he was a good ensemble player with a strong personality and distinctive vibrato. "Weary City," "Bucktown Stomp," and "Bull Fiddle Blues" on the first side are notable performances in the New Orleans idiom, Bill Johnson's well recorded bass giving them an admirable foundation.
Duke Ellington: *The Nutcracker Suite* and *Peer Gynt Suites, Nos. 1 and 2*. Ellington, piano; with 15-piece band. Odyssey 32160252, stereo only, $2.49.	The attractively priced Odyssey series has now reissued several (Columbia) jazz albums, among which this is by far the most important, particularly since it logically unites the Ellington-Strayhorn translations of Tchaikovsky and Grieg. Recorded in 1960, these re-clothed suites remain masterpieces of orchestration. The variety of color achieved with sixteen men is remarkable,	and the wit of the arrangers' conceptions in no way detracts from their underlying respect for the composers. When the Grieg Society banned his version of *Peer Gynt* in Norway, Ellington's only comment was, "I don't feel Grieg would have done that." Another worthwhile set in this series is *Together* by Coleman Hawkins and Clark Terry (32160254).
Ella Fitzgerald: *30 by Ella*. Ella Fitzgerald, vocal; Harry Edison, trumpet; Benny Carter, alto saxophone; Georgie Auld, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Jones, piano; John Collins, guitar; Bob West, bass; Panama Francis or Louis Bellson, drums. Capitol ST-2960, stereo only, $4.79.	Ella Fitzgerald sings thirty of the thirty-six songs in this album, whose playing time is over fifty minutes. The songs are intelligently grouped in "medleys" of six, with one instrumental interpretation in each. It is a novel idea gracefully realized. The key and tempo changes are effected smoothly, and the transition from one lyric to	another seldom jars. The singer's unfailing artistry is chiefly responsible, but the sure professionalism of Benny Carter and Jimmy Jones is also much in evidence. The accompanying septet, in fact, is of a quality that could cause a wholesale re-evaluation of West Coast jazz were it recorded more often.
Illinois Jacquet: *Bottoms Up*. Jacquet, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Alan Dawson, drums. Prestige 7575, stereo only, $4.79.	This, as the annotator claims, is "the best LP Jacquet has ever made." Once renowned for frantic exhibitionism on the jazz at the Philharmonic circuit, he is always in control here; his playing emotionally expressive but tasteful, his tone bold, his phrasing firmly rhythmic both at up tempo and on ballads like "Ghost of a	Chance" and his own "You Left Me All Alone." He is fortunate in having a rhythm section of three capable, attentive musicians—and Harris contributes several virile solos. "Port of Rico," originally recorded with Count Basie on organ in 1952, proves well worth reviving.
Thad Jones and Mel Lewis: *The Big Band Sound Featuring Miss Ruth Brown*. Jones, cornet; Lewis, drums; Ruth Brown, vocal; with big band. Solid State SS-18041, stereo only, $5.79.	Miss Brown is outclassed by her accompaniment. A singer who made a big name in the rhythm and blues field, where pathos and bathos are interchangeable, she is often too emphatically dramatic (i.e., corny) for a jazz context. "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," "Sonny Boy," and "Fine Brown Frame" are expendable for this reason. In sum, the set is nevertheless a good effort, one that should prompt Solid State to try again (pos-	sibly with a singer like LaVern Baker, who did such a superb job in Atlantic's tribute to Bessie Smith). The playing by the ensemble, like the recording, is brilliant, and the soloists—identified by annotator Ira Gitler—generally sound committed. But despite the extra cardboard and space of a double-fold cover, no band personnel is given, nor are the arrangers identified.
Territory Bands, Vol. II, 1927-31. Bands led by George E. Lee, Willie Jones, Floyd Mills, Alex Jackson, Walter Page, Sonny Clay, Dave Nelson. Historical HLP-26, mono only, $4.98.	Ranging further afield than Vol. I (HLP-24), from New York to Los Angeles, this is another important collection of rarities. Two sides by Walter Page's Blue Devils are of special interest in that they introduce Count Basie, Jimmy Rushing, and Hot Lips Page. Other Kansas City recordings, made a year earlier by George E. Lee	with a smaller group, are relatively primitive and show a New Orleans influence. Three tracks by King Oliver's nephew, Dave Nelson, contain authoritative clarinet by Buster Bailey and confident jazz flute (in 1931) by Wayman Carver. Those interested in the period should also investigate *Chicago Jazz, 1923-29* (Biograph BLP-12005).
Sol Yaged: *One More Time*. Yaged, clarinet; Ray Nance, cornet, violin and vocal; Dave Martin, piano; Sam Ulano, drums. Lane 154, stereo only, $5.00. (Postpaid, Lane Record Co., 101 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.)	Ray Nance joined Sol Yaged at the New York Gaslight Club in 1965 after more than twenty years with Duke Ellington. Three facets of his artistry are well displayed alongside Yaged's expert, Goodmanlike clarinet—his romantic violin on "Crazy Rhythm" and "Autumn Leaves"; his infectious vocals on "Winchester Cathedral," "Nagasaki," "Ain't Misbehavin'," and "St. James Infirmary"; and his warm, evocative cornet on the other tracks. Though the repertoire is some-	what stale, the music is always good-humored, unpretentious, and swinging. Playing violin only, Nance can also currently be heard in more adventurous contexts with Jaki Byard on Prestige 7573 (*Jaki Byard with Strings*), in a duet with Lee Konitz on Milestone MPS-9013, and with Dizzy Gillespie on Solid State SS-18034 all of which suggest that it is high time he had an album under his own name.

—Stanley Dance.

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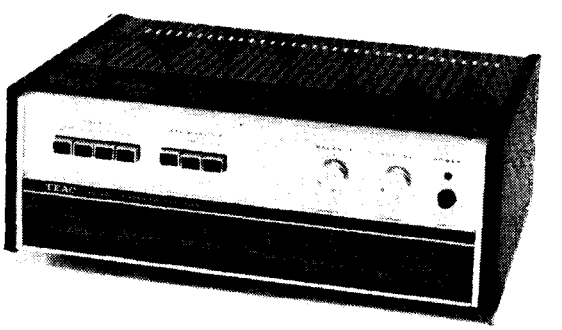

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Caveat Auditor:
The Hi-Fi Show in Retrospect

AN AUDIO show is a great place to see the latest in hi-fi equipment, to touch it, feel it, sniff it (if you like), and ask questions about it. But not to hear it. This doesn't hurt too much as a way of introducing products whose interests are visible.

But all that speakers have to sell is *sound*. Which is doubly unfortunate when one considers that speakers were the most common new product at the show.

So I can comment confidently on only two new speakers: the Acoustic Research AR-5 ($175) and the Rectilinear VI ($240). Both claimed to sound very much like their higher-priced brethren (the AR-3a and Rectilinear III, respectively), both were compared directly with their "big brothers," and both proved their point—but none of the four speakers thus compared sounded much as I've heard them sound in a living room.

I can remember good impressions of the following new speakers: the Bose (great dispersion, muddy sound—but in a room where crowding made that muddy sound inevitable), the JBL Alpha I ($324), the Electro-Voice E-V Four-A ($199.95), the $215 Tannoy Mallorcan, IMF's Bowers & Wilkins and Celestion Ditton models, and the Pioneer IS-80 ($375 with 90 watts of built-in amplification). But like the bad impressions, these good ones are subject to a recheck.

I'm probably on safer ground admiring Koss's new electro-static headphones, since headphones carry their own acoustics and exclude the show's. But again, to know how the sound of these $95 phones compares with that of $50 models, I'd have to compare them directly, on the same program material.

As to cartridges (the next most sound-oriented of hi-fi components), there are so many good ones that comparison is impossible under show conditions.

For the record only, new cartridges were shown by Empire, Shure, Elac (Benjamin), Pickering, Stanton, and IMF-Goldring.

IMF-Goldring also showed the posh, expensive Audio & Design tone arm from England, as well as prototypes of a new Goldring arm which they hope will be nearly as posh and not nearly as expensive. Either Empire's 980-A arm with anti-skating weight ($65) is new, or I've somehow missed it earlier; like earlier Empire arms, it features a magnetic Dyna Lift that raises the arm when the record's over, without affecting tracking force or friction during play.

Sony showed a turntable whose arm, equally free during play, is raised and returned to rest at record's end, with the turntable shut off as well. The secret is Sony's new magnetic diode, activated by a proximity magnet or by push-button (for rejecting records during play). The new model is the PS-1800 ($200).

In the fully automatic field, Dual showed their new 1212 ($75) and revised "F" versions of their 1015 ($90) and 1009 ($110); the "F" signifies (presumably in German) that these models now have pitch control for play-along musicians. Miracord showed their new $120 Model 630 changer and their new $90 Model 620. Nivico introduced a changer, too.

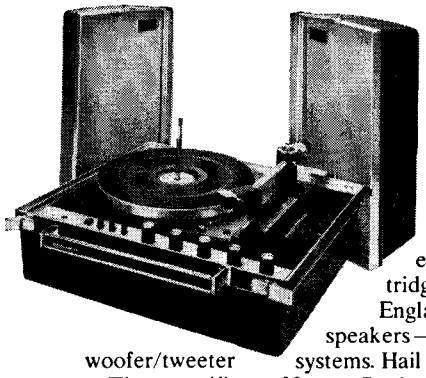
WITH electronics (tuners, amplifiers, and receivers), we reach the real meat of the show, since these products now derive so much appeal from easily demonstrable features. Probably the simplest and most intelligent of these was the input panel of Pioneer's new SC-100 solid-state preamplifier. Slanted 45 degrees forward from the standard vertical, it can be reached by swinging up a panel atop the cabinet. It's the first component that I've seen which makes access for such connection easy—it could have been done thirty years ago, had anyone but thought of it. As befits its $375 price, it has other deluxe features, too.

Fisher and Panasonic both showed receivers with automatic, signal-seeking tuning; regular manual tuning; and preset push-button tuning. Panasonic's SA-4000 16-watt receiver is FM-only; has slider controls for volume, tone, and balance; and little-used controls (muting, high-blend, etc.) hidden beneath a hinged panel; price was estimated at $695. Fisher's 500TX has 190 watts of power, optional remote tuning control, AM as well as FM, and all-electronic (not motor-driven) auto-tuning: $450 was quoted.

CM Laboratories showed an unfinished prototype of a tuner with digital read-out tubes instead of a conventional station dial. Station frequencies are outlined clearly and unmistakably in lighted numbers 0.6 inches high. This new Model 804 tuner is crystal-controlled, and can be set with perfect accuracy to any frequency, regardless of the presence or absence of a signal. Price will be about $1000.

The Nivico line featured many models

When nations work together



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with the "Sound Effect Amplifier" 5-way tone control, as well as a studio "SEA" with seven frequency control points, and an instrument for measuring response of total sound systems (including resonances of the room itself). Crown showed a power amplifier rated at up to 800 watts IHF (depending on test conditions). Electro-Voice's new receivers featured ultra-modular construction. Kenwood's new TK-140X 200-watter has rear-panel jumper connections that let you connect other components directly to the preamp section output and main amplifier section input. Sansui's new receivers had European-style DIN connectors for quick installation of a tape recorder.

Scott laid out their new LR-88 kit receiver in great detail to show how its packaging contributes to easier assembly; this 100-watt AM/FM unit feature will sell for $340 in kit form. Also on view was the $200 Scottie system of receiver and speakers, which can operate from 12-volt car or boat batteries as well as house current.

IN tape, cassettes made the biggest new product showing. Cassette recorders were introduced by Harman-Kardon, Fisher, and TEAC (the first cassette recorder with hysterisis motor). Scott showed two "Casseiver" receivers with built-in cassette decks. The Sony-Superscope recorder line included a stereo version of the model 100 cassette portable, reviewed here some months ago, as well as their new monaural, pocket-sized Model 50 cassette unit. Though not as accurate or steady in its speed as the 100, it was accurate enough for speech and notetaking, and far more convenient.

Craig made their first New York show appearance with a complete line of cassette and reel-to-reel machines, as did Ampex. Uher offered a reel-to-reel deck (Model 9500) and recorder (Model 10,000) with built-in slide-projector synchronizer, and Tandberg introduced the latest version of their Model 12 recorder with cross-field head. TEAC introduced a deck for professional-sized ten-and-a-half-inch reels.

Marantz showed a new tuner with the usual (for Marantz) oscilloscope that lets you orient your antenna for least multipath interference. But multipath could possibly become a thing of the past for Manhattan-dwellers, if Manhattan Cable Television's FM-cable service works as planned. MCTV claims that the signal from their cable ($9.95 installation and a $5 monthly charge) will be free of interference, noise, and multipath distortion; lower rates are available to those who use the cable for their television sets as well. Here again, the show served as an introduction, not a demonstration.

—IVAN BERGER.

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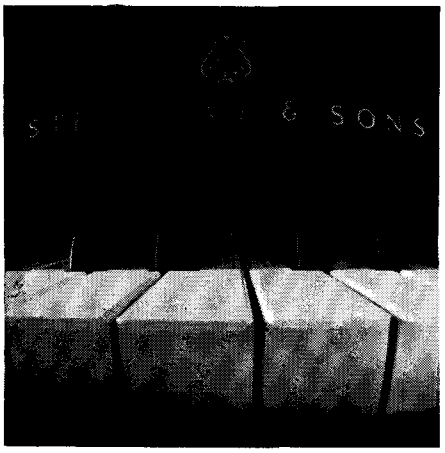

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Musicless Musical

Continued from page 87

trenched in the producer's mind that when Lawrence Rosenthal, a trained musician and "dance extension" specialist for Broadway musicals, wrote the complete score for *Sherry,* another "specialist" was hired to do the ballet job!

In pre-integration days, a score found to be hitless in the course of the critical road tour was remedied hastily by the addition of "interpolated numbers" by a proven melody-man; that's how Kern, Gershwin, and many, many others got their start. Now that contracts are drawn up to include a strict "no interpolation" clause, the producer is stuck with the "original" score, and no amount of recomposing by "specialists" can turn a crash into a smash. Paradoxically, the average Broadway composer of our time is neither an accomplished craftsman nor a creator of surefire hits. We do have a goodly number of theatrical talents in music, but that's something else again. One of the better and most successful in this category is Jerry Bock, who, together with his brilliant lyricist partner Sheldon Harnick, won the Pulitzer Prize for *Fiorello!* and is presently represented on Broadway by *Fiddler on the Roof,* possibly the most touching and affecting musical play in years. Mr. Bock delivered himself a piece on the "Musical Theatre's Next Step" in *The Dramatists Guild Quarterly* (Spring 1968), stating in the lengthy title that "It All Depends on the Light."

After a rambling opening, replete with autobiographical trivia, the author gets down to business—in a sense. He owns up that there are things in the present-day musical that "begin to make us weary," such as "the trio of tympani roll into overture into cheerful opening number," which "needs tending to." I'm not familiar with the extent of Mr. Bock's musical knowledge, but I have every reason to doubt that he orchestrates his music for the theater—who does, for that matter, since Kurt Weill's death? Yet he thinks that the sound that usually emanates from the orchestra pit too often dulls rather than excites; could it be that the music, rather than the invariably competent orchestration, lacks in excitement?

Bock also appears discontented with "the too pretty, too antiseptic, too predictable two-in-lovenicks that proliferate on the musical scene." In other words, he deplores "the assault of the conventional." Luckily, I have not seen the unfortunate musicals that cluttered the otherwise healthy Broadway scene of past season, but it would appear that Bock's mild onslaughts would have been more to the point thirty years ago; he knows full well that respectable overtures no longer open with tympani rolls and that his quaintly styled "two-in-lovenicks" stopped being pretty and antiseptic a long, long time ago.

It is equally naïve to "welcome the wunderkind," whose distinguishing features are "sounds of pop-rock, hard and cool; sounds of high amplification; sounds of electrified plectrums accompanying the sight of fresh faces, etc." The Beatles and their imitators are fine in their way and musically inventive on occasion, but my guess is that their influence on our musical theater will be negligible; the theater thrives on *variety,* usually absent from "pop-rock" sound orgies, hard or cool. I'm afraid that we, the longhairs of another era, when that word denoted rigorously trained musicians, were infinitely more resourceful than the longhaired "wunderkinds" of the hippie persuasion, whose "electrified plectrums" are fully as monotonous and conformist as their garb. If you've seen one hippie, you've seen 'em all; once you've heard a hippie, don't expect any surprises from the next one, unless you're under eighteen.

In its June 26, 1968, issue *Variety* reported:

> Most of the reviewers dismissed the quality of last season's musical fare as obviously awful, and . . . quickly segued into explanations or possible remedies. Barnes [the awesome new *Times* critic, long a ballet buff, V.D.], opined that "the generation gap between contemporary pop music and the producers" was instrumental in the season's disappointing tuner quotient, while Prideaux [*Life* Magazine] said it was mostly "due to evolutionary changes in song-and-dance entertainment." We'll probably be singing the Transitional Blues for several years, but the prospects are bright.

If the "huzzahs for *Hair*" and for the rock hippie musical implications for the future of the American Musical Stage (*Variety*) are indicative of such "bright prospects," may I be permitted a weary shrug?

Bock, too, admits that he "can't follow the pied piper of pop-rock. . . . It's just not my own thing." He then discusses his next theatrical project with enthusiasm and pardonable pride. The project sounds fine, as projects go, but the writer himself modestly denies it being a potential pathbreaker. For a composer of Bock's imposing attainments, it would seem that breaking a path or two would be the healthiest thing possible for the advancement of the musical idiom in the theater—yet he shies away from it. This admission of unadventurousness is followed by three paragraphs, somewhat rhetorical in tone, wherein Mr. Bock describes his "creative brothers," of which he "favors the second set"—those "who mean to say a great deal but say it awkwardly." An interesting confession. Whatever the "creative brothers" mean to say (usually not much), they may or may not strive for a "great deal," but *they* don't say it—with or without a tympani roll; the recomposers – the orchestrators, dance and vocal arrangers, editors who prepare voice-and-piano copies for publication—do it for them. For most of them, that is. In addition to Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim, Milton Schaefer (whose first two entries were failures, but who will do better before long), and the already mentioned Lawrence Rosenthal, there is the colorful and prodigiously gifted Bert Bacharach, an anomalous figure: he is a trained musician, a hugely successful exponent of the newest "frissons" in the rock-shock idiom, and a budding show composer laboring on a musical version of *The Apartment* for David Merrick, entitled *Promises, Promises.* These five, whatever their respective talents, stand firmly on their own feet as competent musicians and do not require outside help. The future is not all that dark, after all.

The reader may deduce from the above that all a musical show needs is a conservatory-trained composer to make it a hit. Perish the thought: I had too many false starts in my Broadway career, too few real clicks to believe such nonsense. But it would appear logical that, since we take it for granted that the librettists and the lyricists (or lyrists, if you will) know how to *write,* we have a right to expect the Broadway tunesmith to learn how to *spell.*

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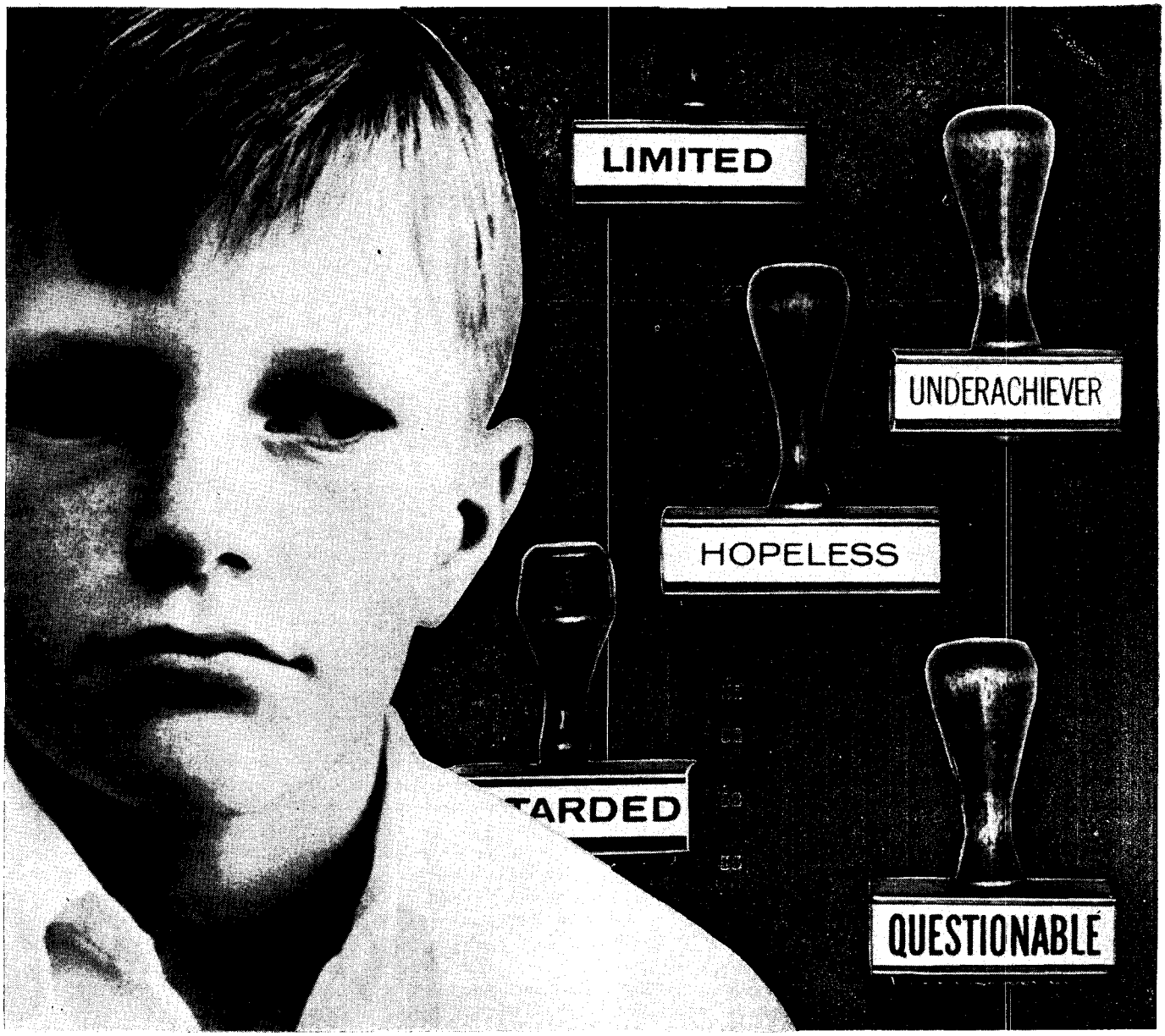

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Correspondence for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Choose Your Own Brand Of Disaster

WHEN the Bundy Committee Report, recommending the decentralization of New York City's public school system, was released a year ago this month, many critics charged that it provided a sure recipe for educational disaster. Subsequent events appear to have proved them right. Certainly, New York's schools are, today, a disaster area of epic dimensions. Yet there is serious question as to whether recent events have, in truth, justified the opposition to radical change in the schools.

At this writing, it appears that a formula for returning the city's children to their classrooms is evolving, but it is unlikely that a long-term policy of accommodation will be worked out in the heat of the current conflict. The fact is, however, that fundamental change has come to the nation's urban schools; there can be no turning back—except, perhaps, through the use of repressive force to coerce the inner city community. What is needed, therefore, is a better understanding of the issues that are in conflict, and a realistic view of the limited options that are left to us.

It is clear that the twin concepts of decentralization and community control of the schools developed in response to the failure of the schools in the inner city, and have little or nothing to do with the sometimes excellent schools serving the city's middle-class, predominantly white students. Ghetto parents are convinced that "their" schools, managed by a distant hierarchy and dominated by the white establishment, are not serving their children well. Local control of the schools offers a means, they believe, for fashioning a more effective education for their children.

It is also clear, as Wallace Roberts points out in "The Battle for Urban Schools" (see page 97), that community control seriously threatens the city's teachers—not only because it challenges their hard-won position of power within the educational establishment, but also because, in practice, it denies many of the professional assumptions about what constitutes good education. If teacher selection, classroom authority, tenure, and curriculum development are to be subject to community rather than to professional determination, the teachers suddenly find themselves in a new and different ball game. This is particularly true when some ghetto militants, who are primarily concerned with building a base for personal political power, use the issues to inflame passions of race and class and color. Yet most ghetto parents, even as their counterparts in suburbia, desperately want their children to enjoy the advantages of effective education.

The problem, then, becomes a multiple one. While the basic rights of teachers must be protected, the inner city schools have to become more responsive to the needs of the community, and the community, in turn, must learn to police itself as it masters the art of responsible management of its schools. None of this will be easy, and we are certain to see other violent conflicts before the issues are resolved. But at this late date, our options are painfully limited. We have the choice of courting disaster in school systems that are changing in an attempt to meet the problems of education in the ghetto, or of employing whatever measures are necessary to maintain the status quo—and to accept disaster by default. —J. C.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Born Unequal?

WILLIAM H. BOYER and Paul Walsh ask "Are Children Born Unequal?" [*SR*, Oct. 19]. They cautiously state that current studies do not support either an "environmentalist" or a "hereditarian" interpretation of differences in intelligence, although their sympathies are clearly with the former. We are admonished to base educational policy on "the most generous and promising assumptions about human nature, rather than the most niggardly and pessimistic."

The writers are undoubtedly men of good will, but they fail to realize the implications of the doctrine that children are genetically equal with respect to the determination of all traits which affect intelligence and special abilities. If this be true, we violate no child's nature by educating him for any socially useful role. The fairest method would be to randomly assign children to channels of education which will make them happy artists, stockbrokers, dishwashers, policemen, nuclear physicists, and so forth. Ridiculous, and not what the authors intend. Agreed, but this is where the doctrine of genetic equality leads. How much more humane is a recognition of individuality, in part genetic and in part acquired, coupled with techniques of teaching which promote the expression of human differences.

Boyer and Walsh are really concerned with the stereotyping of children of depressed social and racial groups. They wish to counteract the belief that such groups are genetically incapable of improving their status. History is on their side. Most of the genes which are now directing protein syntheses in the intellectual elite of the Western world were sheltered for centuries in the gonads of illiterate peasants who would have done very badly on twentieth-century intelligence tests. History will probably repeat itself in the future as new elites arise. Our greatest problems today lie in the quantity of men, not in their average genetic quality.

In 1968 a discussion of "hereditarian" and "environmentalist" theories has a curious, dated sound. Heredity is concerned with structural and regulator genes; dominant, additive and epistatic interactions; effects of selection and assortative mating upon gene frequencies. Environment involves early protein deficiencies, stimulation of specific sensory systems, patterns of parental care, schedules of reinforcement. The heredity-environment dichotomy is as dead as the dodo. In the twentieth century we recognize that genes and experience have a synergistic relationship in the control of human development.

JOHN L. FULLER,
Hulls Cove, Maine

IT IS REGRETTABLE that men who could write an article like "Are Children Born Unequal?" with such an unassailable motive, i.e., encouraging the "creating of ability, increasing of intelligence, and developing of interests," and with such splendid phrases as, "We should base our policy on the most generous and promising assumptions about human nature," should blow the whole thing by busying themselves with exhuming the nature-nurture argument of forty years ago.

If Boyer and Walsh want to recruit an army to storm the strongholds of educational privilege and psychological determinism, count me in; but I'm not available for any windmill tilting. I see little profit for the cause of equal educational opportunity in beating the dead horse of hereditary intellectual elitism.

Poor teaching will *not* be made good by the simple device of assuming that all children are genetically equal and denying that individual differences exist.

Soviet schools have operated for many years now without intelligence tests (Soviet law prohibits their use in the schools), but also without solving the problem of differential human performance.

Yes, Virginia, there are individual differences.

B. E. TABARLET, Chairman,
Education and Psychology Dept.,
Louisiana State University,
Shreveport, La.

BOYER AND WALSH have not adduced a single point to prove that children are born equal in intelligence; they have merely given a list of those reasons which tend to obscure the genetic component.

The emergence of genius from obscurity is a phenomenon hard to explain on any other grounds save genetic difference.... The question really boils down, however, to whether we are constrained to believe, as evidently the authors do, that children are born equal in every respect, or whether we can accept the innate individual differences of each other and be tolerant of them. One is not likely to get creative leadership out of a society which neglects its gifted and creative geniuses in favor of simplistic views, and distorts the efforts of research to fit some religious or social dogma.

The result of public school neglect of gifted children will not seriously affect the privileged, gifted child who will be taken from public school and sent to private school. But it will seriously handicap the chances of the unusual and uncommon child who springs from the common people. It will thus tend to prevent the very thing which I am sure the authors as well as the rest of us all want, namely, an open door to opportunity for anyone with outstanding gifts. The public school has performed this function reasonably well in the past (if you disagree, examine the educational system in French Quebec, where there are two school systems). As a result, native genius has often been able to rise from humble origins and enrich the mainstream of American life.

DR. JOHN CURTIS GOWAN,
Northridge, Calif.

THE QUESTION: "Are Children Born Unequal?" can at this date have only one answer—yes. The question: Are children hereditarily endowed with unequal intellectual capacity? needs deeper scrutiny. Accepting the Boyer-Walsh exclusion of persons affected by unfavorable periods of pregnacy, the only objective way to determine such equality or lack of it would be to set up a totally impossible laboratory study in which a sample of children would be raised in the same environment, and subject them all to the same kinds of objective testing. Objectivity requires a machine. The minute adult interraction enters in the objectivity is colored; yet even the monkeys require an affection of which machines are not capable. It would appear that for useful social purposes the question of innate intellectual capacity is not too valuable. We deal with a continuity of humanity.

The most valid point in the article is that teachers, by their reactions to individual students, can stimulate them to improved performance. The ideal is to train teachers who can shed their cultural or racial bias and give positive motivation and expectation for each student. Then, by the time choices need to be made in our society for future vocations, fairer choices can be made. Society's policy must be based upon its own need for survival as well as moral considerations. For the immediate future, the ideal of educating everyone up to his full potential because of environmental limitations, if not innate unequal capacity, has to be striven for within limitations. The present pattern of rewarding teachers by salary increases based upon time in service and degrees does not seem designed to move toward the ideal.

The great frustration of this article was its failure to point to any practical application of well known facts in the face of the rising costs of education.

MRS. JOHN P. VARDA, Attorney,
Madison, Wis.

Blacks in Blazers

STEPHEN DAVENPORT'S ARTICLE, "Farewell to the Old School Tie" [*SR*, Oct. 19], displayed some knowledge and insight about the Negro's situation in the independent school.

Last year I graduated from a tradition-bound, independent girl's school in the Baltimore area. Last year the first Negro student in the history of the school graduated with me. It is impossible to relate in detail what such an experience taught me. But through exposure to this girl, I, along with my classmates, experienced a change in attitude, which Mr. Davenport fails to recognize in his article. He refers to his Pomfret history instructor's "humane ideas." I am

(*Continued on page* 120)

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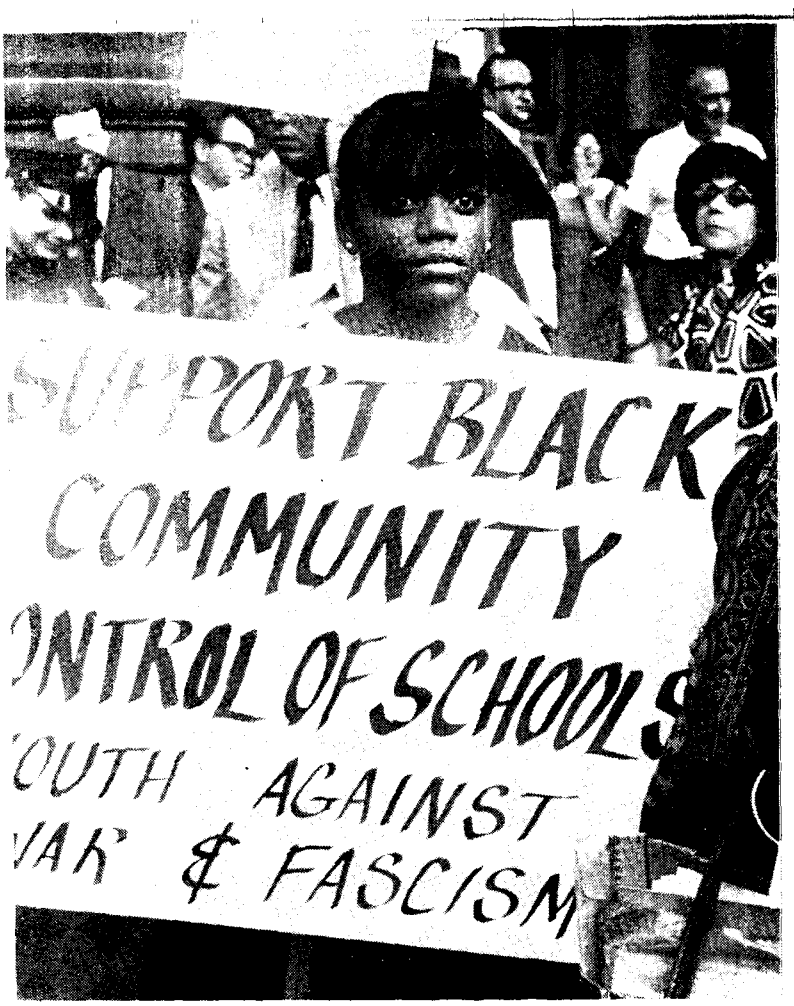

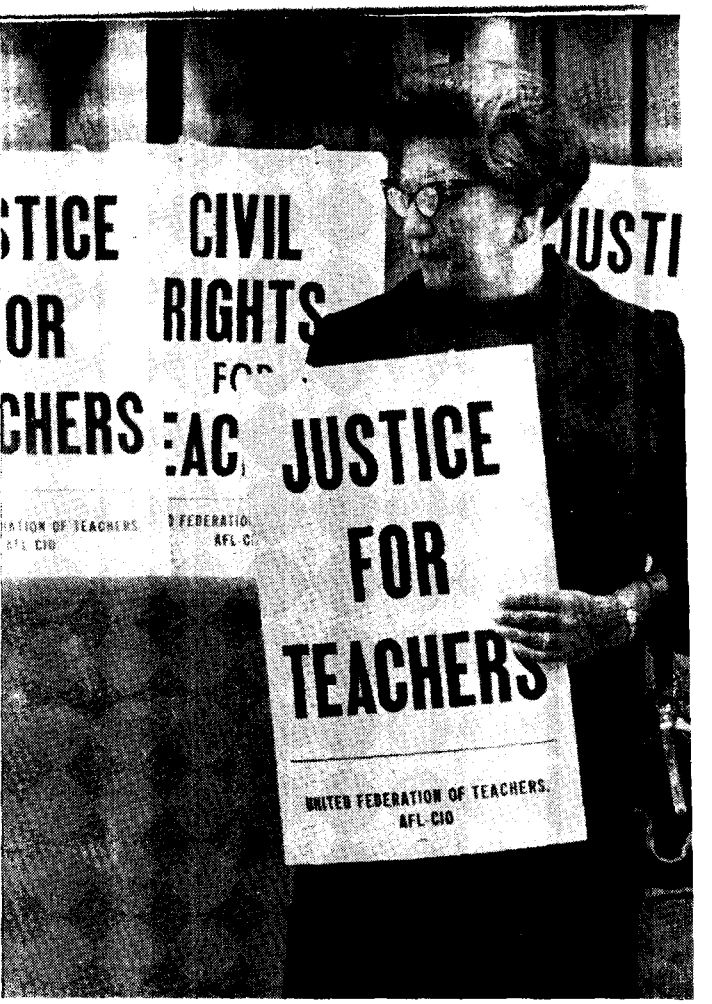

—Photos by Charles Gatewood.

THE BATTLE FOR URBAN SCHOOLS

By WALLACE ROBERTS

"IF ANYONE walking the streets of New York is under the impression that the teachers are on strike over an educational issue, he is grossly misinformed. The issues are politics and labor."

The speaker was Rhody A. McCoy, unit administrator of Brooklyn's embattled Ocean Hill-Brownsville decentralized school district, an organization that has come to symbolize the spreading struggle for community control of the urban schools. That struggle involves not only a demand by ghetto parents for a direct hand in insuring better education for their children, but a complex of social and political issues that includes the drive for black power, the tenure rights of teachers, black and white racism, and, ultimately, the prerogatives of organized labor. In New York's paralyzing battle these issues have come to a boil, and the ensuing strikes by the city's teachers have closed most of the schools for the opening weeks of the term.

It is clear that the Negro's fight for dignity and equality has come down to something very basic: he wants his share of power, not just a seat in the front of the bus. He wants control over some of the institutions that shape his environment, and the one within easiest reach is the public school. But to obtain power over the schools, the Negro must take it away from others who will not yield it easily. And the objective of the black community puts it on a collision course not only with the increasingly powerful United Federation of Teachers (UFT), but also with many of the traditional assumptions about how "good" schools are run. For the ultimate question of control comes down to whether a semi-autonomous school board has the right to hire and fire its teachers at will.

THE concept of "decentralization" grew out of a number of proposals made within the past few years to set up "model subsystems" within big-city school systems for experimental purposes. Carried to the logical next step, decentralization involves the reorganization of an entire city school system into a number of semi-autonomous districts. Community control takes the final step of placing authority for most or all major decisions in decentralized districts in the hands of a local school board elected by the community. And it was this final step, taken in one of three experimental districts in New York, that precipitated the bitter impasse that closed the city's schools.

EVEN before the crisis reached major proportions in New York, however, the groundwork was being laid in the ghettos of nearly thirty other major cities across the country to provide for greater participation in the schools by parents and community leaders. Most of these other cities will not have their own Ocean Hill-Brownsville struggle, but it seems clear that a chain of events has been set in motion that is almost certain to change fundamentally the nation's big-city schools.

The problems of urban education are compounded in New York City, of course, by its size: a $1.4-billion school budget, 1,100,000 students, 57,000 teachers, and 3,700 principals and other administrators. More than half of the students are black or Puerto Rican, while more than 90 per cent of the teachers

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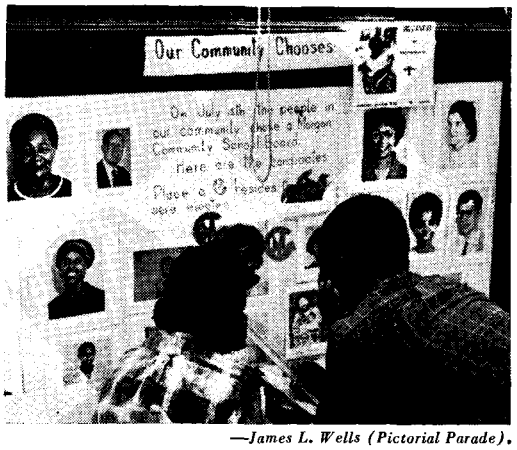
—*Charles Gatewood.*

At Intermediate School 201 in New York, a teacher in a dashiki discusses African history with a student.

and about 95 per cent of the administrators are white.

The situation that led to this autumn's explosion was complicated by many other factors as well. Long-standing promises of integration and compensatory programs that never materialized, organizational politics within the union and the politics of race in the community played a part, as well as class and racial tensions in the city at large. The rigidity of the city school administration, the many patch work efforts of the past to shore up the schools, and the long history of educational poverty all contributed to a deteriorating school system.

Some observers assert that when the central Board of Education first authorized three decentralized "demonstration districts" (of which Ocean Hill-Brownsville was one) in 1967, a fundamental mistake was made in giving the local governing boards powers that were broad but too vaguely defined, and that this lack of clarity led to the showdown.



—*James L. Wells (Pictorial Parade).*

Community representation is an important aspect of the Morgan Community School District in Washington, D.C.

Others, however, contend that the situation had become increasingly volatile over the past two years and that the explosion would have come no matter how explicitly the central board had defined the powers of the local governing boards.

In any event, the Ocean Hill-Brownsville governing board, backed—or prodded—by militants in the community forced the issue last May by insisting on its right to transfer out of the district nineteen teachers and assistant principals charged with "sabotaging" decentralization or being "unacceptable" to the community. The UFT supported the teachers and called a strike against the district's eight schools, which remained closed for the rest of the school year.

During the summer of 1968, the governing board recruited new teachers—many of them June college graduates—and the district's schools opened on schedule in September. Unable to close down the Ocean Hill-Brownsville schools, the UFT called a strike that shut down most of the schools in the rest of the city. By the end of October, the union had reached a "settlement" with the central Board on two occasions and had sent the teachers back to open the city's schools. Both times, however, the local community refused to accept the settlement, and the teachers in the rest of the city walked out once more.

SINCE the series of strikes began, secondary issues have emerged to confuse the situation almost beyond comprehension. Demands on both sides have been made and then withdrawn, agreements were reached, and then ignored. The union is striking against the central Board of Education and must negotiate with it. Yet its real dispute is with the local governing board. To admit that, however, is to recognize community control. Meanwhile, the governing board sits in Brooklyn, quietly running its schools. When the UFT teachers show up after a "settlement," it repeats its position that they are unacceptable, or allows community militants to prevent their return to the classroom.

One secondary issue that has taken on major importance is the racism expressed by both blacks and whites. Because two-thirds of the city's teachers are Jewish, however, the black racism has taken on overtones of anti-Semitism. The Ocean Hill-Brownsville governing board has pointed out that over 50 per cent of the new teachers it hired are Jewish and that none of the board members have made anti-Semitic remarks, but it has not rebuked the members of the community who have. On the other hand, the leadership of the union has referred to "vigilantes" and "Nazi types and gangsters" in the Ocean Hill and Brownsville communities.

The current crisis is directly related to a similar one two years ago when the issue of community control was first raised by the people of Harlem. They demanded that if the city's Board of Education did not integrate a new school, Intermediate School 201, or provide it with enough experienced teachers, as it had promised, then the community wanted the right to run the school itself.

That crisis spread the demand for decentralization and community control through the city's ghettos, and it has been gaining momentum ever since. The idea of decentralization took on official respectability, however, only after a city tax commission reported that the city's schools would be entitled to significantly more state aid if the system were broken up into five districts based on the city's five boroughs.

SHORTLY after the tax commission report, the Board of Education endorsed the principle of decentralization, and in July 1967, the Ford Foundation announced that, with the approval of the Board of Education, it was going to finance the planning for three decentralized "demonstration districts"; IS 201 in Harlem, Ocean Hill-Brownsville in Brooklyn, and the Two Bridges district on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Each district would contain at least one intermediate school and its feeder elementary schools.

Meanwhile, the state legislature had appropriated an extra $54,000,000 for the New York City schools on the condition that Mayor John V. Lindsay develop a decentralization plan for the entire city school system. The legislature was thinking in terms of a five-borough plan. However, the panel appointed by Mayor Lindsay and headed by McGeorge Bundy, president of the Ford Foundation, proposed a more radical program of organization reform. The report of the committee, "Reconnection for Learning: A Community School System for New York City," was released exactly a year ago, and called for the creation of thirty to sixty semi-autonomous school districts, each with a governing board composed of eleven members, six elected by the community and five appointed by the mayor.

The Bundy report sparked the immediate opposition of many groups, including the UFT. The New York legislature, under heavy pressure from both the teachers' union and the city's Central Labor Council, failed to approve either the Bundy report or any of several modifications. Instead, it approved a bill delaying effective decentralization for a year, and directed the New York State Board of Regents and the city's Board of Education to produce a temporary decentralization plan. Originally the legislature was expected to approve a final

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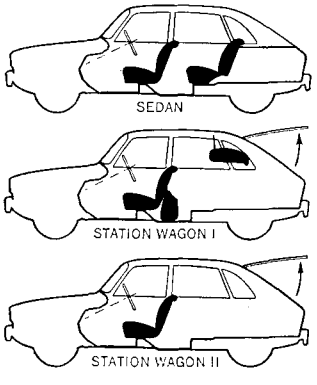

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plan when it convened in January, but its action now is an open question.

While New York City has been going through its own agony over decentralization and community control in recent years, related efforts have been made in Boston (see page 106), Washington, D.C., and Syracuse, New York. Most of these efforts, however, were designed as administrative rearrangements to facilitate widescale educational experimentation and had few formal arrangements for involving the community in planning or operation. These other projects were begun independently but now are in the process of being loosely tied together with more than a score of projects in other cities in a growing movement for decentralization and parental involvement which has the support of the U.S. Office of Education.

EARLY last spring the Office of Education created a new category for aid under the Elementary and Secondary Education Act. Known as the Central Cities Project, the program is designed to have big-city school departments concentrate their efforts at compensatory education in small "subsystems" and to require that parents and other members of the community are fully involved in the planning and operation of the projects. By June, projects costing $12,800,000 and involving 125,000 children were approved for twenty-six cities stretching from Boston to Los Angeles.

Last month, some 200 school officials and community representatives in the Central Cities Projects gathered for a three-day conference in Detroit. Nearly all the participants felt that their projects provided a loose framework for "plugging in" the ghetto communities to the schools, and to most of them, it seemed inevitable that once the community is aroused, once its expectations about itself and the schools are raised, once the people in the ghettos discover that someone is taking them seriously, then the progression begins. In other words, involvement cannot be sustained unless power is shared.

In New York, this progression was begun without planning and went uncontrolled, producing the confrontation. Other cities have already taken steps that they hope will avoid similar situations. For more than a year, Philadelphia has been laying the groundwork for decentralization by holding training sessions for administrators and teachers and has just ordered a study done on community participation and decentralization. Detroit has been able to win relatively strong support from its teachers' union (which is 35 per cent black) for its decentralization programs by drawing teachers in on the planning.

Boston, once torn over its failure to desegregate its schools, still has controversy, but the people of its Roxbury ghetto literally wrote the proposal for funds in the Central Cities Project last spring with the advice of university and school officials, and are heavily involved in the operations and further planning. Chicago has a twenty-one-member governing board for its Central Cities Project, divided equally among representatives from the city's central school board, the University of Chicago, and a strong community group, The Woodlawn Organization.

Yet, after all the talk of politics, labor, race, bureaucracy, and urban problems, there is more to decentralization and community control than riot prevention or the breakup of the old order. How much more is not yet clear, for there is no single panacea, and none of the advocates find any intrinsic value in the concept, except some black militants who regard separatism as an end in itself.

Community control is seen by most of its other proponents as only a useful political tool for bringing about educational changes. It is relatively inexpensive compared to the costs of busing to achieve integration or of compensatory education. But decentralization without integration, compensatory education, and massive funds will not do the job. The severe problems of urban school systems require an entire range of remedies. Nonetheless, bringing the parents into closer association with the schools can be an effective first step. This rationale for decentralization and community control is based on the theory that parental involvement with the schools and concern over the child's achievement rubs off on the child. The middle-class youngster sees his parents attending teacher conferences, a PTA cake sale, or Visit School Night, and he knows his parents are concerned about his school work. Because he is anxious to please, he learns the expected skills.

The child of the ghetto, on the other hand, does not have this pressure, and too often is not learning. Decentralization and community control are based on the idea that there is a connection between the two and that if the distrust of the school on the part of the ghetto parents can be broken down by involving them in the life of the schools, then the effects will be transferred to the child.

This is the heart of the issue. The people of the ghetto know when they are being used. Community control, if it really is to work, means the dispersal of power. It means allowing parents, mothers on welfare, laborers, and a whole range of people with values different from those of middle-class whites, to sit on boards which have the authority to tell a district superintendent or a principal what kind of results they want. It means creating whole new mechanisms for bringing parents and teachers together, for allowing people with little formal education to work in classrooms and offices, and as liaison workers with the community.

Willard Congreve, director of the Woodlawn Experimental Schools Project in Chicago, has worked out a plausible plan for deciding those instances in which the parents shall have ultimate authority, and those in which the professionals must be allowed to exercise their training and experience. Preston Wilcox, a former Columbia University professor who is now the educational consultant for the IS 201 complex in Harlem, has recently published an essay outlining a whole series of ways in which parents can be genuinely involved in the schools as aides, office workers, and consultants (*The Schoolhouse in the City,* edited by Alvin Toffler).

Another way of looking at community control and decentralization is that it is also an attempt not just to bring the school and the community closer together for the benefit of the parents, but also to make the teachers, principals, and other school officials accountable to the people they serve. As most big city schools now operate, the employees are not directly responsible to the people. The customer is never right. There are many layers of authority, but it is impossible to pin down just where responsibility lies. District governing boards and advisory panels for each school are seen as a means by which the parents can demand satisfactory results.

The central boards of education in Detroit, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C., have already made strong statements or taken decisive actions favoring decentralization and community control. Yet, conditions are volatile everywhere because conditions are basically the same. Any commitment to decentralization requires a sustaining effort not just to pour oil on troubled waters but to make it the kind of experiment that

(*Continued on page* 117)

Self respect and pride of race are important educational goals of community-run schools in the inner city.

—Charles Gatewood.

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WHEN LEARNING COMES EASY

John Rees / Black Star

"The years from birth to six may well be the most important to a child's intellectual growth, as well as to his social and emotional development."

By SAMUEL G. SAVA, *executive director of the Institute for Development of Educational Activities, Inc.*

AT LEAST since Charles Darwin began keeping records of his children's words and actions in an effort to relate them to his theory of evolution, investigators have been trying to trace the labyrinths of human mental development. A century of inquiry has raised as many questions as it has answered, partly because children—unlike mice—cannot be reared by the hundreds under laboratory conditions that enable scientists to regulate each of the factors that influence growth and development. Although the process of analyzing mental development is difficult and erratic, the information we already have indicates that we may be making some monumental mistakes in our efforts to develop human potential.

Consider the arrangement of our educational system. Generally speaking, the older a youngster is, the more time and effort we devote to his education. During the 1966-67 academic year, American taxpayers spent an average of $455 to instruct each public grammar school student, $680 on each high school student, and $1,518 on each college student. While the average elementary-school teacher had twenty-six pupils in her class, the high-school teacher had twenty, and the college professor, only twelve.

To a degree, this pattern of expenditure, rising with age, reflects equipment and personnel costs that cannot be reduced. While college-level instruction in science, for instance, may require analytical balances, electron microscopes, centrifuges, and a professor with a Ph.D., an imaginative teacher with a B.S. can introduce first-graders to some elementary scientific concepts with such humble materials as salt and pepper, a drinking glass, and a candle. But this pattern probably also reflects a feeling that the lower levels of education are neither as complex nor important as initiating college sophomores into the mysteries of vector analysis, the Brownian movement, and the reasons for the decline of the Hapsburg Empire.

IN fact, research on the learning process suggests that early childhood education may be both more important and more demanding than any instruction that follows. The United States, like every other "advanced" nation, may have its spending priorities upside down. It may be that we would make much better use of our educational resources if, instead of beginning the formal educational process at the age of six, we started it at two or three, and if, instead of spending an average of $2,000 or more to instruct each twenty-year-old, we devoted that amount to each three-year-old. Perhaps, in other words, we could have a better system of education if we took the present one and stood it on its head.

But the entire history of early childhood education and the folklore that has grown up around it stand in the way of any such revolution. Formal preschool education is nearly 200 years old, dating from the *crèches* and *salles d'asile* established in France in the late 1700s to protect children from the influences of the streets. For the next century and-a-half, early childhood education continued to be conceived in social-welfare terms, as a way of shielding children from harmful influences, of enabling patriotic mothers to work in war plants, and even as a way of protecting property.

Dr. Maria Montessori, for example, inaugurated her experiments in child development not at the invitation of an education-minded group, but at the earnest solicitation of some Italian slum-landlords whose tenements were being vandalized by the unsupervised progeny of working mothers. All the landlords hoped was that Dr. Montessori would keep the children occupied and out of mischief; that she taught them to read, write, and figure was quite incidental.

Since the mid-1950s, however, research into human development has begun to suggest that the almost exclusive emphasis on social and emotional development of most contemporary preschool education is misplaced, and that the years from birth to six may well be the most important to a child's *intellectual* growth, as well as to his social and emotional development. Programs such as Head Start and the current agitation in some states for universal free kindergarten may signify a growing awareness among public policy-makers of the importance of early childhood education.

However, neither Head Start nor

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kindergarten starts early enough. Last January, Dr. John Fischer, president of Columbia Teachers College, summarized the case for early childhood education in the annual report to President Johnson from the National Advisory Council on the Education of Disadvantaged Children:

> There is substantial evidence that the level of intellectual capability young people will achieve at seventeen is already half-determined by the age of four, and that another 30 per cent is predictable at seven years. This is no ground for believing that a child's academic fate is sealed by his seventh birthday, but it means that a community that seriously wants to improve its children's opportunities will start them to school early. *In terms of sheer economy, it can be shown that the earlier the investment in systematic intellectual development is begun, the greater will be the rate of return.*

Though this statement focuses on the importance of early childhood education to culturally deprived children, the remarks about the early predictability of intellectual capacity hold true for *all* youngsters.

UT one of the major obstacles to any national program is bound up in the words "systematic intellectual development." This harmless-sounding phrase conceals a battle that has been raging among child development specialists since the late 1850s, when German immigrants to this country brought with them Friedrich Frobel's *kindergarten*: should early childhood education amuse children, or should it teach them?

We know now that the two go hand-in-hand, and that children find learning fun, provided the process is properly handled. Until recently, however, the answer usually given was "amuse." Kindergarten, nursery schools, and other forms of preschool education, it was felt, should provide a worthwhile social experience by giving children a chance to mix with their peers, and the whole thing ought to be fun—but "pushing" children to learn anything of an intellectual nature might warp their psyches and turn them into sober academic drudges, cheated of the unplanned joy that is childhood's basic right.

This view, in turn, was supported by the belief that intellectual capacity is fixed at birth; if heredity determines a child's IQ once and for all, this line of reasoning concluded, there's no point in trying to change the unchangeable with early learning.

Especially in the last decade, though, new studies as well as more careful analysis of older data began to contradict the doctrine of fixed intelligence. In many cases, psychologists concentrated on studying identical twins because, having the same genetic legacy, the twins should therefore have the same fixed IQs.

But they didn't. The IQs of identical twins raised apart from each other (as in the case of orphans sent to different foster homes) varied much more than did the IQs of twins raised together. Researchers found that the IQ of a child measured at brief intervals often fluctuated substantially between tests, and frequently showed little relation to his IQ as an adult. In a number of studies, infants raised in single-family homes consistently scored better on IQ and other developmental tests than did infants raised in orphanages.

Clearly, what went on *outside* the child's head influenced (either stimulated or frustrated) what was going on *inside*. These studies seemed to show that intellectual potential was *not* fixed at birth, and that environment—the circumstances of the home, the education of the natural or foster parents, the influences to which the growing child is exposed—could make a difference in intellectual development. And the clear implication was that, if we could learn to encourage more of the intellectual potential that humans are born with, we could rear new generations much more intelligent than ever before.

This was a dramatic possibility; it meant not simply that each generation would *know* more than its parents (this is ultimately true of every new generation), but that it would have the intellectual capacity to derive more personal and social value from the information it had. It meant, in short, the difference between a father's knowing the world is round, and a son's decision to sail for the Americas that *ought* to be beyond the horizon.

The success of any effort to develop this potential, however, required a carefully elaborated theory of human development, a kind of map of what goes on in a human's mind at different stages. And though the cartographers of the brain will undoubtedly be re-drawing boundaries and arguing about frontiers for decades to come, a provocative theory has been developed in our time by the Swiss psychologist Jean Piaget. Like Darwin, he began by keeping a daily journal of his children's sayings and actions; unlike Darwin, however, Piaget did not try to relate his observations to a previously developed theory about the evolution of higher forms from lower, but refined a new theory from the evidence he collected.

Piaget writes of *assimilation* and *accommodation*, operations by which a child's mind reacts to its environment and is itself altered as it tries to make sense of that environment—as it develops new "muscles" to cope with the information entering through its eyes, ears, and other senses. Provided that this information is not too much for the child's intellectual "muscles" to deal with, the interrelated processes of assimilation and accommodation not only produce an act of learning, but actually *generate a positive appetite* for more

—Irene Bayer (Monkmeyer).

—Anna Kaufman.

—Anna Kaufman.

"The more youngsters have seen and heard, the more they want to see and hear."

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learning. Infants not only enjoy stimulation, but *crave* it; the more they have seen and heard, according to Piaget, the more they want to see and hear.

BASIC to Piaget's conception of assimilation and accommodation is the notion of the "proper discrepancy" between what the child already knows and the demands that new information makes upon him to learn. Put in metaphorical terms, the mind might be considered at any point to be ready to set out on a journey, to step forward from where it is—to learn something qualitatively new. According to Piaget, the *length* of that journey is crucial to success or failure in the learning process: a child's mind at a given moment might be capable of taking one step forward; if a stimulus —a sight, a sound, a problem of putting small boxes into larger ones—requires precisely one step (the "proper discrepancy"), the child enjoys both the challenge and the experience of learning. But should the challenge from a stimulus require *two* steps when the child's mind is capable of only one ("discrepancies too great to be accommodated"), he is likely to become frustrated or upset, and draw back from trying to learn any more.

Dr. J. McVicker Hunt, author of *Intelligence and Experience*—a difficult book, but perhaps the best survey of the new approaches to developmental theory, as well as the most stimulating presentation of the possibilities that the new "cognitive" approach to early childhood holds out—calls this matter of finding the proper discrepancy, "the problem of the match"—finding the proper "fit" between a new learning problem and an established schema, or learning-pattern the child has already developed. How do we know when a youngster is ready to make his next, great mental leap forward? How do we know when he is ready to perform his first mental push-up, having grown tired of less demanding intellectual exercises?

The answer is that we don't know. That is what makes sound, early education such a demanding process—much more demanding for the three-year-old's teacher than an exposition of systems-analysis, for example, is for the graduate student's full-fledged professor. We are still at the trial and error stage in solving the "problem of the match," but the game, as Dr. Hunt points out, is well worth the candle.

The major question, however, is not whether we can advance our present knowledge of the "match," but whether we will have the wit and the determination to put what we already know to work. More than being a "challenge," as Dr. Hunt says, developing early childhood programs is very nearly a social imperative, for the speculations and research of developmental specialists have two broad implications for education.

The first is that there is an ideal time for a human to acquire any new skill, be it learning to read or rumba, and that if we do not find this ideal time, a youngster will not only never learn the skill as *readily* at a later age, but may never learn it as *well.*

This is not to say that, having once missed the educational boat, a child can never again clamber aboard. It is to point out, as Dr. Benjamin Bloom did in his classic study, *Stability and Change in Human Characteristics,* that "As time goes on . . . more and more powerful changes are required to produce a given amount of change in a child's intelligence (if it can be produced at all), and the emotional cost it exacts is increasingly severe."

A second implication follows from the concept of the "match." If the discrepancy between what the child knows and what the environment offers him is just large enough, according to Piaget, the result is pleasure; if the discrepancy is too large, the result is distress. A logical corollary to these two statements would seem to be that if there is no discrepancy at all—if the environment offers a youngster no possibility for learning—the result is likely to be boredom.

This possibility may help explain the puzzling phenomenon that, as a number of school systems have discovered, dropouts frequently include brighter students than those who remained in class. Lacking the social and family pressures which help keep bored, middle-class students in school, highly intelligent but highly bored lower-class students elect to seek more interesting activities in the streets. And boredom may also help account for the learning "losses" reported among Head Start children after they began regular classes; they found no discrepancy, no distance, between what they already knew and what first grade offered to teach them.

IF preschool programs are to work, then, we will have to revise the educational system upwards from the bottom, building the work of the primary grades upon that of early childhood education. As matters stand now, we are working backwards; rather than trying to discern what three- or four-year-olds are capable of learning, we look ahead to what they will learn in kindergarten and first grade, and water down preschool curricular content to make sure that it remains "easier" than the lessons to come. What we must do now, in essence, is lift the whole house a few feet so that we can slip the proper foundation under it—and then remodel the upstairs.

Drastic as this working from the bottom up may sound, it can be partly achieved by using some educational techniques we already have.

Nongraded classes, for example, permit a precocious five-year-old to take some classes with six-, seven-, and eight-

(*Continued on page* 119)

Leaders of Early Childhood Education

—*Culver Pictures.*

Maria Montessori

J. McVicker Hunt

Benjamin Bloom

Jerome Bruner

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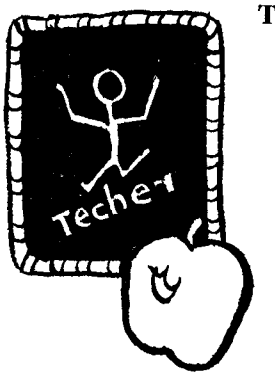
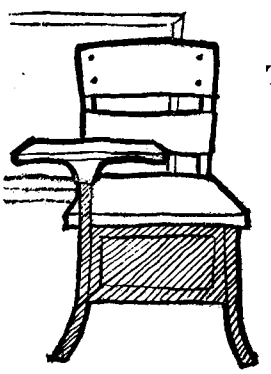
The Magnitude of the American Educational Establishment (1968-69)

More than 60,400,000 Americans are engaged full-time in the nation's educational enterprise as students, teachers, or administrators. Nearly another 140,000 make education a time-consuming avocation as trustees of local school systems, state boards of education, or institutions of higher learning. The breakdown is given here:



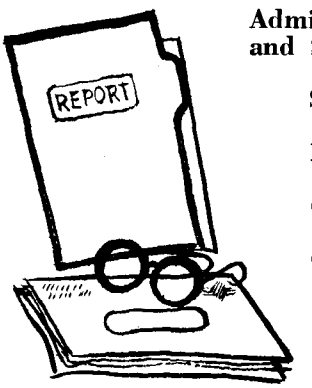
The Teachers

Public School Teachers	
Elementary	1,070,000
Secondary	856,000
Nonpublic School Teachers	
Elementary	157,000
Secondary	90,000
College and University Teachers	
Public Institutions	299,000
Nonpublic Institutions	205,000
Total Teachers	2,677,000



The Institutions

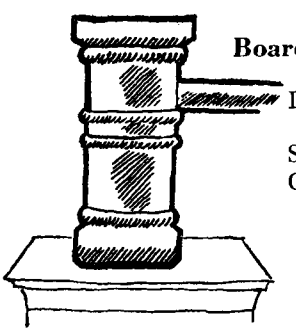
Elementary	88,556
Secondary	31,306
Universities, Colleges, and Junior Colleges	2,374
Total	122,236



Administrators and Supervisors

Superintendents of Schools	13,313
Principals and Supervisors	112,583
College and University Presidents	2,374
Other College Administrative and Service Staff	82,000
Total	210,270

School Districts 21,990

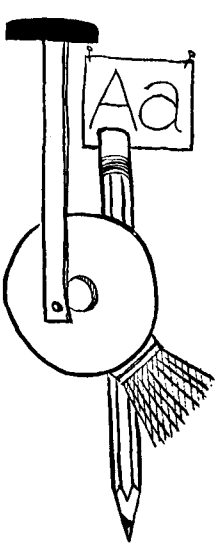


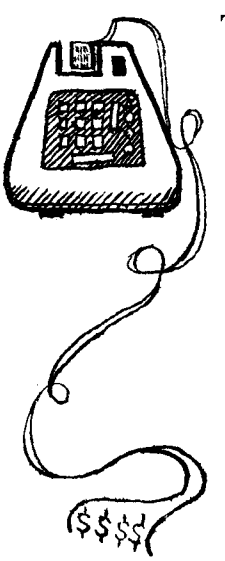
Board Members

Local School Board Members	110,380
State Board Members	500
College and University Trustees	25,000
Total	135,880

The Learners

Pupils in Elementary Schools (Kindergarten through grade 8)	
Public Schools	32,100,000
Nonpublic (Private and Parochial)	4,600,000
Total Elementary	36,700,000
Secondary School Students	
Public High Schools	12,800,000
Nonpublic	1,400,000
Total Secondary	14,200,000
College and University full- and part-time students enrolled for credit toward degrees	
Public Institutions	4,600,000
Nonpublic	2,100,000
Total Higher	6,700,000
Grand Total Students Enrolled	57,600,000





The Cost (in billions)

Current Expenditures and Interest	
Elementary and Secondary Schools	
Public	$29.0
Nonpublic	3.7
Higher	
Public	9.8
Nonpublic	7.2
Capital Outlay	
Elementary and Secondary Schools	
Public	4.5
Nonpublic	0.6
Higher	
Public	2.4
Nonpublic	1.0
Total	$58.2

Figures are based on latest available estimates from the U.S. Office of Education and the National Education Association.

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GOOD SCHOOL IN A GHETTO

By EVANS CLINCHY, *general consultant to the Educational Planning Center, Boston Public Schools.*

LARRY is black, handsome, and angry, a strapping twelve-year-old lad who comes from a broken home in Roxbury, Boston's Negro ghetto. At first glance, Larry would seem to be a perfect candidate for destruction in an all-black ghetto school in a large American city such as Boston.

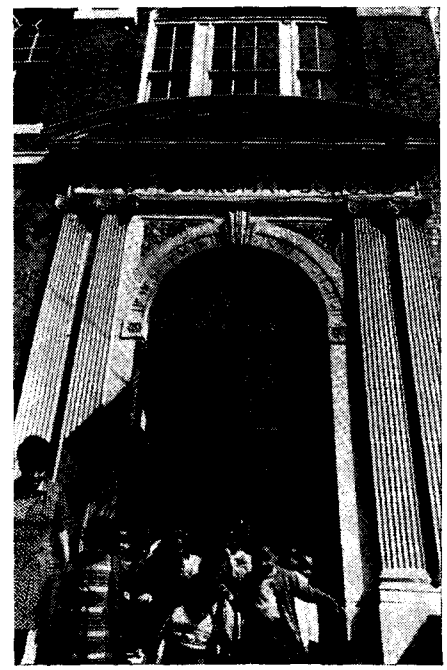
Indeed, his record during his early years in school indicated that he was headed in that direction, for it was a record of constant trouble, periodic expulsions, and repeated recommendations for psychological treatment. While school itself may have caused many of Larry's problems, not all of his difficulties originated there. He often appeared at the school door with large welts on his body, apparently caused by a belt buckle because his mother feels that force is her only means of controlling him. He cannot stand to be touched or shoved. When this happens, he is likely to lash out in a lethal fury, often causing severe injury to his unlucky or unwise antagonist.

Yet no one has ever tried to deny that Larry is bright as hell. His eyes and his whole face crackle with intelligence, but it is an intelligence that has rarely been directed at doing well in school.

For the past two years, however, Larry has not undergone destruction in the Boston public school he has been attending, the Boardman Elementary School—a small, ninety-three-year-old condemned building smack in the middle of a Roxbury urban renewal area. At about the time of Larry's arrival, Boardman had just become the first school in a new experiment within the Boston public school system, something that in Boston is called a "model demonstration subsystem." The idea is similar to the three "demonstration" school districts in New York City: IS 201, Two Bridges, and Ocean Hill-Brownsville. Unlike the decentralized districts in New York, the Boston sub-system does not have an independent governing board. It does, however, have a great deal of administrative autonomy and operates without many of the restrictions that bind other big-city school districts.

From the outside, the Boardman school looks like a typical ghetto school. Inside it is not at all typical. True, the lighting is not all it should be. Paint is peeling from the walls, and, in winter, the cold wind rushes in through the loose window frames. No one wants to put money into a building that will be torn down. But, as many visitors have said, the shock of the building wears off quickly. The bleak entrance hall is typical of the distinctive quality of the life of the school, for it serves as the auditorium and art studio, so that a visitor may have to pick his way past a papier-mâché snowman, a windmill, a play rehearsal, or a singing group. Even the stairway walls have been painted with crazy murals by the children.

NOR are the classrooms typical either. In many there are no desks for either students or teacher, just a few tables and some chairs. For the most part, the rooms are filled with materials and things for children to do—ranging from microscopes, balance beams, growing plants, gerbils, turtles, and tadpoles, to Cuisenaire rods, an easily worked printing press, a puppet theater, an electric typewriter, and a set of photographs taken in Roxbury and set up so that



—Photos by Donald Wright Patterson, Jr.

"From the outside, the Boardman school looks like a typical ghetto school. Inside, it is not at all typical."

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children can look at familiar places and write stories about them.

These materials are often, but not always grouped in particular parts of the room according to subject matter. There may be a math corner, a science corner, or an animal section. There is almost always one corner, partly screened off and equipped with more comfortable chairs, filled with books on many different topics and at many different levels of difficulty. None of these are textbooks or graded readers, but rather storybooks, books of riddles or puzzles, or books about rockets, lost cities, or buried treasure.

Throughout most of the school day, the children can choose the materials they want to work with. They can read, work with another child on the balance beam, take care of the animals, work out problems on the Cuisenaire rods, or type out a story on the typewriter. The teacher moves about the room helping children do what they have themselves chosen to do. At times, because the teacher keeps track of what each child does, she will suggest a certain activity for a certain child or a group of children. If a few of the children have not chosen to do any math of late, she may pull several of them together into a small group and get them started on some math work. A teacher may also suggest a large and complicated project —a puppet show or a field trip into the surrounding neighborhood to see what's going on and to provide inspiration for stories and pictures. The children who wish to get involved in the project may do so. In most cases, if they do not wish to volunteer, they may continue with whatever else they are doing.

IT is a strange way to run a school. And how does it work for a young man like Larry? When Larry first came to Boardman he was not at all sure he was going to like it any better than any of his other schools. Indeed, Boardman at that time was not much different from any other ghetto elementary school. But because it was part of the "model demonstration subsystem," Boardman was staffed with volunteer teachers from other Boston schools. It was also supported with additional federal money which made it possible to buy substantial quantities of extra materials and to add extra teachers, curriculum specialists, teacher aides drawn from parents and the larger Roxbury community, and extra administrative help.

But extra money, extra people, and extra materials, while necessary, were not sufficient to make Boardman radically different. The crucial element has been autonomy—with mandate of the subsystem to be experimental, to think about different and better ways of educating children and to try them out.

—*Donald Wright Patterson, Jr.*

"The younger children take to the busy, hectic life of their classrooms with enormous gusto."

It may sound delightful and easy, but it wasn't. The teachers, for the most part, were accustomed to following the "curriculum," the set of rules governing what should be taught, when, and how. These rules had become habitual for the teachers, and it was no easy task suddenly to cast them off and become free and "experimental," whatever that was supposed to mean.

Nor was it easy for Larry and the older children in the school to learn that instead of always doing what they were told to do, they were now supposed to exercise their own powers of choice. Even more disturbing, they were now supposed to be responsible for what they did. If they embarked upon a scientific experiment with their microscopes, they were now encouraged to keep at it until the question they had started with was answered, until they actually got the bulb to light or found out what that was they saw through the microscope. They were now supposed to figure out for themselves why the bulb lit up or why a human hair had all those different parts. They were not just supposed to find the answer in a book and remember it in order to give the right answer back on a test. In short, they were expected to ask themselves questions and find the answers on their own (with help from the teacher).

All of this started slowly at Boardman. Different teachers began it in different ways and with differing degrees of success and enthusiasm. There is a name for the type of instruction at Boardman—the developmental classroom—but there is no pat formula. What it means essentially is that the teacher (or teacher and assistants) and the children must make the decisions about what goes on in the room, about the materials and what is done with them, about class activities, about individual projects, and themselves be responsible for whatever learning takes place or fails to take place.

Larry's first teacher took the message of freedom with great seriousness. The children were allowed almost free rein. In those early days, the staff still had not had much experience with "self-instructional" materials, that is, materials that children could work with on their own with minimal assistance or direction from a teacher. And none of the children had any experience with running their own educational lives. The result in Larry's room was close to chaos, a condition to which Larry was no small contributor.

For, like his teacher, Larry took the message quite seriously. Given the opportunity to make his own decisions, Larry made at least one clear decision—he was damn well going to do just exactly what he wanted to do, and if any other kid interfered, that kid was going to get it in the chops. But gradually, to everyone's surprise—and this may well have included Larry himself—he discovered that one thing he wanted very much to do was to find out what makes things grow. Although some of the other teachers and children thought they were pretty good at getting things to grow, they soon realized that they were in the presence of a genius. Larry could get almost anything to grow—grass, plants, fungi, almost anything at all. He could grow them in paper cups, in coffee cans, in mud, in sand. And that is what Larry did, almost exclusively. He not only grew things but read about them endlessly. He became, in short order, a savant in plant biology and began to teach his speciality to other children, especially children from the primary classes.

UNLIKE Larry, the primary children, for the most part, have not had any experience in other schools, so in many ways, theirs are the most interesting classes in the school. These younger children (the equivalent of first through third graders, although they are all mixed up in the same room) do not have ingrained routines to unlearn. So they take to the busy, hectic life of their classrooms with enormous gusto. All of the materials in the room are labeled—the rabbit, the fish, the electric typewriter, the door, the chalk. No one tells a child what something is. He has to learn to read it for himself. One of the crack teachers, Mrs. Jane Fitz-

(*Continued on page* 118)

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Schools Make News

High School Power

THE DUAL ISSUES of student power and race closed high schools in a number of cities last month and sent black high school students into the streets. In Chicago, a series of walkouts, boycotts, and demonstrations spread through a dozen schools before climaxing in "liberation Monday," when 20,000 students—approximately a third of the city-wide black public high school enrollment—stayed out of school.

The students demanded more black teachers and administrators, more stress on Afro-American history, and more influence in school decisions. The schools where the disturbances began, although substantially integrated, have gained a large Negro enrollment in the past decade, while their faculty and administration remained almost exclusively white.

Student leaders submitted twelve demands to Superintendent of Schools James F. Redmond and declared a boycott every Monday until the demands are met.

Plans for freedom schools where Afro-American history would be taught each Monday did not materialize, but by the second week the students received the support of black teachers, some administrators, and Operation Breadbasket, a civil rights organization set up in 1966 by Martin Luther King. The Chicago Region PTA resolved to "engage in serious dialogue with students and help them achieve legitimate goals."

Students staged walkouts, demonstrations, and sit-ins over similar issues during the first weeks of school in Philadelphia, Boston, and Detroit.

Students Praise Northwestern

"PROBABLY the most sophisticated and productive agreements to come between students and administration in recent times," declared John Turner, spokesman for the Black Student Alliance at Northwestern University. He was talking about the results of lengthy summer sessions where black students and the administration hammered out their differences.

Last May the Black Student Alliance led a sit-in in the university business office and extracted promises from university officials to improve aspects of black student life on campus. The results materialized this fall. A black student advisory committee on admissions is working with university staff on recruiting plans and is visiting high schools in nearby Chicago and Gary, Indiana. Another advisory committee is working on financial aid.

The most controversial agreement, doubtless, is the arrangement for separate facilities for housing and meeting places for black students. A group of blacks can now arrange to live together, although in a dormitory also housing white students. Three rooms in a Northwestern-owned house are set aside for use by a black student organization, For Members Only.

Three black faculty appointments were made this fall to strengthen the Afro-American studies program, particularly in literature and history. Mr. Turner praised the course additions as "comprehensive" and more than a "stopgap" measure. In African studies, Northwestern has had an important program for twenty years; it commemorated the anniversary this fall with a special conference.

Turner credited the university, where he is working for a doctorate in sociology, with a "maximum amount of creativity and a minimum of strife and tension," and urged other universities with black enrollments to follow suit.

Vive l'Université

WITH GREAT RELUCTANCE, the French government gave approval for sweeping reforms of the national university, the first since the days of Napoleon. For decades students, administrators, and intellectuals have demanded reforms to tailor the universities to the demands of a modern industrial society, but it took a student revolt that almost toppled the government to achieve this goal. Even then, only the personal intervention of President de Gaulle on the side of his Education Minister, Edgar Faure, forced the cabinet to yield.

Under the new charter, each university will be autonomous, governed by its own council in which students will have up to 50 per cent of the votes. Councils may establish their own policies and procedures for budgeting, administration, examinations, teaching methods, and discipline. This is a dramatic departure from the past when all decisions were handed down from the Ministry of Education in Paris to the totally centralized system.

National Assessment Launched

OVER THE OPPOSITION of the National Education Association and other members of the education "establishment," Congress approved and funded the first nationwide attempt to assess the achievement of the schools. Through a series of tests given to selected samples of pupils around the country, National Assessment will try to answer such basic but hitherto unanswerable questions as: "How many nine-year-olds among the rural poor in the Southeast can multiply 8 times 7?" or "How many seventeen-year-olds from well-to-do suburbia in the West can speak a foreign language or describe the Fourteenth Amendment?"

Opponents of the plan argue that a national assessment will lead to national comparisons and standards and take the schools dangerously close to a federally prescribed curriculum. Any such assessment, they say, should be made under the auspices of state, not federal, education agencies.

Proponents point out that the objec-

—*The Washington Post.*

"Brother faculty, brother administrators, brother trustees, brother students, we all have a job and a lot of thinking to do," Q. T. Jackson (right), student assembly president at Howard University, told the university community at formal opening ceremonies this fall. The unorthodox address reflected the changes that have been instituted at Howard since last spring, when students demanded a voice in policy-making.

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It's Better Together

Gardner Patterson

ONE OF THE HISTORIC MOMENTS inside the "liberated" buildings at Columbia last spring occurred when the Barnard girls declared that they weren't going to be responsible for all the cooking and housekeeping, and the men agreed to their terms. In "liberated zones" they were "liberated" women, and the chores were shared by all.

Whatever is left of the Victorian myths about the "female station," this latest student generation should end them once and for all. Colleges and universities, sensitive to student needs and responding to changing social patterns and mores, have been rethinking their monastic and cloistered traditions. Recently, several venerable institutions opted for coeducation, and others are studying the possibility. In a world where men and women increasingly work together as equals, the old rationale for separate education seems inadequate. Last month, Colgate and Wesleyan universities, long male strongholds, and Vassar and Bennington, colleges for women, announced plans for integrating the opposite sex.

The most comprehensive recent study of the new need for coeducation is a report to the trustees of Princeton University. A year ago, the trustees charged Gardner Patterson, a professor of economics and international affairs, to investigate the "desirability and feasibility of Princeton's entering significantly into the education of women at the undergraduate level." Patterson, who began as a skeptic, concluded that coeducation would enhance the social, cultural, and intellectual life at Princeton and would improve the university's ability to compete for the most talented students and faculty. He urged the trustees to act as soon as possible to make Princeton fully coeducational, with (for educational and financial reasons peculiar to Princeton) women comprising one-quarter of the student body.

The study deals with the particular needs of Princeton, but it goes much further and explores with unusual depth and sensitivity the whole subject of women in higher education. It is a document not only for Princeton but for every institution that understands the need to deal with these questions.

Today's generation of high school seniors and college undergraduates no longer believe that the years from eighteen to twenty-two should be a time of moratorium, that youths can become men in isolation from the complexities of the outside world. Few would agree with the Princeton alumnus who extolled the all-male atmosphere for giving him "a stronger sense of my manliness, of the qualities and ideals of manliness, and the pride of manly comradeship."

The evidence shows that this desire for coeducation arises not from a frivolity suspected by the older alumni but from a greater respect of the sexes for each other and a sense that growing up means, in part, learning about and from each other. Faculty members who have taught in both kinds of institutions told the Patterson committee that much of the apparent social activity on coeducational campuses is simply young people sharing their intellectual and educational experience, engaged in "just that sort of dialogue one encourages among students, a dialogue that is easier between persons who share an ongoing educational experience than among those who do not."

Indeed, many undergraduate and secondary school students, as well as faculty, believe the quality of classroom discussion is improved when both men and women participate; there is a greater variety of viewpoints and methods of attacking problems. It is true that women tend to major more in the humanities and social sciences, but faculty testimony regards this as a blessing for an all-male institution where the stress on mathematics and the sciences tends to be too great.

That women are intellectually as capable as men has been known for a long time. High school scores and the coeducation experience of institutions like Harvard-Radcliffe and Stanford prove the case beyond argument. Today women are entering the labor force at an increasing rate: In 1966, according to Labor Department statistics, one third of all professional and technical workers who had completed four years of college were women. Not only do women "use" their education, they use and need more of it. Women know this. Contrary to the usual belief that women frequently drop their education to get married, the data compiled by the Patterson committee show that women at high-ranking institutions completed their four years of college "in significantly larger percentage than did the men."

But perhaps more important than its service to women is the service of coeducation to men. Patterson discusses this in a most eloquent and cogent passage:

> In today's Princeton, many of the undergraduates' contacts with women are concentrated in occasional big weekends. As a result, some of the men are tempted to regard women of their own age chiefly as "sex objects," as companions for "entertainment only," not as fellow humans, as intelligent, as sensitive, as curious and as courageous as themselves. This patently absurd and degrading view leaves some of the present Princeton undergraduates less well prepared than they ought to be or could be—to cope with, and to derive full benefits from, the social and intellectual milieu in which most of them will pursue their lives after leaving Princeton.

I am sure there are women who will read this and cheer. Articulate women spokesmen such as Esther Raushenbush of Sarah Lawrence and Mary Bunting of Radcliffe have said the same thing many times—indeed are quoted often in the report—but the argument may carry more weight with the unpersuaded since it was written by a man.

Having discovered what women can do for Princeton, Patterson goes one step further and asks, "Can Princeton do justice to women students?" This is an important question rarely asked; when it is acknowledged that women are equal to men, it is too often assumed they must also be the same as men. Patterson answers his question: Yes, with some adjustment, such as greater freedom in the choice of majors and distribution requirements. But these special needs would not be difficult to meet. The question itself, however, poses the fundamental standard by which Princeton must judge its capacity for educating women. Finally, says Patterson, despite all the advantages, the faculty and administration must have "an abiding and understanding interest in the education of women," or they should not take on the task at all. —B.B.S.

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tors are largely state school officials, traditionally jealous of their prerogatives and suspicious of federal efforts. The real issue, say these defenders, is not federal control, but the fact that "we do not know what our children are learning."

The groundwork for the assessment was done by the Committee on Assessing the Progress of Education, sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation. Last month Congress appropriated $1,000,000—only half the administration's request. The committee is now trying to raise another $1,000,000 to launch the tests next year.

Keeping Cleaver Out

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA at Berkeley erupted in its most serious crisis since the Free Speech Movement (FSM) of 1964 as Ronald Reagan and the university regents clashed with faculty and students over who decides what is taught at the university.

The key figure in the dispute is Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information for the Black Panthers and author of *Soul on Ice*, an autobiographical best seller. Cleaver was to be the chief lecturer in an experimental course on racism, conceived by students and approved for credit by the faculty. When Reagan—who is both governor and a regent—got wind of the plan, he marshaled the Board of Regents to halt it. Reagan quite simply wanted Cleaver kept off the campus, but university president Charles J. Hitch persuaded the board that such discrimination was too blatant a violation of academic freedom. A compromise plan introduced a new university rule limiting guest lecturers to one appearance in any course offered for credit.

This sweeping resolution struck at every course in the university, and even professors in the traditionally conservative professional schools—which depend on invited experts for many classes—joined more liberal faculty members in denouncing the action as "hasty and ill-considered." The Academic Senate declared it would "resist by all appropriate means these and other encroachments of its autonomy and academic freedom." But it did not authorize the course for credit, a move that would have brought faculty and regents into direct confrontation. Instead, the senate suggested the course proceed as planned, with Cleaver delivering ten lectures, but not for credit.

The students endured this for a couple of weeks. Cleaver gave his first lecture—a calm analysis of the causes of racism that some called scholarly and others called boring. As Cleaver noted after the talk, "The building is still standing and the sun is still shining," despite the uproar.

At last, however, the calm broke and a storm of student demonstrations and sit-ins brought the confrontation the faculty had avoided. Some students spoke of shutting the campus down for the rest of the quarter if the regents did not yield. State Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh observed that such a shutdown might last two years, "because that's what the Governor and Max Rafferty would like to see happen." "If that sort of thing keeps on, my friend," he told a student, "it will result in a dictatorship and you won't be in charge of it."

They Said It

WALTER DRAUDE, JR., on his resignation as a Washington, D.C., teacher: "If I thought there was any chance for significant change, I would have stayed; but the only thing I see is more repression. . . . I felt myself more and more not liking the kids. I've been getting increasingly angry and obnoxious in the classroom, although I had some rapport with the students. But when it got to the point that I couldn't make it with the kids because the whole situation of repression in the school is impossible, I decided I had to leave."

MALE STUDENT at Stanford Business School commenting on women students: "We don't think about these women in executive positions. Only in a few instances will we have to deal with women as peers in the business world, so having them in school has no bearing on the future."

Notes

THE SOUTHERN REGIONAL COUNCIL, in a report entitled *Lawlessness and Disorder*, indicted the nation for allowing segregation in the South to continue unabated, saying: "It is a terrifying story of the object lesson in dishonesty and hypocrisy our government and our society have provided for a whole generation of young Americans." The report is available from the council office, 5 Forsyth St., N.W., Atlanta, Georgia. . . .

Project Head Start has lifted the intelligence levels of children in a poverty culture and changed their attitudes, motivation, and social behavior, according to a long-term evaluation of the preschool program. "Although still not yet on a par with middle-class children, their scores show gains of about ten points or more from the time they enter the Head Start project, and put them significantly above children of comparable backgrounds who were not Head Starters," stated the report. The evaluation was conducted by Head Start's own division of research. The report warned, however, that these gains are quickly lost when children are exposed to the conditions of overcrowded and inadequate ghetto schools. . . .

The creation of comprehensive day-care services for preschool children across the country is the goal of a new organization. The Day Care and Child Development Council of America (1426 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005) stresses programs "aimed at helping children develop their full human potential—intellectually, physically, emotionally, and socially." The council will help local chapters get organized and operate their programs by providing information and consultation on such matters as program planning, fund-raising, and organizational techniques. It also intends to operate as a lobby for preschooling in Washington and in local communities. . . .

Graduate school enrollments took no sharp plunge this fall, despite new Selective Service rules abolishing deferments for first and second year graduate students. —B. B. S.

BEHIND THE UPROAR AT BERKELEY (see "Cleaver" above) lies a two-year-old experiment in educational reform and student participation. Among a number of student organizations to spring up in the wake of the Free Speech Movement of four years ago is the Center for Educational Change (CEC), whose chief task is to develop new courses and present them to the faculty Board of Educational Development (BED) for credit approval. The CEC also publishes teacher and course evaluations, and last fall four CEC members wrote a rebuttal to a faculty committee's report on required courses which received much faculty attention.

Experimental courses can be taught by faculty members, undergraduate juniors and seniors, graduate students, or off-campus guests. The BED approves each course on its teaching plan and academic merit. The program is considered one of the more successful efforts to improve student-faculty communication.

Last spring, one course sent twenty students to Washington to work with and study the Poor People's Campaign; papers were required at the semester's end. Cleaver's course was but one of several initiated by CEC for this fall.

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The Editor's Bookshelf

Paul Woodring

When George F. Kennan accepted an invitation to speak at Swarthmore College last December, he had no intention of entering into a debate with the New Left. He had been a vigorous critic of our involvement in Vietnam and was sympathethic with many of the causes of student unrest. But he saw dangers in rebellion without a program and had doubts about the appropriateness of demonstrations on college campuses and of civil disobedience in a democracy. In presenting his view of the proper role of institutions of higher learning, he quoted from a speech by Woodrow Wilson, in which the then President of Princeton described the perfect university as a place somewhat removed from the turmoil of contemporary life in which sagacious men may learn about the past and debate the affairs of the present, calmly and without passion, in order that the truth may be arrived at through the processes of reason.

Kennan quickly learned that such views seem hopelessly old-fashioned and square to today's students. "No sooner had I emerged from the stage door of the College's auditorium," he says, "than I was made aware—by the presence there of a group of angry young men . . . who hissed their disagreement and resentment at me like a flock of angry geese—that I had stepped on some tender nerves." After the speech was published in *The New York Times*, Kennan received scores of letters ranging from thoughtful disagreement to vitriolic attack. Though some of the critical letters came from older people, most were from students. A Harvard senior called the speech " . . . a sad reflection of the generation gap; it reveals only too clearly, and unconsciously, that kind of sloppy thinking, that nineteenth-century Puritanical self-righteousness, that young people are rightly rejecting." A Yale student wrote: "Mr. Kennan's legalistic concerns will earn him the scorn which history will some day heap upon those who worried in 1968 about the American political institution and the sanctuary of the ivory tower when the American ideal of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness was suffering an apostasy." Two Barnard students said of Kennan: "He is blinded by guilt about his own disaffection, which he cannot do anything about. . . . The biggest struggle is to shock people like Mr. Kennan out of their smugness."

Many of the letter-writers indicated an awareness that Kennan is a diplomat of long experience and the author of highly regarded books on American foreign policy, but this fact did not convince them that he is qualified to speak authoritatively of the problems confronting the nation and the world today. A University of California student said: ". . .his comments lack a certain perspective which very few members of the 'over-thirty' generation possess."

Kennan pondered these letters, felt that they deserved a wider audience, and decided to offer a public reply. The result is *Democracy and the Student Left* (Atlantic, Little Brown, 239 pp., $5.75), which contains the Swarthmore speech, about forty letters received in reply, and Kennan's rebuttal—an interesting and stimulating, but deeply disturbing, intellectual confrontation.

The evils against which students of the New Left see a need for direct attack include restrictions on civil rights, the drafting of men for the war in Vietnam, and disciplinary restraints on college campuses. Regarding the latter, Kennan says: "So far as the parietal rules are concerned, what first strikes the attention is the fact that all this anguish over them comes at a time when they have never—across the board—been laxer, more perfunctory, less onerous. What students are protesting, here, is no more than a final minimal residue of an eroded disciplinary code that once existed in far more elaborate form. Within this looser, scarcely perceptible framework a thousand forms of self-indulgence are now permitted which in an earlier day would not have been tolerated."

On the other issues, Kennan's disagreement with the students is not on goals but on methods. To young people intelligently sensitive to injustice who are too impatient and angry to wait for reform through the slow democratic processes, he offers a word of caution: "I have seen more harm done in this world by those who were determined to achieve the elimination of all evil and the realization of the millenium within their own time than by all the humble efforts of those who tried to create a little order and civility and affection within their own intimate entourage, even at the cost of tolerating a great deal of evil in the public domain."

Many of the letter writers take the position that civil disobedience is appropriate today because the government in Washington is a repressive and totalitarian one. This, in Kennan's view, is not worth serious discussion. "I can derive only amusement," he says, "from the spectacle of students liberally invoking the right of free speech as a means of arguing that no such thing exists in this country. Several years of residence in both Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia qualify me, I think, to say that whoever speaks of the United States government of 1968 as a *totalitarian* government does not know what the word 'totalitarian' means. Were it such a government, these student demonstrations would not be taking place at all, and those who are now loudest in their protest would be as still as mice."

In agreeing with the students that our involvement in Vietnam is a mistake, Kennan says, "I continue to regard the war as one devoid of favorable prospects, highly dangerous to world peace, and dreadfully adverse in its effects on our domestic life and world position. Having said this, I trust I shall not be misunderstood when I say that the view of the Vienam conflict that emerges from these letters is grotesquely overdrawn . . . the unsuspecting reader would come away with the impression that we had deliberately and gratuitously attacked Vietnam —both North and South—with a view to subjecting it to some sort of permanent American colonial domination." And he asks, "Where, one wonders, have the teachers been while a view so lacking in balance and in historical perspective was formed?"

On the subject of the draft, he offers an interesting proposal: ". . . the government must recognize that it is foolish to try to conduct cruel, messy wars—wars of obscure origin and rationale, fought in theaters halfway round the world—with draftee personnel. If one cannot refrain from conducting such wars, one must do it with professional soldiers. And if there are not enough of such soldiers, one must regard the deficiency as an absolute limitation on what one can expect to do, as though it were a shortage of ships and munitions." In place of the present draft system, with all its injustices and uncertainties, he proposes "a system of universal national service to embrace all young men of a certain age, regardless of physical condition, and pos-

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sibly women as well. There is no reason why this service should be entirely military. It should no doubt include, for the men, a certain amount of basic military training; but it could certainly embrace a number of other useful functions, of a Peace Corps nature, with relation to the development of the country at large." There is much to be said for such a proposal, even though it seems certain that the New Left will reject it as just another effort on the part of the Establishment to control the lives of the young.

Kennan's reply to the students seems overwhelmingly persuasive to an old-fashioned liberal who believes that every man has a right to express his views freely without being booed, jeered, or shouted down, and who, though he is acutely aware of injustices in this world, still prefers constitutional government, with all its faults, to anarchy or the threat of anarchy. It will not alter the views of those who are convinced that the Establishment is so corrupt and the System so evil that both must be destroyed before reform can be made. The confrontation makes clear the vast gulf that separates the New Left, not only from most of the older generation but from the majority of the younger generation. There is little chance that the New Left will launch a revolution, even though that seems to be what some of its leaders are proposing, because, although most of its followers have not yet decided just how far they are willing to go, many of them abhor violence. The danger facing us is that while the New Left attacks and the liberals debate, the radical right, with the support of a frightened electorate, will take over. Kennan sees this danger while most of his critics ignore it.

WIT TWISTER #86

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The drowned ship rocks upon its weedy bed.

A broken — — — — groans, shifting with the tide.

— — — — from within seem signals from the dead,

Till doors — — — — shut and lock the sound inside.

(*Answer on page* 121)

New Books

Max Rafferty on Education, *by Max Rafferty (The Devin-Adair Company, 274 pp., $5.95),* lashes out at Dewey, teacher strikes, Dick and Jane, federal control, published professors, and Supreme Court decisions. Conversely, "education in depth," Munchkins, Robin Hood, Alice, patriotism, and homework rate high on Rafferty's list of educational goods. Here is a veritable roller coaster of a polemic. It swoops upon purported evils, skirts sophistication, and zooms once again to unnerving heights of "should" and "ought." It bursts with alliterative assurances, verbless periods, and rustic expletives. "Bunk, rot, horsefeathers," exclaims Rafferty. Indeed!

The Revolution of the Dons: Cambridge and Society in Victorian England, *by Sheldon Rothblatt (Basic Books, Inc., 319 pp., $7.50),* comes as a splendidly written and profusely documented volume on the reaction of college men to the social, intellectual, and industrial pressures of their times. A section on social change discusses concepts of mobility, professionalism, and service. A second part traces John Stuart Mill's intellectual progress from utilitarianism to intuitionism, and points to men like John Robert Seeley as examples of dons whose historical desire to "summarize the human experience" enabled Cambridge to resist philistine business interests. This is a timely book, dealing as it does with university social structure, academic freedom, student-teacher relationships, community of scholarship, and university response to change. Highly recommended.

Early Childhood Education Rediscovered: Readings, *edited by Joe L. Frost (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 594 pp., $5.95),* musters some of the best short essays of several past years. Indeed, editor and publisher alike deserve congratulations on a schedule allowing for the recency of several contributions. These include Thomas Rowland and Carson McGuire on the development of intelligent behavior, Edward E. Gotts and John Pierce-Jones on Head Start evaluation, as well as excellent statements by Rose Mukerji, J. W. Getzels, Millie Almy, Courtney B. Cazden, and other well-known scholars in the field. This is one of the better books to emerge from a risky enterprise—editing collected works.

Numbers & Such: A Lively Guide to the New Math for Parents & other Perplexed Adults, *by A. N. Feldzamen, illustrated by Richard Erdoes (Prentice Hall, 294 pp., $6.95),* shows how placeholders and sets, binary numbers, and the continuum hypothesis can be trusted—even by people over thirty. Erdoes's fantastic sketches and clever diagrams blend with cartoon reprints by such masters as Schulz, Mulligan, Darrow, and Barlow to preserve a fine graphic balance of wit and wisdom throughout. Happily lacking in condescension, Feldzamen's mathematical explanations combine patience and clarity with an obvious enjoyment and understanding of the subject. Read this one first for pleasure. Then have it handy for shedding light on some otherwise embarrassing queries at homework time.

The Nursery Years: The Mind of the Child from Birth to Six Years, *by Susan Isaacs (Schocken Books, 140 pp., $4.50),* has been wisely restored to circulation after four decades. Chapters on play and growth, norms of development, and parental rapport appear as sensibly straightforward as ever. And, in our present age of extravagantly commercialized toys, the section on playthings comes as a positive relief. Millie Almy's concise introduction neatly places the work in historical and intellectual perspective. A splendid exercise in generation-gap closure, and a sound investment for young, old, or potential parents.

Museums and Education, *edited by Eric Larrabee (Smithsonian Institute Press, 255 pp., $6.50),* raises some interesting queries. James J. Heslin asks if the museum of history teaches history. Michael V. Butler wonders whether visitors come to gawk or think. Scarvia B. Anderson inquires how one evaluates museum programs, and Henry Allen Moe considers museums as scholarly resources. A collection of conference papers, this intriguing volume should help free museums (and their curators) from unwarranted charges of arbitrariness, stuffiness, and irrelevance. The lively summary of proceedings reveals participatory vigor as well as editorial wit. Taken as a whole, this book should remind readers of the enormous potential for learning inherent in the nation's display cabinets, however modest. A strong work of wide appeal among educators.

Campus Values: Some Considerations for Collegians, *edited by Charles W. Havice (Charles Scribner's Sons, 183 pp., $1.95),* examines among other matters college aims, the generation gap,

(*Continued on page* 120)

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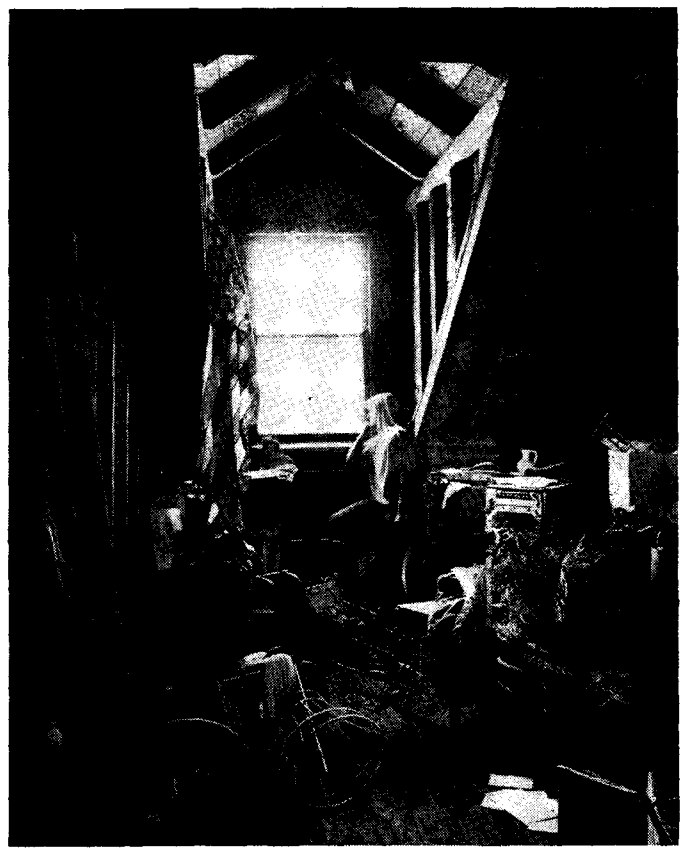

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BOOK REVIEW

When the Young Lions Roared

Crisis at Columbia: The Cox Commission Report, *(Vintage Books, 222 pp., paperback $1.95), is the report of the fact-finding commission appointed by Columbia's Executive Committee of the Faculties to investigate the disturbances at Columbia University in April and May.*

By BONNIE BARRETT STRETCH

IN the turmoil that followed "the bust" last spring at Columbia University, when police dragged more than 500 students from five campus buildings they had occupied for a week, the Executive Committee of the Faculties appointed a fact-finding commission to investigate the student uprising and its causes. The commission, headed by Archibald Cox of Harvard University Law School, has submitted its report to Columbia and to the public. It is a measured and serious indictment of a major university.

While a small group of radicals served as the catalyst that sparked the eruption, the commission found discontent and mistrust of the administration widespread throughout the student body and parts of the faculty. Although it was the "more radical factions in the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) who alone sought the confrontation and whose deliberately contemptuous manners had tended to freeze the administration's response," the factors that fed a full-scale revolt "were faults resulting from Columbia's own organizational structure, from the attitudes of the faculty, and from the administration's and trustees' prior handling of matters of intense student concern, including problems involving increasingly self-conscious black students."

In retrospect, a clash seemed almost inevitable between a "sophisticated and liberal" student body and an authoritarian administration. Tensions were heightened on the campus by the draft and the war in Vietnam, by the growing militance of the peace and civil rights movements, and by the frustration about these issues felt by the socially conscious young. "Yet it would be a mistake to conclude," states the report, "that Columbia experienced last spring's disturbances because she was caught in a broader movement beyond her control." The structure and style of the university had for many years placed the needs of students at the bottom of the scale of priorities. From something so basic as poor living conditions, to aloofness of the faculty, to apparent indifference on the part of the administration, the elements of student life militated against a sense of cohesion and trust.

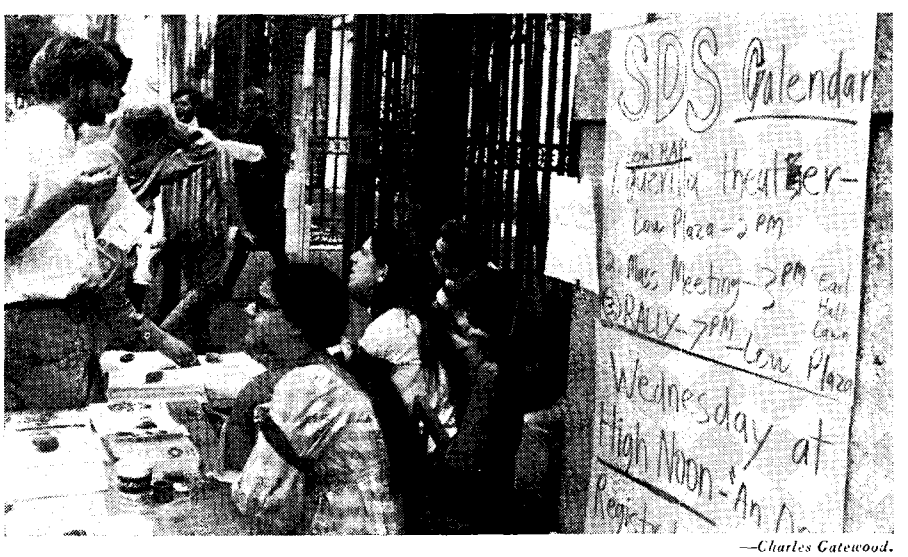
The faculty, too, suffered from alienation and poor morale. The decline in recent years of Columbia's standing regarding faculty salaries and graduate studies, the university's embarrassing involvement with the Strickman cigarette filter, and the administration's disregard of a number of faculty reports on university affairs, all contributed significantly. But the faculty never had nor sought a role in university governance. The centralized structure, where authority on all matters except curriculum resided with the president, had created "a wide and unbridged gulf between faculty and administration," the commission found. "That the faculty and the administration should be conceived to have disparate interests—that there should be need for a *tripartite* committee on discipline representing students, faculty, and administration, for example—strikes the outsider as both evidence and source of internal weakness."

The question of discipline, indeed, was a key factor in the deterioration of relations among the parties, and the report documents with care the "evasive improvisation" of the administration that cost it the trust and respect of the student body.

Columbia's disciplinary procedure provided for no student participation, no due process of any kind; but placed in the hands of the administration the final decision for meting out punishment. The history of this procedure is central to understanding the issue of amnesty, one of the primary demands of the students who held the buildings. In condemning the students, and particularly SDS, for failing to exhaust all peaceful means for influencing the university, the commission feels compelled to add, "We are not unmindful that the formal structure of Columbia's institutions, the apparent detachment of the faculty, and the record of the trustees and administration made those alternatives such discouraging prospects that no one should be very surprised that they were ignored."

But the report is not concerned simply with the mismanagement of administrative matters. In their examination of the causes of the disturbances, the commission members listened thoughtfully to the students' testimony of their aims. "The projected gymnasium in Morningside Park, which symbolized [to the students] the shortcomings of Columbia's attitude to her black neighbors" and "the University's relationship to the Institute for Defense Analysis [IDA], which symbolized complicity in the war in Vietnam" were real issues, contrary to the belief of the trustees and administration throughout the crisis. The failure of university officials to grasp this fact was but an instance, however, of its greater failure to respond to the changing political and social context in which it exists. These issues mattered greatly to the students, and the commission was wise enough to see beyond their disruptive manners to the substance of their concern.

In retelling the familiar chronology of the events of April 23 to 30, the commission has marshaled a mass of facts into a dramatic narrative. The whole



—Charles Gatewood.

Columbia campus this fall—Tensions are high, but calm prevails.

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story is here, with many details hitherto unknown. And beyond the facts are the agony and absurdity, the complexity and emotion. One sees the faculty working with a sense of guilt and desperation for a peaceful settlement that in retrospect can be seen as impossible, and the administration torn between its desire to end the whole business and bring in the police and its desire to avoid the irreparable breaches of trust that were not only inevitable, but had already been achieved. It is a tragic, foolish story told courageously and well.

Only one part is missing, and that is the role of the trustees. The commission mentions once "the lack of communication and understanding between the faculty and trustees" but does not "assign it any great importance." Yet the trustees are responsible for decisions such as affiliation with IDA, university expansion policy, and, most significantly of all, the appointment of the president. When the trustees are out of touch with their own institution, this surely is important. In today's society, when the university is taking on responsibilities so contrary to its former nature, perhaps it is time to rethink the role and structure of the board of trustees as well as the internal operations of the university.

For, finally, it is in the hands of the trustees whether Columbia makes triumph out of her trial. "The fabric of the University's life is now twisted and torn," writes the commission. "The violence has now yielded to bitterness and distrust. Only heroically open-minded and patient efforts can repair the injury."

Urban Schools

Continued from page 101

leads to the "reconnection for learning."

The opening chapter of the story on community control is now being written and it seems clear its preface is an obituary for the traditional urban school system. The rest of the story is not clear, but there can be no turning back. Urban schools will never be the same.

This observation may seem mild in light of the intensity of the passions on all sides of the struggle in New York. It is hard to remain sanguine walking through a crowd of 40,000 teachers and labor union members and hear them cursing the mayor, the Board of Education, and the Ford Foundation, or while watching thirteen- and fourteen-year-old boys fight police to get into a school. And it is hard to see more than the immediate hatred expressed by a crowd of angry parents behind the gray police barricades screaming at a small group of teachers.

Yet institutions are such vast structures that often it is only the passionate intensity of a crisis that can bring about the necessary changes. The teachers and the community are profoundly divided by a deep animosity but together they are moving a mountain.

One reason for the high intensity of the emotions on the part of the teachers in the New York battle against community control is that, in effect, decentralization denies all the assumptions about education that have been held for more than a generation. Theories of teacher selection, qualification, tenure, methods, and curriculum—indeed the entire professional ideology is being challenged.

This challenge comes just at a time when the long struggle for teacher recognition seemed to be won. Over the last ten years teachers have acquired, through their unions and increasingly militant teacher associations, substantial influence in educational policymaking. Now, suddenly they are faced with a threat of the disintegration of the very system they were coming to control.

They will not yield without a bitter fight, for they were only able to achieve their power by taking education out of municipal politics. They see decentralization as a hammer about to smash the protective glass of professional standards which were originally developed as a means of improving the quality of teachers and to allow the system to take in minorities kept out through political interference. Now it is the same "professionalized" system which appears to be functioning to keep other minorities out.

And the danger is real that decentralization will be perverted. Educationally, community control has only as much value as each community gives it. If the community allows its schools to be used by ambitious men for their own political purposes, if the community allows teachers to be fired because they are white or Jewish or "not black enough," or because they think differently rather than because of the way they act or teach, then it will be no better than the present system.

But an even greater danger, it seems, especially in light of the current polarization over Ocean Hill-Brownsville, is that other alternatives will be overlooked or disregarded. Community control does not have to mean an all-or-nothing struggle that precludes future consideration of other options. If there is one thing that is clear about the failure of big city schools, it is that no one really knows the answers and that many doors need to be opened.

Yet, community control is probably a political necessity for many cities. More importantly it may be a human necessity as a device to allow black communities to develop their own institutions suited to what they see are their own needs. Rhody McCoy has summed it up: "Everyone else has failed. We want the right to fail for ourselves."

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Good School in a Ghetto

Continued from page 107

gerald, has tried a form of "organic reading."

If a child wants a word, Mrs. Fitzgerald writes it on an index card and gives it back to the child. Each child thus begins a collection of his own words, and these then are turned into stories which the children collect into books and illustrate. The children type out many of their stories on the typewriter, which is slowly being recognized as one of the most useful inventions in the history of education.

Take Anthony, for instance, one of Mrs. Fitzgerald's prize pupils, who is the official typewriter teacher. Although it is often difficult for an adult to understand what Anthony is saying, the other children have no difficulty when Anthony takes over and gives one of his lectures on how to operate the electric typewriter. If you don't know how it works, go ask Anthony, but you'll have to wait your turn, for the typewriter is one of the most popular "self-instructional" materials in the room.

The Boardman classrooms are full of Anthonys, male and female. They drive the teachers quite mad with their questions, their unquenchable energy, their ideas and projects. In fact, every room at Boardman is now staffed with a full-time teacher assistant drawn from the community and often with a student-teacher as well. It takes that many adults just to keep track of what all the children are doing, just to answer all their questions and give them all the special attention and the constant approval they need.

Tough high school kids, as well as sweet young innocents, respond to this kind of freedom in the classroom. Last year, a small high school operation that was part of the demonstration subsystem was crammed into one end of a building that also housed the junior high that was part of the subsystem. The high school, consisting of two grades (nine and ten) and about 150 students, had been in full-fledged existence only since September 1967. Both the teachers and the students were wary and spent most of the year carefully feeling their way toward each other. By spring, the staff had made a good many departures from the traditional way of running a high school. For instance, the teachers began working in an interdisciplinary fashion—combining art, English, and social studies in a study of heroes. This involved an analysis of the Gary Cooper role in *High Noon*, the Sidney Poitier character in *Raisin in the Sun*, and a study of the Trojan War (this was quite a hit). The students are also making their own films with the help of an expert (and black) film-maker, studying Afro-American history, and hearing local (and militant) civil rights speakers.

Then came April 4, 1968. When the news struck that Martin Luther King had been assassinated, no one knew quite what to do or what might happen. Everyone on the staff appeared at school the next day expecting riots. Surprisingly, most of the students showed up, too. They, like the rest of Roxbury, were "up tight." Handbills were being distributed throughout the neighborhoods by local groups warning the black residents to "COOL IT," claiming that the white police were going to exterminate the black population of Roxbury.

In this atmosphere of tension, the teachers and the students confronted each other on the morning of April 5. It quickly became apparent to the staff that a small group of the "bandits," the really tough, turned-off cases, both male and female, were emerging as the student leadership (none of them having been elected to the formal student government). The first thing the students wanted was a moritorium on classes and the convening of an assembly, run by and for themselves alone, to decide what they were going to do. The proposal was presented to the two women who were running the school, Miss Grace Whittaker and Miss Theresa Hamrock, and they bought it.

WHEN school resumed the following week, the "junta" and classroom representatives drew up a list of demands for changes in the operation of the school, including suggestions for new school rules, all typed and run off on the ditto machine by the students themselves. The list contained about fifteen items, falling roughly into two groups. One group revolved around a desire for all of the regular rituals that go with traditional high schools—a longer graduation for the ninth grade, a semiformal dance, a class day, a class picture, and "A SYMBOL TO IDENTY OUR SELVES AND WHAT WE STAND FOR."

The second group of demands aimed to establish the fact that they were autonomous human beings and had a right to exert some control over their own destiny in school. This was not exactly a preview of the violent scenes at Columbia University or in Paris, but the mood of the students in the colleges, the resistance to being treated as incompetent juveniles unable to take any responsibility for their own behavior—these had a familiar ring to the Roxbury high school students.

The list of demands called for some small adjustments in school rules and ended with this one: "BEFOR A STUDENT CAN BE SUSPENDED HE OR SHE MUST BE DESIDED BY THE BOARD. WHEN A STUDENT COMES BACK THEY MUST BE ACCOMPLIED BY A PARENTS. A BOARD MEMBER MUST BE PRESENT." One intent of this regulation was immediately clear—the students want a piece of the administrative action that galled them most, the ability of the staff to kick them out of the school at what appeared to be the administration's whim. But that was not all. Suspensions have led to heated confrontations between the school staff and angry parents who think their child has been unjustly treated. What the students wanted, they explained later, was, yes, some say over why people should or should not be suspended, but also a chance to make it clear to parents that a suspension was not an arbitrary, ruthless act on the part of the staff. The reason for having the board member present when the parents brought a student back was *to protect the staff*. It would be up to the board member to explain why both staff and students had decided that a suspension was necessary. The staff accepted the establishment of the board and the proposed new rules.

But what does all this experimentation—in the long run—prove? One thing that has to be said immediately is that in the one or two years that these schools have been in operation, there has not been any large, across-the-board jump in the scores on standardized reading and achievement tests. The most we can say is that the subsystem students do not fall further behind each year on the tests.

Has the Boardman School been able to "rescue" Larry, to save him from destruction? In a sense, yes, but in many other real ways, no. Yes, he liked going to school there. It gave him a chance to develop in many ways that a traditional school would not have. But Boardman was not able to provide Larry with the kind of psychological help he needed in order to curb or cure the anger and violence inside him (his last assault required six stitches in the head of his victim). Residential care away from his mother plus a Boardman-type school might rescue Larry, but this, Boardman has not been able to provide. Larry may never be rescued. As for the general run of children at Boardman, we just don't know yet. No child has had a chance to start at the age of four at Boardman and graduate to a junior high or middle school.

But in many areas, and especially in

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ways that do not show up on tests, we think that considerable advances have been made. We feel that the attitudes of the children, especially the younger ones, have been almost magically transformed. Something must be happening at the upper levels, too, if students are devising rules to help protect teachers.

As for teachers, there is little doubt now in their minds that these black ghetto children can learn, that they have great intellectual energy if they are given a chance to use it. At the high school, while there is still considerable despair about reading levels and finding adequate materials, there is also, especially after the assassination drama, the beginnings of a tremendous respect for the "bandits," an admiration for their sense of independence and their self-reliance. Teachers are now beginning to worry about the more docile students.

Even the brief history of the subsystem says with some clarity that *decentralization can work* and is absolutely necessary to the establishment of viable schools. Individual teachers and administrators must have the autonomy to act as adult professionals, plus the additional money to make change possible. It is equally clear that there must be a great deal more involvement of parents and community people, perhaps not to the extent of total control, but at least to the point where they feel they have a real voice in what happens to their children—and thus some honest responsibility.

It is also quite clear that, as yet, the subsystem, which includes a total of only 700 of Boston's 93,000 public school children, has not had time to have a major impact on the roughly 23,000 other black children in the city or on the remaining 70,000 white children. We are only just beginning to wrestle with the problem of spreading what goes on in the subsystem to other schools—which will depend to some extent on whether anyone wants what goes on in the subsystem to be spread.

The most important thing of all, however, is the simple knowledge that it really is possible to operate first-rate schools in the middle of a black ghetto. We do not pretend to have all of the answers. But we do know that the children are perfectly educable. We know that, given sufficient freedom, money, and interest on the part of white America, the schools can be changed. There is hope for ghetto schools—if we really give a damn.

Easy Learning

Continued from page 104

year-olds, and the rest with youngsters his own age. The key to excellent instruction at any level is tailoring it to each student's ability, so that his academic work neither frustrates him with too much difficulty, nor bores him with repetition. Team-teaching, computer-assisted instruction, and flexible scheduling based on time elements are other ways of making each youngster's curriculum more individual, and ways of approaching the "problem of the match." It is time we applied to the education of three-year-olds what we have learned from teaching nine-year-olds.

Further, we can make widespread use of teacher-aides, recognizing that many a mother short on academic credentials but long on patience and interest can, with modest training and supervision, provide the personal attention that excellent preschool education requires.

Regardless of any short-cuts we might manage through better use of techniques and technology, however, early childhood education will be expensive. Finding the proper "match" between a child's present abilities and a new learning unit is a highly individual process. But if the cognitive psychologists are right, sound early childhood education —for all its initial cost—could produce undreamed-of economies, in terms of educational results. For one, it could give us highly motivated adolescents who want to learn for the pleasure of it, and who can exercise as they mature a greater independence in fashioning their own curricula.

A sound early childhood program could make available to youngsters from culturally deprived homes alternative environments in which to develop appropriate learning and growth skills and future goals. Further, a preschool classroom is the ideal place to diagnose and correct in three-year-olds physical, emotional, and mental disorders that impair learning and may never be overcome at later ages. After studying causes of reading failure, for instance, Katrina de Hirsch and her associates concluded that many "intelligent but educationally disabled children . . . would not have required help had their difficulties been recognized at early ages. Early identification would have obviated the need for later remedial measures."

The evidence is indisputable that we are wasting enormous amounts of human ability through our failure to teach children when they are most capable of learning and eager to do it. We should realize that a massive investment in early childhood education today may be our best buy for a more intelligent citizenry tomorrow.

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Education Letters

Continued from page 96

appalled at this attitude which is subconsciously patronizing. This girl was not admitted to become part of a rehabilitation program created to lift her from her unfortunate station in society as the word "humane" implies. She was admitted into our school to establish cross-cultural contacts, in order that each could enrich the total experience of the other.

BARBARA ANN RYTTEN,
Towson State College,
Baltimore, Md.

Schools in the Military

JAMES CASS'S EDITORIAL, "The Armed Services as Educator" [*SR*, Oct. 19], was most interesting. However, I think the analysis overlooks two factors which would contribute strongly to the armed services's success.

1) The armed forces possess powers of coercion unequaled by any civilian institution outside of a prison. Military personnel are under discipline at all times. The Army "dropout" (i.e., deserter) is subject to arrest, court-martial, and imprisonment.

2) In the armed forces, the reward for success and the penalty for failure are both imminent and guaranteed. The reward for success is a better assignment, more interesting work, promotion, more pay. The penalty for failure is drudgery and no promotion. The reward and penalty are not uncertain prospects for the future, but immediate and certain.

I doubt that any civilian educational institution could offer this combination of inducements for success.

HENRY LINDSAY GRESHAM,
Rochester, N.Y.

Faculty Radicals Unite

BONNIE STRETCH, in SCHOOLS MAKE NEWS [*SR*, Sept. 21], gave a short description of the New University Conference (NUC) in which she characterized NUC organizers as graduate students who find the undergraduate leaders of SDS "more anarchistic" and "more willing to tolerate violence." The information is taken from a July 10 story in *The New York Times;* it is incorrect. As I said in a letter to SDS when that article appeared the first time, the current attempts to characterize the student radicals as nihilist and as "violent" are based on a reactionary attempt to avoid the issues the students are raising, and are used as an excuse to harass them.

Another inaccuracy is that our membership is graduate students. In fact, the largest group of members is younger faculty members. We are organizing local chapters of radical faculty members and graduate students. These chapters will be engaged in the following kinds of programs: working against the campus-based defense and security apparatus of American empire; ridding the university of its participation in institutional racism; creating the political conditions for alternatives to the system which creates war abroad and oppression at home; protecting the rights of radicals and activists on campus; and developing a critique of the present system of higher miseducation as a basis for a new system of fully humane education. We hope and plan to work out close and fraternal alliances with SDS.

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ROBERT ROSS,
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***SR*'s Christmas Book Number**

New Books

Continued from page 112

sex, plagiarism, and college psychiatry. Joseph C. Bentley's "Drink and Drugs on the Campus" and Herbert H. Stroup's "Adventuring in Social Maturity" read well. Editor Havice renounces major editorial comment in favor of two substantial essays, one on creative criticism, and the other about religion. Parents may find much to ponder here—more, perhaps, than their activist college sons or daughters.

Problems and Issues in Contemporary Education: An Anthology from the Harvard Educational Review and the Teachers College Record, *compiled by The Editors of the Teachers College Record (1960-1966) and The Editors of the Harvard Educational Review (1964-1966) (Scott, Foresman and Company, 290 pp., $3.95),* brings together some of the best, briefer essays on education proffered by distinguished writers in recent years. Organized under such categories as curriculum problems, technology, teacher performance, and schools as social institutions, the book presents stimulating articles by Margaret Mead, Jerome Bruner, Israel Scheffler, B. F. Skinner, G. H. Bantock, John H. Fischer, Robert J. Schaefer, and many other prominent educational observers and practitioners. As the editors point out, the mood of the volume is activist. Readers should react energetically to its many provocative ideas.

Your Non-Learning Child, *by Bert Kruger Smith (Beacon Press, 192 pp., $4.95),* gives a good account of the psychological and physical causes of learning disability. Although such problems as dyslexia, aphasia, and brain injury receive technical definition, simple case-history illustrations aid parents in identifying incipient learning difficulties, finding helpful advice, and planning appropriate remedial programs. Sections on teacher rapport, institutional services, and available research complete a book that combines smooth readability with counsel based on sound scholarship.

Crises in California Higher Education: Experience Under the Master Plan and Problems of Coordination, 1959 to 1968, *by Arthur G. Coons (The Ward Ritchie Press, 3044 Riverside Drive, Los Angeles, California 90039; 246 pp., $7.95),* looks at the problems of a gargantuan system of post-high school studies requiring universities and colleges of widely varying academic resources and aspirations to cooperate with each other and with state government under a costly scheme to accommodate more than 1,000,000 stu-

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dents by 1975. In acknowledging Clark Kerr as a prophet of "multiversity" problems to come, Coons discusses internal government, budget control, business and industrial tax support, and equality of opportunity. The book should prove useful in lending substance to a sort of discussion that all too frequently takes place purely on the impressionistic level.

Our Children's Burden: Studies of Desegregation in Eight American Communities, *edited, and with an introduction by Raymond W. Mack (Random House, 312 pp., $7.95),* presents reports on school integration in Riverside, California; Savannah; Hempstead, New York; East Los Angeles; and other locales. Of uneven quality and widely differing styles, the informative reports are nonetheless proffered with the acknowledgement of relatively brief field work. Anecdotal for the most part, the sketches confirm Mack's conclusion that in asking, "What does the Negro American want?" one need only rephrase by striking out the word "Negro."

Public Money and Parochial Education: Bishop Hughes, Governor Seward, and the New York School Controversy, *by Vincent P. Lannie (The Press of Case Western Reserve University, 282 pp., $7.50),* leads up to the "death knell" of New York's Public

School Society as a result of school legislation blocking the use of public funds for sectarian education. Lannie's careful study brings real life to the political circumstances surrounding the school debate that sounded from 1840 to 1842. The author argues that the Bishop's eventual decision to press for parochial schools pure and simple largely determined subsequent patterns of Catholic education in America. Here is a first-rate treatment of a brief but crucial period to date neglected, perhaps through historical preoccupation with Horace Mann. —JOHN CALAM.

Mr. Calam is director of Teachers College Press at Columbia University.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 84

calma"). Interpretatively, the Harwood impulses were somewhat restrained, which could also be construed as expressing more refinement than is customary in such maiden efforts.

There was, however, a total transformation in the few moments that separated this early matter from what followed. What followed was Fiordiligi's "Come scoglio" from *Così fan tutte* and "Regnava nel silenzio" from *Lucia,* an improbable pairing for most unfamiliar sopranos but not, as it turned out, for Miss Harwood. It was immediately evident that hers is a dramatic temperament by nature and a stage personality by disposition. From the recitative of "Come scoglio" on, the sound was broader, more forceful, and noticeably individual. Miss Harwood doesn't have the virtuosity as yet to get out the low A as well as the top B flat (not many long-established performers of the part do); but she was secure, steady, and responsive to the theatrical as well as the technical challenges of this demanding scene. Her preference in the *Lucia* excerpt (she was part of the Sutherland company which made the Australian tour of 1965) was for the broader, dramatic treatment of the role, for which she demonstrated a stimulating command of bravura and easy access to a top D. Obviously, Miss Harwood's vocal character is not as yet completely defined, but the means at her disposal, plus an uncommonly attractive appearance, argue a future in which the theater will have a considerable part. John Streets was the able pianist.

In the earliest phase of the evening, the first act of *Walküre* enabled Martti Talvela to add Hunding to the roles of which he is not merely an intelligent but an impressive interpreter. As in his recent effort as the Grand Inquisitor in *Don Carlo,* physical presence and a substantial sound were enhanced by a dramatic comprehension which added much to the impact of Hunding on the scene of the siblings (whose bright blondness was in sharp contrast to his glowering darkness). The Sieglinde was Régine Crespin (rather than the announced but absent Gundula Janowitz), who has refined her vocal and dramatic projection to the point where it is not only the best thing she does, but better, all around, than that of any contemporary. For Karajan, it was a *Walküre* much like his previous ones here, rather dilatory in Act I, with accumulating emphasis thereafter. The casting (Vickers-Nilsson-Ludwig-Stewart) recapitulated that of last year.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 112: spar, raps, rasp.

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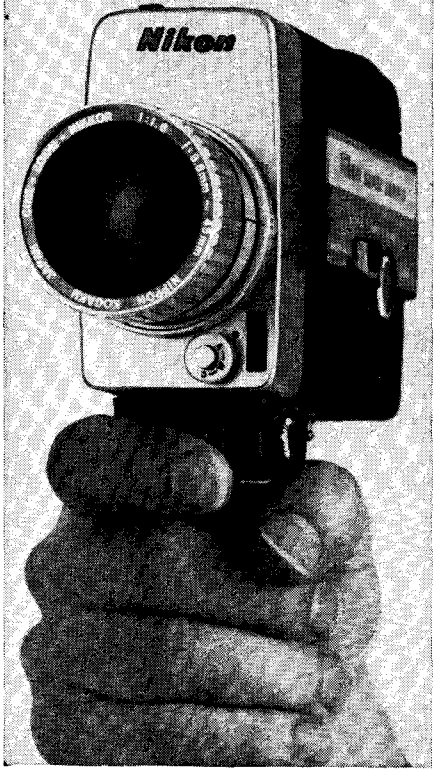

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 123)

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TRAVEL

(Continued from page 125)

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ARMCHAIR TRAVELERS—Visit South Pacific via descriptive letters (8), commencing February. $15, payable in advance. Albert Leach, 36 West 10th, New York 10011.

JOURNEY IN ARCHEOLOGY—April 7th/May 7th via Braniff and Pan Am. Mexico, Guatemala, AZTEC civilization, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, INCAS' ancient capitals, Santiago, Buenos-Aires, Rio, special visit IGUASSU FALLS, Asuncion, Lake Titicaca, MACHU PICCHU, IQUITOS: $2,329 all inclusive. Personally conducted Dr. Jack Finigan, 1798 Scenic Avenue, Berkeley, California 94709, author "Archeology of World Religions," etc. Write for folder.

PICTORIAL SPLENDOR awaits camera buffs at Gurney's Inn WINTER PHOTOGRAPHY OUTING on December 6th, 7th and 8th. Set your sights on an exciting weekend of lectures, seminars and contests directed by experts in the photography field—while Gurney's staff of experts in gracious hospitality cater to your every need. Gurney's Inn—Oceanfront Cottages & Hostelry—"On the Brink o' the Beach," Montauk, Long Island, New York 11954. 516-668-2345. Open All Year. Brochure on request. Joyce & Nick Monte, Keepers of the Inn.

Music of Protest

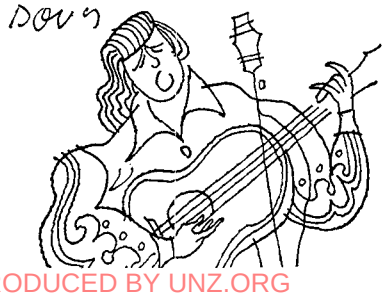
Continued from page 39

mountains of recent recordings, the temper of the times and the matters of concern are multiply revealed. The Vietnam war is a primary subject. A yearning for peace is predominant. "Honor is without profit in its own country," declare The Split Level in the song, "Speculator," included in the group's recent Dot album. Kenny Rankin, a Mercury artist, singing Fred Neil's song, "The Dolphin," underscores the crucial fact: "Peace gonna come only when hate is gone." It seems indicated that songs will continue to pour from the cauldron until the situation in Southeast Asia is eased. Joan Baez inevitably will lead the voices of nonviolence and peace—just as inevitably as songs taking the opposite stance, like Barry Sadler's "The Ballad of the Green Berets," will be created.

The gap in understanding between young and not so young consistently is mirrored in music. Razor-sharp satirists, who laugh to keep from crying, like Frank Zappa's Mothers of Invention, define the situation with a sneering smile, lending it dimensions it would not otherwise have. In a song called "Mom & Dad," Zappa goes for the heart, querying parents: "Ever take a minute just to show a real emotion? . . . Ever tell your kids you're glad that they think?" Country Joe and The Fish, a San Francisco group deeply involved in today's swirl, also waves the ammonia bottle under the collective nose of America. Though its material has a comedic exterior and unit treatment deepens the satiric quality, these fellows aren't fooling around.

Loneliness also is a frequent song subject. "All the lonely people/Where do they all come from," the Beatles wonder. Confusion and the bureaucracy of life also crops up often, as on Arlo Guthrie's "Alice's Restaurant." The positive power of love to turn people away from their destructive proclivities is still another notable theme. ". . . plant them now, never a better time," Buffy Sainte-Marie says in her song, "The Seeds of Brotherhood." Record after record reveals the inner plight and acute sensitivity of today's youth and the world in which they live. The warnings are there to be understood.

In recent months, however, pop music



of protest has taken on a much more affirmative tone. Songs define what might be, as opposed to expressing a condition. The recent assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy certainly contributed to this reversal. Seemingly artists and the industry as a whole have realized that there is no other alternative and concluded, exclusive of one another, to use music affirmatively, hopefully for a positive result.

Within a short space of time over a dozen items have been released — all statements of hope and faith in the underlying strength and possibility of the country. Included in this number are Laura Nyro's "Save the Country," James Brown's "America is My Home," a rash of inspirational songs — notably treatments of "The Impossible Dream" from *Man of La Mancha*—and the Kim Weston album, *This is America*.

Whatever the plight of America, its music indicates that the people are reaching out to find it and themselves. Some want revolution; others desire yesterday. Certainly things cannot stay the same. Take a look around. Listen to today's music. It's all there.

Mostly Modernists

Continued from page 87

Date," "Sweet Lorraine," "Every Evening" (here included in two takes), "Sweet Sue, Just You," and, perhaps best of all, "Four or Five Times." But Noone against Poston is not the only juxtaposition, for Hines and Bud Scott's banjo make a positively memorable experience out of a piece with a negatively memorable title, "Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me." Hines has fine solos on "Four or Five Times," "Sweet Lorraine" (also offered in two "takes"), and his contributions to the ensemble on Noone's "Apex Blues" are just about exemplary.

There is some dross, to be sure. Poston is sometimes offensively schmaltzy, and a Noone showpiece such as "I Know That You Know" shows how he might alternate the most pat and banal clarinet runs with the most interesting and influential musical ideas.

In the final analysis, however, I expect that the Apex Club group stands or falls on the quality of its ensemble work. Collective improvisation is, of course a commonplace practice in 1920s-style jazz, and it has appeared with occasional success in subsequent styles. But it is a deceptive undertaking. Easy to do, it is enormously difficult to do well. Indeed, really good simultaneous improvising, done by men who reflexively understand each other's playing, is as rare as it is delightful. The Noone ensemble provided some of the best examples of it that we have. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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Read about a plan to send Marianne Moore to the moon.

"The journey into space is, or should be, a sublime experience. The selection of astronauts ought not to be confined to men in the military or in technology. Why not poets, philosophers, or theologians who have demonstrated their capacity to think creatively and who have some convictions about the nature of man? A space ship requires true perspective. This is nothing that can be imparted in a course on astronautics; it comes with the responsible development of intellect and insight. A respect for the human spirit may be even more important than a knowledge of centrifugal force. For when the astronaut returns to earth his message should be more than an excited series of remarks on a fabulous journey. The returning messenger should have the ability to impart a sense of great new connections that may transform life as we have known it."

This is a sample of the adventures in ideas you will find in "Present Tense: An American Editor's Odyssey."

The book, of course, is not just about outer space. It is about the joy of living and the possibilities of life—but also about the fact that life on this earth has suddenly become precarious. ($7.95)

"Present Tense: An American Editor's Odyssey"
by Norman Cousins, Editor of Saturday Review.

McGraw-Hill Book Company. Now at bookstores.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1806

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS

A. Former Secretary of State and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court

B. Incidental opinion by a judge, not essential to the decision (2 Lat. wds.)

C. He succeeded Whittaker on the Supreme Court

D. Decree

E. Repaired, in a way

F. Author of *We The Judges*

G. *Author of The Life of George Washington* (full name)

H. Today's name for the biblical Syene or Seveneh

I. Justice of the Peace

J. "I am———with the skin of my teeth." (Job, 19:20)

K. Law officer of a city, town, etc.

L. Eat, to a G. I. (2 wds., not a listed phrase)

M. Vibrate sympathetically

WORDS

2 19 45 106 111 117

125 118 141 161 168 200 205 27 55 70 100 150

159 192 35 50 76

90 98 99 114 186 29 38

39 80 91 121 171 178 196

210 215 57 102 120 149 158

184 206 14 28 63 96 115 140 163 193 213 66

107 173 190 203 209

216 7 123 143 189 1 20 31 37 87

93 104 112 160 47 82 214

217 18 67 84 162 172 183 48 58

182 201 56 72 86 113 137 165

204 212 8 61 73 11 21 40

DEFINITIONS

N. One of the Inns of Court (2 wds.)

O. Take back; retract

P. "Lord, who would live turmoiled———, And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?" (3 wds., *Henry VI, Part II*)

Q. Resign from a position of authority (2 wds.)

R. Imbue

S. Nothing doing (2 wds.)

T. Sholem Aleichem character

U. After WORD G: He replaced Justice Jackson

V. Word H's country

W. Recipient of an academic degree

X. "The great dissenter," author of *The Common Law* (first name, initial, and last name)

Y. *Suffered*

Z. Gondola race in Venice

Z¹. A dandy, a swell

Z². *The Demon Barber of Fleet Street* (full name)

WORDS

43 52 85 103 147 167 179 157 75 89 119

46 138 23 79 133 136 13

151 176 42 110 128 25 62 65 81 105

32 24 130 78 88 145 6 16

174 34 69 185 74 134

36 71 95 175 51 129

59 3 194 12 170

26 208 4 152 9 44

5 187 92 132 108

17 131 122 148 139 154 191 195

155 169 164 198 218 49 22 127 68 180 83 202 41

146 135 10 15 94 177 188 97 109

60 199 166 33 116 124 54

126 77 64 207

211 30 197 219 144 181 153 142 156 53 101

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 I	2 A	3 T	4 U	5 V		6 Q	7 I	8 M		9 U		10 Y	11 M	12 T	
13 O	14 G	15 Y	16 Q		17 W	18 K	19 A	20 I	21 M		22 X	23 O	24 Q	25 P	26 U	27 B	28 G
29 D		30 Z²	31 I	32 Q		33 Z	34 R		35 C	36 S	37 I	38 D	39 E	40 M	41 X	42 P	43 N
44 U	45 A		46 O	47 J	48 K	49 X	50 C		51 S	52 N	53 Z²		54 Z		55 B	56 L	57 F
58 K	59 T	60 Z	61 M	62 P	63 G		64 Z¹	65 P	66 G	67 K		68 X	69 R		70 B	71 S	72 L
73 M	74 R	75 N	76 C	77 Z¹	78 Q	79 O	80 E		81 P	82 J	83 X	84 K	85 N	86 L	87 I	88 Q	
89 N	90 D	91 E	92 V	93 J	94 Y	95 S		96 G	97 Y	98 D		99 D	100 B	101 Z²	102 F	103 N	104 J
	105 P	106 A	107 H	108 V		109 Y	110 P	111 A		112 J	113 L	114 D	115 G	116 Z	117 A		118 B
119 N	120 F	121 E	122 W	123 I		124 Z	125 B		126 Z¹	127 X	128 P		129 S	130 Q	131 W	132 V	133 O
134 R		135 Y	136 O	137 L		138 O	139 W		140 G	141 B	142 Z²		143 I	144 Z²		145 Q	146 Y
147 N		148 W	149 F	150 B	151 P	152 U	153 Z²		154 W	155 X	156 Z²	157 N	158 F		159 C	160 J	161 B
162 K	163 G	164 X	165 L	166 Z		167 N	168 B	169 X	170 T	171 E	172 K	173 H	174 R	175 S	176 P		177 Y
178 E		179 N	180 X	181 Z²	182 L	183 K		184 G	185 R	186 D	187 V	188 Y	189 I		190 H	191 W	
192 C	193 G	194 T	195 W		196 E	197 Z²	198 X	199 Z	200 B		201 L	202 X	203 H	204 M	205 B		206 G
207 Z¹		208 U	209 H	210 F		211 Z²	212 M	213 G	214 J	215 F	216 I		217 K	218 X	219 Z²		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 25 of this issue.

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THE STORY OF L'HEURE BLEUE

Or how a certain time of day led to Guerlain's creation of, perhaps, the most tenderly beautiful perfume in the world.

Twilight on the Seine: 1911.

The art of the perfumer, like the art of the musician, is elusive and mysterious.

But even the musician has certain laws of harmony and the eight notes of the scale to rely upon, while the perfumer is faced with an infinite range of fragrances, and only his intuition to guide him.

Common to all great art, however, is that moment, or event, which compels the artist to attempt to preserve it forever. (Who amongst us has led such a shallow existence that he was never moved to say "I wish I could paint that," or at least, "I wish I had a camera with me"?)

A moment such as this is the story of L'Heure Bleue.

A man pauses to reflect on his walk home from work. The year is 1911. It is summer. There is nothing spectacular about the scene. No vivid sunset. No heavenly rays penetrating dark clouds.

To the contrary. The air is dark blue. The sky has lost the sun but not yet found the stars. And yet it is as if all the elements were conspiring to say something.

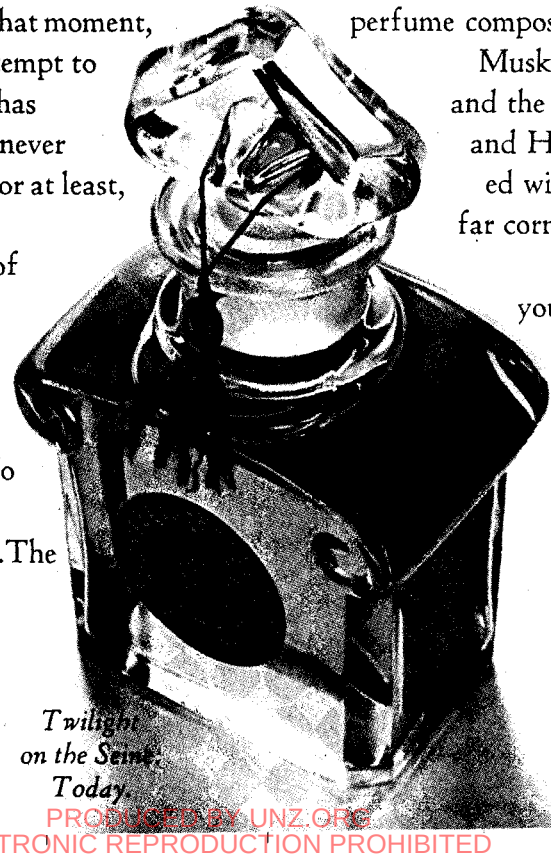
Something infinite. Something . . . tender. Something that simply cannot be translated into words.

The following morning M. Guerlain returned to his laboratory and began work. For almost a year he struggled to capture that vibrant hush, the beguiling sweetness of closing flowers, the tender, infinite something that had overwhelmed him.

The result was L'Heure Bleue, a finely balanced perfume composed with the passion of Musk and Rose de Bulgarie, and the naive loveliness of Iris and Heliotrope, subtly blended with fragrances from the far corners of the earth.

What happens when you apply L'Heure Bleue to your pulse points, and its delicate scent starts to permeate the air around you? Ah . . .

That's another story.



Twilight on the Seine: Today.

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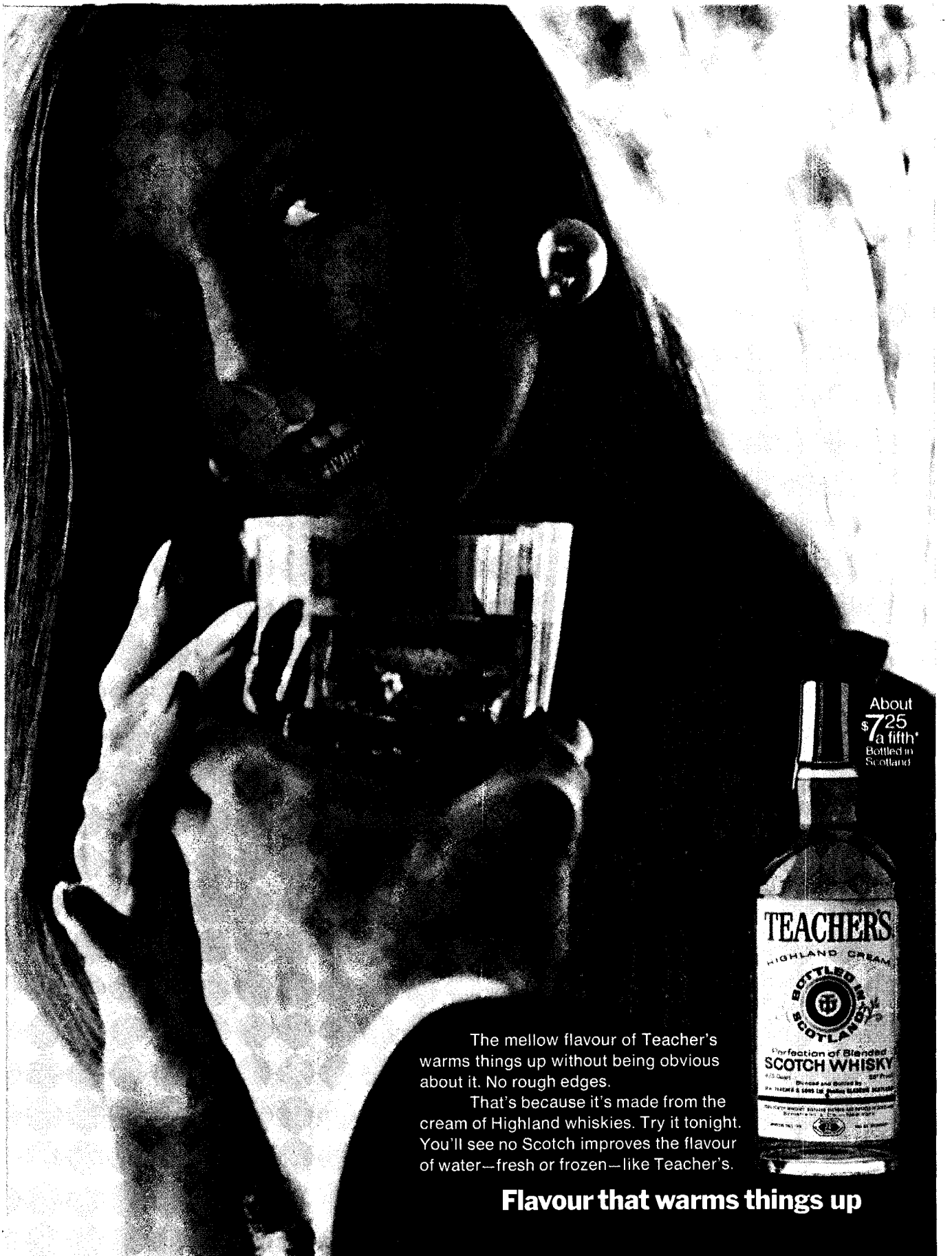
Break the ice with Teacher's Scotch



The mellow flavour of Teacher's warms things up without being obvious about it. No rough edges.

That's because it's made from the cream of Highland whiskies. Try it tonight. You'll see no Scotch improves the flavour of water—fresh or frozen—like Teacher's.

Flavour that warms things up

*Prices may vary according to state and local taxes. Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

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